



April
32

The American Mercury

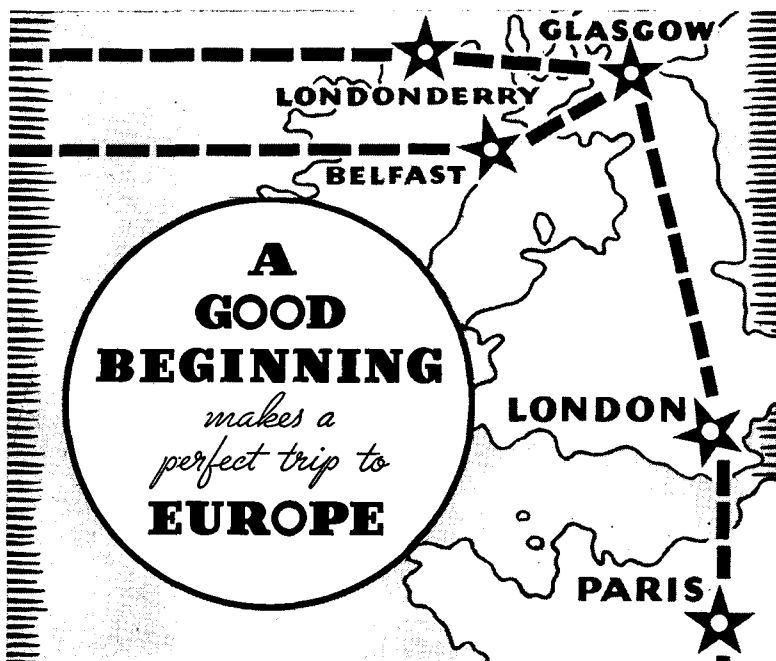
THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT ELAGHIN

by Ivan Bunin

German Labor Goes Underground	<i>Ludwig Lore</i>
Saving the Farmer	<i>Lawrence Sullivan</i>
Lewisohn Into Crump	<i>Ernest Sutherland Bates</i>
Why the Ford Man Fails	<i>As told to John R. Tunis by a Ford Dealer</i>
Sex and Social Service	<i>Grace Adams</i>
If You Must Use Profanity	<i>Nelson Algren</i>
Who Reads Mark Twain?	<i>Charles H. Compton</i>
Lady Author	<i>Evelyn Scott</i>
The Earliest Dreams	<i>Nancy Hale</i>
Desert Places	<i>Robert Frost</i>
Prelude	<i>Conrad Aiken</i>

Alfred A. Knopf, *Publisher*

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Henry James wrote a story, *The Figure in the Carpet*, about an author each of whose books formed part of a significant pattern more or less unrelated to the subject of the book itself, although its very *raison d'être*. That pattern could be discovered only from the totality of the author's writings, and when seen gave a new interest and meaning to each individual volume. Mr. James compared it to the figure in a Persian carpet, difficult to discern at first, but once glimpsed, never thereafter lost or forgotten.

This comparison is particularly applicable to the works of Claude Bragdon, for although they deal ably and interestingly with a great variety of subjects, apparently quite unrelated to one another, they are bound together and inspired by a point of view, a philosophy of life, which, even more than the particular subject in hand, the author is bent upon enforcing and illustrating; which, once glimpsed by the

reader, becomes his major preoccupation — like the so-called "cipher story" in the plays of Shakespeare to the confirmed Baconian.

One reviewer has said, "When the list of writers who did the most to prepare the world for the new order is made up after that order is firmly established, the name of Claude Bragdon will find a high place on the list."

This was also the opinion of Edward Carpenter and of James Huneker, who included Mr. Bragdon in the small company of his "Unicorns." Havelock Ellis says of him: "His philosophical outlook upon life is of a kind with which I have much sympathy." Ralph Adams Cram, John Cowper Powys, Alfred Stieglitz and others have expressed themselves in similar vein.

Here follows a list of Mr. Bragdon's books, arranged chronologically, with an indication of the contents of each:

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queror of Europe waiting for her smile while she amused herself with a dashing officer, Hippolyte Charles.

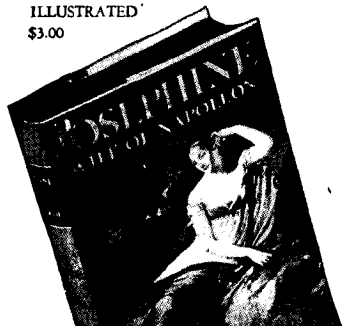
There is no more dramatic picture in history than that which Rheinhardt portrays of the faithless Josephine, after Napoleon discovered her infidelity, standing outside his bedroom for hours, pounding on the locked door—finally admitted when her children join her in an entreaty for forgiveness.

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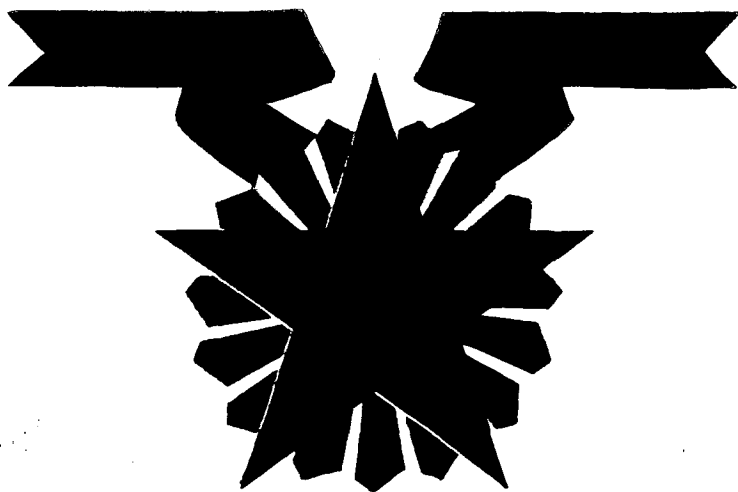
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The AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME XXXI

April 1934

NUMBER 124

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT ELAGHIN	Ivan Bunin	385
GERMAN LABOR GOES UNDERGROUND	Ludwig Lore	410
WHY THE FORD MAN FAILS As Told to John R. Tunis by a Ford Dealer		420
IF YOU MUST USE PROFANITY	Nelson Algren	430
AMERICANA		437
LEWISOHN INTO CRUMP	Ernest Sutherland Bates	441
SAVING THE FARMER	Lawrence Sullivan	451
THE ARTS AND SCIENCES:		
Some Notes on Perfect Pitch	Louis Cheslock	459
The Radio Knife	Edward Podolsky	461
DESERT PLACES	Robert Frost	464
WHO READS MARK TWAIN?	Charles H. Compton	465
THE EARLIEST DREAMS	Nancy Hale	472
SEX AND SOCIAL SERVICE	Grace Adams	475
LADY, AUTHOR	Evelyn Scott	485
PRELUDE	Conrad Aiken	499
EVENING DIALOGUE	Arthur Davison Ficke	500
THE LIBRARY:		
An Extraordinary Novel	Charles Angoff	501
The Indian in American Literature		
The Oxford Supplement	Louise Pound	504
Mr. MacLeish's Predicament	R. P. Blackmur	507
CORRESPONDENCE		509
THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS		511
INDEX TO VOLUME XXXI		512
CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS		iv

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Henry Hazlitt, *Editor*
Charles Angoff, *Managing Editor*
Lawrence E. Spivak, *Business Manager*

CHECK LIST of NEW BOOKS

BIOGRAPHY

MARLBOROUGH: *His Life and Times.*

By Winston S. Churchill. Charles Scribner's Sons
\$6 New York

6½ x 9¾; 2 vols.; 311 + 311 pp.

The Duke of Marlborough was one of the great military geniuses of history, and until the advent of Napoleon, as his present illustrious biographer and descendant remarks, no commander wielded such widespread power in Europe. Historians have never denied his brilliance as a general—and, indeed, his amazingly uniform success against every sort of obstacle would make such a denial impossible—but they have also felt obliged to regard him as a thoroughly unscrupulous man. His signal act of treachery was, of course, his betrayal of James II, from whom he accepted favors and promotion and to whom he had vowed fidelity. Sent by James at the head of 5,000 troops to repel the invasion of William of Orange, he went over to the invader. William himself later did not trust him. Mr. Churchill seeks to prove "not only that [Marlborough] was a Titan, for that is not disputed, but that he was a virtuous and benevolent being." He blames Marlborough's bad reputation, not upon his own acts, but upon the biased opinion of Macaulay. His defenses of the Duke's various treacheries are admirable models of sophistry. Needless to say, the book is brilliantly written, in a style obviously influenced chiefly by that of the great Victorian whose judgment Mr. Churchill attempts to discredit.

CARDINAL NEWMAN AND WILLIAM FROUDE.
A Correspondence.

Edited by Gordon Huntington Harper.

The Johns Hopkins Press
\$2 5¾ x 8½; 221 pp. Baltimore

Cardinal Newman was an intimate friend of the Froude family, and carried on a long correspondence with them, especially with William Froude. Dr. Harper here reproduces their letters, most of them for the first time. He also supplies an introduction and running explanatory notes. Newman tried heroically to convert the Froudes to Catholicism. He finally succeeded in converting Mrs. Froude and four of her children, but her husband held out to the end. William Froude was an eminent engineer, and his improvements in the design of naval ships are still followed in marine engineering. He was a hard-

headed rationalist, and he continued to ask Newman for proofs of his theologic beliefs. Newman replied that scientific truth and religious truth were two different things. He said: "We can believe what we choose. We are answerable for what we choose to believe." He comes out of this correspondence a man of small intellectual stature, and something of a busybody. His conversion of the credulous Mrs. Froude was a terrific blow to Froude.

RICHARD HENRY DANA. 1851-1931.

By Bliss Perry. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$3 6¼ x 9¾; 265 pp. Boston

The subject of this biography was the grandson of Richard Henry Dana the poet (1787-1879) and the son of Richard Henry Dana, Jr. (1815-1882), author of "Two Years Before the Mast." He was a champion of civil service reform, the World Court, and the League of Nations. He was a great admirer of President Theodore Roosevelt, Lord Bryce, Lord Phillimore, Henry Cabot Lodge, President Abbott Lawrence Lowell of Harvard, and Lady Frederick Cavendish, and he was fond of rowing, football, and dining out. He wrote very little for publication, but he filled his trunks with volumes of diaries and of notes for projected books, and Professor Perry here quotes from them for the first time. He was a gentleman in the best and in the worst sense of the word. He was polite, befuddled, and poorly informed. Why a man so equipped did not strike a more prominent figure in the public affairs of his day is something of a mystery. Professor Perry writes of him *con amore*. He calls him a "singularly unselfish and social-minded American." There are four illustrations.

PUBLIC QUESTIONS

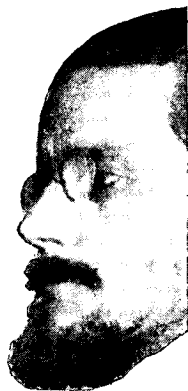
LABOR AND STEEL.

By Horace B. Davis. The International Publishers
\$2 5¼ x 7¾; 304 pp. New York

This volume belongs to the generally excellent Labor and Industry Series, issued under the auspices of the Labor Research Association. Dr. Davis's discussion is most comprehensive. Among the subjects he takes up are the following: the number and character of the steel workers, the accidents and occupational diseases they are subject to, wages and living standards, the speed-up system, "the feudal domain of steel," the composition and operations of "the steel trust," and the history of unionism in the in-

Continued on page vi

"I have been working hard on 'Ulysses' all day," said Joyce. "Does that mean that you have written a great deal?" I said. "Two sentences," said Joyce...



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Continued from page iv

dustry from the beginning down to date. His book is full of useful information, and a good deal of it is new. He writes frankly from "the steel worker's point of view," and the tale of misery, injustice, and brutality he relates is appalling. He is almost as severe in his denunciation of the conservative leadership of the older steel unions as he is in his denunciation of the Charlie Schwabs and Judge Garys. He thinks that the chief hope of the steel workers lies in the Steel & Metal Workers Industrial Union, a Communist organization. There are many useful notes and statistical tables, and also an index.

WHAT EVERYBODY WANTS TO KNOW ABOUT MONEY.

Edited by G. D. H. Cole. Alfred A. Knopf
\$3 5 3/8 x 8 1/4; 435 pp. New York

Intended "not for the student, but for the general reader," this volume is made up of contributions from nine Oxford economists, each of whom discusses a different phase of the monetary problem. Mr. Cole opens with an elementary introduction on the general principles of money and their relation to the present world crisis; R. F. Harrod writes on currency and central banking, E. A. Radice on commercial banks and credit, Aylmer Valance on foreign trade and the exchanges, G. R. Mitchison on capital and investment, and E. F. M. Durbin on the relation of money to prices. H. T. N. Gaitskell contributes a brilliant analysis of the theories of four monetary "heretics"—Douglas, Soddy, Gesell, and Eisler. Colin Clark writes on investment, savings, and public finance, and E. L. Hargreaves on debt; and Mr. Cole concludes with chapters on the socialization of banking, and on the relation of monetary management to other forms of economic control. While Mr. Cole accepts the quantity theory of money only with certain qualifications, his introductory discussion is vitiated to some extent by his failure to recognize some of the basic fallacies in that theory. The brief bibliography at the end of the volume is well selected, but somewhat too Anglocentric for American readers. There is an excellent index.

THE FEDERAL RESERVE ACT.

By J. Laurence Laughlin. The Macmillan Company
\$3.50 6 1/4 x 9 3/8; 400 pp. New York

The Federal Reserve Act was passed on December 23, 1913. In the preceding three years an intensive campaign was carried on for it by the National Citizens' League for the Promotion of a Sound

Banking System. Dr. Laughlin, who is emeritus professor of political economy at the University of Chicago, was the chairman of its executive committee. In the present book he relates his labors in the aforementioned campaign, and also the manner in which the act was passed through both houses of Congress. He has much to say about the parts played by H. Parker Willis, William Gibbs McAdoo, and Carter Glass. He praises especially the labors of President Wilson, without whom, he says, the act "would never have been passed at all." He thinks that the Federal Reserve System is "a fairly sound banking system," but that it could be even better if its governing Boards were purged of politics. He has a few words to say about inflation. He brands it as "fatuous." There is some documentary material, and also an index.

THE A B C OF WAR DEBTS.

By Frank H. Simonds. Harper & Brothers
\$1 4 1/2 x 8 1/2; 66 pp. New York

Mr. Simonds discusses briefly how the war debts were made, how they were "settled," and the general questions of cancellation and default. "The war debts," he says, "are as dead as Fenian bonds or Confederate securities. All that rests with [the Roosevelt administration] is the decision as to whether they shall have decent burial or be interred to the accompaniment of scenes more appropriate to Donnybrook Fair." He thinks that "settlement of the debts must prove the longest step toward recovery within the power of the . . . administration to take."

CRITICISM

THE AESTHETICS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

By Elizabeth Schneider.
The University of Pennsylvania Press
\$2 5 3/8 x 8 1/4; 200 pp. Philadelphia

This essay was apparently undertaken as a doctorate thesis, but it is distinguished not only by careful scholarship but by good sense and straightforwardness, and is very readable. Miss Schneider's effort has been to unify and make explicit the aesthetic and critical theory that is implicit in Hazlitt's approach to painting and literature and scattered through his many volumes. She maintains that he was "a philosophical thinker in his own right", and that "of no other great English critic, perhaps, except Coleridge can this be said." And though she concedes that Hazlitt's philosophical thought was inferior to Coleridge's in grasp, breadth,

Continued on page viii

BEST SELLERS

The books described below, by their individual quality and universal appeal, have become best sellers. Some of them may join the treasure house of world literature; all of them have added to the pleasure of thousands of readers.

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CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page vi

and imaginativeness, she finds it much more realistic and much easier to apply to concrete criticism. Hazlitt, she holds, "is the first important writer to assert and maintain with almost complete consistency . . . that to give pleasure is the true aim of art. . . . It is the soundness of this attitude toward art that has made Hazlitt's criticism of Restoration comedy perhaps the best that has ever been written."

THOMAS MANN'S NOVEL, "DER ZAUBERBERG."

By Hermann J. Weigand.

The D. Appleton-Century Company
\$3.50 5½ x 9; 183 pp. New York

This is the first full-length study in English of Thomas Mann's "Magic Mountain." The author is professor of German in Yale. He thinks that the novel has "pointed to a new faith in life, to a quickened consciousness of things really mattering, and to a more exacting attitude towards one's own sphere of activity, however humble or restricted." The book, Dr. Weigand adds, "is a symbolic record of Thomas Mann's spiritual autobiography. In all essentials Hans Castorp is Thomas Mann," whose "relation to life is that of a mystic, in the broad sense of the word." There are many supplementary notes, but an index is lacking.

LITERATURE

HISTORY OF NORWEGIAN LITERATURE.

By Theodore Jorgenson. *The Macmillan Company*
\$5 6¼ x 9¼; 559 pp. New York

Dr. Jorgenson was induced to write this book by the needs of his students at St. Olaf College, Northfield, Minn., where he is associate professor of Norwegian history and literature. There were plenty of short text-books at their disposal, but none dealt with Norwegian literature on a large scale, including a detailed discussion of the more recent authors. The present volume is especially rich in the latter direction. Ibsen is introduced on page 245, and after twenty-three pages upon him one comes to Bjørnstjerne and the successors of the two. Many authors are dealt with whose very names are unknown in America, and those who are well known here, e.g., Johan Boyer, Knut Hamsun and Sigrid Undset, are discussed at considerable length. There is a bibliography for each author, and at the end is a good index. The volume covers a generally unfamiliar field, and does it very well.

viii

CURIOSITIES OF YIDDISH LITERATURE.

By A. A. Roback.

Sci-Art
\$2.15 5½ x 8¼; 227 pp. Cambridge, Mass.

This is a small encyclopedia of facts about the Yiddish language, literature, press, drama, art, and scholarship. Dr. Roback is a firm believer in the "vitality and possibilities" of Yiddish as a medium of expression. It is more than 700 years old, and an enormous literature, in every branch of human thought, has been written in it. Its folk-lore, fiction, and drama are especially rich. Sholom Aleichem, Mendele Mocher Sforim, and Perez Hirschbein, to mention only Yiddish authors familiar to contemporary Americans, would do honor to any other "more respectable" literature. Sholom Aleichem has been called the Yiddish Mark Twain, and with much justice. Dr. Roback's book has its uses, but it is strangely put together. Here, for example, are some of the running heads: "Believe It Or Not," "Strange As It May Seem," "You May Not Know It But —," and "It Is Well To Know That." Such monkeyshines are hardly fitting in what purports to be a serious discussion of a serious subject.

COLLECTED PROSE.

By Elinor Wylie.

Alfred A. Knopf
\$3.50 5¾ x 9; 879 pp. New York

This handsome volume properly supplements the "Collected Poems" of the late Elinor Wylie published a year ago. It contains her four novels—"Jennifer Lorn", "The Venetian Glass Nephew", "The Orphan Angel", "Mr. Hodge and Mr. Hazard"—and a final section of fugitive papers not hitherto published in book form. Each of the novels, in the order named above, is preceded by a preface by, respectively, Carl Van Vechten, Carl Van Doren, Stephen Vincent Benét, and Isabel Paterson. For the "Fugitive Prose" a preface is contributed by William Rose Benét.

GARDENING

GARDENING WITH HERBS FOR FLAVOR AND FRAGRANCE.

By Helen Morgenthau Fox. *The Macmillan Company*
\$3.50 5¼ x 8½; 334 pp. New York

This book will be useful to the housekeeper as well as the gardener. It describes sixty herbs suitable for growing in American gardens,—among them, caraway, coriander, poppy, rose geranium, marjoram, anise and chives. Mrs. Fox tells how she grew all of them in her own garden, and adds some of the folk-

Continued on page x

THE AMERICAN MERCURY



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AMERICAN MERCURY ANNOUNCEMENT

PAGE xi

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

Continued from page viii

lore she has unearthed about them, and a number of tried recipes for their use in cooking. There are numerous illustrations, a bibliography and an index. The drawings, which were made from the original plants, are by Louise Mansfield.

THE SCENTED GARDEN.

By *Eleanour Sinclair Rohde.*

Hale, Cushman & Flint

\$3.75 5½ x 8¾; 312 pp. *Boston*

This is a fascinating book for the general reader as well as for the practical gardener. It contains all the romantic lore of scented plants, culled from the greatest variety of literary and historical sources. Beginning with the garden in January and February, Miss Rohde continues with chapters on violets, primroses and wallflowers; Spring flowering bulbs and shrubs; the scents of early Summer; the roses; the aromatic herbs; and finally the blooms of the afternoon of the year. There is an introduction on scents, a chapter giving sweet bag, pot-pourri and other récipés, and a plant list at the end, of (a) trees, shrubs and climbers, (b) herbaceous plants, (c) bulbs, and (d) aquatics; together with an index.

THE ARTS

ART YOUNG'S INFERNO.

The Delphic Studios

\$5 5½ x 11¼; 176 pp. *New York*

This is Art Young's third report from Hell; the previous two he made in 1892 in "Hell Up To Date" and in 1901 in "Through Hell with Hiprah Hunt." He found that "the medieval Hell has at last been made safe for capitalism," and that the chief rule of life down there now is this: "Property rights above all rights. The human soul has no value at all." The bankers rule everything, aided and abetted by the law-makers, while the poor are engulfed in hopelessness and helplessness. The volume is about half text and half illustration. The fantasy contains some of Mr. Young's best satire, but the drawings will probably appeal more to most readers. They are all excellent, and some of them are devastating in their caricature—especially the drawings of the ladder of riches, Hell's central railroad station (it looks very much like the Grand Central), and the art gallery. For a frontispiece there is a portrait of the artist by José Clemente Orozco. Charles Recht contributes a foreword.

x

THE FOUNTAINS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS AND THEIR FOLLOWERS FROM DONATELLO TO BERNINI.

By *Bertha Harris Wiles.*

The Harvard University Press

\$7.50 8¼ x 11½; 163 pp. *Cambridge*

Miss Wiles believes that writers on Florentine sculpture, by concentrating upon the religious and civic monuments, have slighted the host of figures in lighter vein that abound in the gardens and villas, and that this neglect has resulted in a somewhat distorted picture of the art of the Renaissance. Especially is this true, she points out, in the Cinquecento, when garden sculpture provided one of the most characteristic mediums of expression for Florentine masters, reflecting the essentially pagan character of the age more truly than the tombs and ecclesiastical works to which study is usually confined. There are 220 illustrations.

THE AMERICAN PROCESSION: *American Life Since 1860 in Photographs. Assembled by Agnes Rogers, with running comment by Frederick Lewis Allen.*

Harper & Brothers

\$2.75 9 x 12¼; 92 pp. *New York*

This volume presents a remarkably rich and many-sided picture of American life since the sixties. It is confined entirely to photographs, with brief explanatory comment, and the compilers have wisely avoided any special emphasis on the mere hilarities of changing bathing suits and styles in burlesque queens. In addition to pictures of the Civil War, of the early horse-cars, locomotives, automobiles, air-planes, telephones, telegraphs, stage and ring and political celebrities, there are scenes of early mining towns, floods, earthquakes, and strikes and riots.

THE UKIVOVE PRIMITIVES.

By *Yone Noguchi.*

Kegan Paul

8½ x 12½; 122 pp. *London*

This is a collection of Japanese prints covering the period roughly from 1650 to 1765. The author has called them "primitives" because they precede the so-called golden age of color-prints from 1789 to 1801. It is not true, according to Mr. Noguchi, that the best prints have all been taken by the West; the present collection, he holds, is still unknown outside of Japan. Like the Japanese prints with which we are already familiar, these all reveal an exquisite sense of design and a sure taste in coloring.

*Continued in back advertising section,
page xviii*

From the Publisher to the Readers of

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

I am glad to be able to print on the following pages the partial contents of the May issue of *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, for with that issue the new editorial direction of the magazine becomes quite clear.

First, I have abandoned completely its preoccupation wholly with the American scene; its interests will now include the European countries and indeed the whole world. It will treat foreign topics with the same uncompromising realism with which it for ten years dealt with purely American themes and personalities.

Secondly, the *AMERICAN MERCURY* will be seriously concerned with the tremendous social, political and economic problems raised by the world crisis. In these days, a serious review cannot be devoted *merely* to the entertainment of its readers; but the *MERCURY* will make a particular effort to avoid monotony of either tone or subject matter, and to secure the greatest variety possible within the necessary limits of good writing and good sense.

Even so the magazine will, on the whole, probably bear a closer resemblance to Mencken's *MERCURY* than to any other

periodical. It will delight, as always, in deriding pompousness and quackery in all places, in belaboring every known variety of puritan or wowser, in denouncing all attempts to suppress free utterance.

But it will be less concerned with the now comparatively harmless forms of imbecility displayed by Rotarians, Babbitts, and the lower inhabitants of the Bible Belt; it will give more attention to stupidity and swinishness in high places, where they are most likely to produce disastrous results.

More space than heretofore will be given to reviews of current books.

Finally, the magazine will not be wholly serious, but will include in every issue material, whether treating the various arts or sciences, short stories, poems, or just amusing odds and ends that have no other aim than to furnish entertainment to its readers.

Anniversary

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

• *Partial Contents of the MAY Issue* •

HOW TO MAKE A REVOLUTION

By Raymond Postgate

A brilliant survey of revolutionary tactics since the French Revolution, with a thorough analysis of the revolutions of recent times, including the Russian Revolution and the Chilean Revolution. Mr. Postgate, one of the ablest students of politics and economics in England, offers specific suggestions for revolutionary success, among them a set of rules for winning over the Army and Navy to the cause of the revolutionaries. His article will perhaps shock those who prefer to remain blind to what is happening in the world, but all intelligent men and women will welcome his discussion.

BOOM TOWN

By Thomas Wolfe

Mr. Wolfe's "Look Homeward, Angel" was one of the most impressive first novels of the last decade. It had a plangency and a power that immediately placed its author in the front rank of American writers of fiction. Since then there have been murmurs that Mr. Wolfe is a one-book man, but all such doubts will disappear on the publication of "Boom Town," a tremendously effective story, full of incomparable richness, both of writing and insight.

AMERICAN PROPAGANDA IN RUSSIA

By Anna Louise Strong

The American government has bound the Soviet government with all sorts of promises against Communist propaganda in this country, but it has escaped nearly everybody's attention that the Russian state has asked for

no protection whatever against American propaganda within its borders. Dr. Strong, long a resident of the USSR, points out how such American propaganda might injure the Russian scheme of things, but she also shows why the men in the Kremlin are not worried. A fresh point of view ably expressed.

THE RUSSO-JAPANESE WAR MYTH

By George E. Sokolsky

Mr. Sokolsky, who is one of the foremost authorities in the United States on the Far East, here presents the novel idea that all the talk about an impending war between Russia and Japan is mainly wind. The simple facts, he says, are that the two countries have really nothing to fight about, and that a war, if it ever did come, would do neither land any good. The war talk in both Russia and Japan, he adds, is a ruse on the part of the militarists, especially those of Japan, to head off radical discontent in their land and to obtain more armaments. A highly important and timely discussion.

GERMANY SINKS INTO SLAVERY

By S. Miles Bouton

Mr. Bouton has been Berlin correspondent for American newspapers for more than twenty years, and here he gives his mature reflections on the horrendous mess Germany is in now. The Germans, he says, are a singularly unpolitic, unrealistic, and fickle people, ever ready to lick the boots of whatever brazen man manages to get to the top. The Third Reich of Hitler, he argues, is doomed, but whether its end will come through revolution or war remains to be seen. If it be war, that will also be the end of Germany.

Heads in New Directions

• Partial Contents of the MAY Issue •

THE PLANLESS ROOSEVELT REVOLUTION

By Lawrence Dennis

Mr. Dennis, long connected with the State Department, says that all talk about the Roosevelt Revolution is nonsense. The President has no definite plan of action, and without a plan there is no revolution. One set of White House spokesmen is clamoring for higher prices, another is clamoring for lower prices; some are for economic nationalism, and others are for economic inter-nationalism. Mr. Roosevelt himself has made statements which fit him into all four groups. Thus argues Mr. Dennis in one of the most vigorous onslaughts upon the New Deal which has yet been published.

THE PLIGHT OF THE DOCTOR

By George W. Aspinwall

One of the most eminent surgeons in America—writing under a pen name for obvious reasons—makes a moving plea for the thousands of his medical colleagues who have been robbed of their means of livelihood by the advent of free clinics, insurance medical service, etc. He writes with the authority of full knowledge and of high professional rank.

BREACH OF PROMISE: STILL A RACKET

By Anthony M. Turano

The old blackmail game, so dearly beloved of a certain class of predatory ladies of fragile heart, is confined almost wholly to Anglo-

Saxon countries, and it has long been the wonder of the Continental nations. How the game is worked, often with the connivance of the courts, has been hinted at in the daily press, but in the present article Mr. Turano presents the fearful and wonderful details for the first time in a general magazine. His quotations from actual court cases seem almost incredible, but he gives chapters and verses.

ASPIRIN IS A MEMBER OF THE N. R. A.

By William Saroyan

The strange and haunting title of this strange and haunting story will long be remembered, and even more so will the tale proper. As for the nature of the tale, it is impossible to describe it in a few words. It is partly autobiographical and partly fictional, but so woven together that the total effect is one of otherworldly power. With this story Mr. Saroyan makes his bow to readers of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

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The American MERCURY

April 1934

THE CASE OF LIEUTENANT ELAGHIN¹

BY IVAN BUNIN

A TERRIBLE case, this—strange, puzzling, insoluble. On the one hand, it is very simple; on the other, extremely complicated, like a cheap novelette—which is just what it was called in our town—yet at the same time a fit basis for a profound work of literature. On the whole, the counsel for the defense spoke truthfully when in opening his speech he said:

“In this case it would seem that there can be no possible grounds for dispute between myself and the prosecuting attorney. Has the defendant not admitted his guilt? Does it not seem to almost everyone here present that the man’s crime and his personality, as well as the personality of his victim, whose will he is supposed to have violated, call for no subtleties of interpretation, being quite obviously empty and commonplace? Yet all this is very far from the truth, a mere surface appearance. Grounds for dispute do exist, and there is much to argue, much to ponder.”

He said further:

“Let us assume for the moment that my object is only to gain lenience for the defendant. In that case I should need to say

little. The law does not prescribe the precise consideration to guide judges in cases such as ours. It leaves great leeway for the exercise of their intelligence, conscience, acumen, upon which in the long run devolves the duty of choosing this or that legal formula punishing the offense. It would then be my task to influence this intelligence and conscience, to underscore all that is best in the defendant, and all that could mitigate his offense. It would be my task to awaken charitable sentiments in the judges—a task all the more compelling as the defendant denies only one thing in his action—deliberate evil intent. Even in this hypothetical case, however, could I have avoided argument with the prosecuting attorney, who described the defendant as nothing less than a ‘criminal wolf’? In every case at law everything can be understood differently, interpreted in a variety of ways, presented thus or so, according to one’s own ideas. And what do we see in this case? Why, it seems to have not a single feature, not a single detail, which the attorney for the prosecution and I see in the same light, interpret in the same way. ‘Yes, it is all so, and yet it isn’t,’ I have to tell him in every instance. What’s

¹ Translated from the Russian by Alexander Bakshy.

most important of all, in the very substance of the case it is all *not* so—"

It was terrible, too, the way the whole thing began.

It was the nineteenth of June of last year. It was early in the morning, after five o'clock, but in the dining-room of Captain Likharev, of the Royal Guards Hussar regiment, it was already light—stuffy, dry, and hot, too, from the summer city sun. It was still quiet, however, for the captain's apartment was in a building of the Hussar barracks, outside the town. Availing himself of this quiet, as well as of his youth, the captain still slept. On the table stood liqueurs, and partially empty coffee-cups. In the drawing-room adjacent slept another officer, the second captain, Count Koshitz; and still farther off, in the study, slumbered Lieutenant Sevsky.

In short, the morning was not extraordinary; the picture was simple. But as is always the case when the extraordinary occurs in the midst of the ordinary, the thing that suddenly happened in the apartment of Captain Likharev in the early morning of June 19 was all the more terrible, astonishing, and seemingly incredible. Unexpectedly, in the perfect stillness of that morning the bell clanged in the hall; the orderly was heard running, bare-foot, lightly, cautiously, to open the door; a voice rang out, deliberately loud:

"The captain in?"

With the same deliberate noisiness, the visitor clattered in, flinging open the door to the dining-room with elaborate unconcern, and with equal boldness thudding with his boots, jangling his spurs. The captain raised his sleepy head with an expression of bewilderment. Standing before him was an officer of his own regiment, Lieutenant Elaghin, a small, scrawny fellow, with carrotty hair, and freckles, with legs bow-shaped and extraordinarily thin,

and dressed with that touch of the dandy which was, as he was fond of saying, his "chief" weakness.

The officer pulled off his summer overcoat hastily, and tossed it on a chair, crying loudly: "There are my shoulder-straps for you." Then he crossed over to the divan standing against the opposite wall, flung himself down and threw his arms behind his head.

"What is it all about?" growled the captain, watching him with bulging eyes. "Where have you been? What's happened?"

"I've killed Maria," declared Elaghin.

"Are you drunk? What Maria are you jabbering about?" asked the captain.

"The actress, Maria Iosiphovna Sosnovskaia."

The captain lowered his feet to the floor.

"Is this a joke?"

"Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, it is not."

"Who's there? What's happened?" shouted the count, from the drawing-room.

Elaghin stretched himself, and, pushing lightly at the door with his foot, thrust it open.

"Don't shout," he said. "It is I, Elaghin. I have shot Maria."

"What!" cried the count. After a moment's pause he burst into sudden laughter. "Oh, I see!" he shouted mirthfully. "Well, I'll forgive you this time, the devil take you. I'm glad you woke me up, or I'm sure we should have overslept. We were still going at three in the morning."

"I tell you straight. I've shot her," repeated Elaghin persistently.

"Lies, my boy, just lies," the host shouted, picking up his socks. "And you nearly had me frightened. Suppose something had really happened!—Ephrem, bring in the tea."

Elaghin thrust his hand into his trou-

sers' pocket, pulled out a small key, and tossed it deftly over his shoulder onto the table. "Go see for yourselves," he said.

At the trial the prosecuting attorney spoke at great length about the cynicism and horror of many of the scenes that composed the Elaghin tragedy. This scene, too, he stressed more than once. He forgot, apparently, that on that morning only in the first moments did Captain Likharev fail to notice what he later described as Elaghin's "supernatural" pallor and "inhuman" something in his eyes. After that, the captain said, he was "simply staggered by both."

II

To return to what happened on the morning of June 19 of last year.

Half an hour passed, and Count Koshitz and Lieutenant Sevsky stood at the front door of the house occupied by Sosnovskaia. The matter was no longer one for laughter, to them.

They had driven the cab-horse nearly to death, flung themselves headlong out of the cab, had now been pushing and pushing the key into the keyhole, had been ringing the bell wildly. The key would not go in; behind that door was silence. Impatiently they hurried into the courtyard and found the janitor. The janitor ran to the kitchen through the back door and returned to say that according to the housemaid Sosnovskaia had not slept in the house that night. She had left in the evening, taking with her a parcel.

The count and the lieutenant were taken aback. If that was the case, what were they to do? They pondered. Then, with a shrug of their shoulders they got the janitor into the cab with them and drove off to the police station. From there they telephoned Captain Likharev.

The captain shouted wildly into the telephone:

"This idiot, who has nearly driven me crazy, forgot to say that you must go not to her house but to their most secret trysting-place—14 Starogradskaia Street. Do you hear? 14 Starogradskaia Street. Some sort of bachelor's *pied-à-terre*—you go in directly from the street."

They raced to Starogradskaia Street.

The janitor sat on the coach-box; the police sergeant, with an air of reserve and independence, took his seat opposite the officers. It was hot. The streets were crowded and noisy. One refused to believe that on a bright and lively morning such as this a woman could be lying dead somewhere and that—staggering thought—the man who had killed her was the twenty-two-year-old Sasha Elaghin. How could he bring himself to do such a thing? Why should he kill her? And how did he do it? The questions received no answers. It all seemed utterly incomprehensible.

When at last they halted outside an old and cheerless two-story house in Starogradskaia Street, the count and the lieutenant felt, as they said, "completely distressed." Could the thing possibly be here? And must they see it? Yet something impelled them to see it, impelled them inexorably. By contrast the police sergeant at once felt himself severe, energetic, self-assured.

"Give me the key, if you please," he commanded, drily and firmly, and the officers hastened to hand him the key with the same diffidence the janitor might have shown.

In the center of the house, in front, was an archway. Beyond the archway could be seen a small courtyard, and a tree with foliage unnaturally bright, or seemingly so in contrast to the dark gray stone walls. To the right of the archway was that mysterious door giving entrance direct from

the street, which must be opened. Frowning, the police officer shoved in the key; the door opened, and the count and the lieutenant saw what appeared to be a dark hallway. As if guided by second sight, the police officer stretched out his hand, scraped it over the wall, and lit up a narrow and somber room, in the depths of which, between two armchairs, stood a small table bearing plates and some remnants of game and fruit. The sight greeting the eyes of the visitors as they advanced was even more somber. A small door on the right of the hallway led into a room as dark as the first, dimly lighted by a small opal lantern suspended from the ceiling, and covered with a huge umbrella of black silk. Something black also draped the walls of the room from top to bottom. There were no windows. Far in the back was a good-sized low ottoman, and lying upon it loomed a young woman of rare beauty, clad only in a night-dress. Her eyes and mouth were partly open, her head sunk on her bosom. Her limbs were stretched out, the legs slightly apart.

The visitors halted, and for a second stood spellbound with astonishment and fear.

III

The beauty of the dead woman seemed more rare because to an extraordinary degree it conformed to the demands that are set, for instance, by fashionable artists painting an ideally beautiful woman. This woman had all that they seek: a beautiful figure, exquisite coloring of the flesh, small and absolutely flawless feet, a charmingly childish, simple-hearted expression of the mouth, small, perfectly shaped features, and marvelous hair. This totality was now already dead, was petrifying, vanishing.

The woman's loveliness made her even more terrifying. Her hair was in perfect order, dressed carefully as if for a ball. Her head rested propped on a cushion, the chin barely touching her bosom, a posture that lent her motionless and half-opened eyes—indeed, her whole face—a somewhat baffled expression. Over all this a dim light was shed by the small opal lantern suspended from the ceiling, at the bottom of the great black canopy, which was like a bird of prey spreading webbed wings over the dead woman.

This scene startled even the police sergeant. All the visitors, with mounting panic, began to inspect it more thoroughly.

The woman's beautiful bare arms were stretched beside her body. On her bosom, on the lace of her night-dress, lay two of Elaghin's visiting-cards; at her feet, and coarse beside their feminine nakedness, lay a Hussar saber. The count was about to lift this saber, and draw it from its sheath with the absurd idea of finding out whether it had traces of blood on its blade. But the police officer restrained him from such unlawful action.

"Oh, of course, of course," murmured the count. "Nothing must be touched yet, of course. But I am surprised that I see nowhere any trace of blood or any other signs of murder. Obviously a case of poisoning, isn't it?"

"Have patience," announced the police officer, rather dictatorially. "Let us wait for the court examiner and the doctor. It does certainly look like poisoning."

It did, indeed. There was not a trace of blood anywhere—on the floor, on the ottoman, on the dead woman's body, or on her night-dress. On the chair beside the ottoman lay lingerie and a woman's dressing-gown; beneath them, a pearl-blue chemise, a skirt of very good dark gray material, and a gray silk wrap. These

were thrown on the chair in disorder, but were not stained by a single drop of blood. The idea of poisoning received a subtle confirmation from what was found on the wall-ledge above the ottoman: there, among champagne bottles and cork stoppers, cigarette stubs and hair-pins, amid torn and scribbled-over scraps of paper, stood an unfinished glass of port and a small bottle bearing a white label with the ominous black words: "Op. Pulv."

But while the police officer, the count, and the lieutenant were reading, one after another, these Latin words, there came the sound of the carriage bringing the doctor and the court examiner. A few minutes later it became established that Elaghin had spoken the truth. Sosnovskaia had been killed by a revolver-shot. No bloodstains were found on the night-dress. But beneath the garment, in the region of the heart, a livid spot was visible, and in the centre of the spot was a small round hole with scorched edges, from which came a trickle of thin dark blood. That nothing had been stained by blood was due to the wadded handkerchief which covered the wound.

What else was established by the post-mortem examination? Not a great deal: that the deceased had traces of tuberculosis in her right lung; that the shot had been made point-blank; that death had followed instantly, although the deceased had had sufficient time to utter a few words after the shot; that there was no struggle between the murderer and his victim; that the woman had had champagne and had taken with the port a small dose of opium which by itself was insufficient to kill her; and, finally, that on the fatal night she had had sexual intercourse with a man.

But why did the fellow kill her? An-

swering this question, Elaghin obstinately reiterated: because both of them, he as well as Sosnovskaia, were in "a tragic situation," from which they could see no other escape than death, and that in killing Sosnovskaia he had only obeyed her command.

This assertion seemed to be completely contradicted by the notes which the deceased had written before her death. Were not two of Elaghin's cards found on her bosom, cards written upon in her own hand in Polish—in rather faltering grammar, it must be added—of which the first read:

"To General Konovnitzin, Director of the Theatre: My friend—I thank you for your noble friendship of several years. I am sending you my last greetings and request that all the money due me for my last performances be paid out to my mother."

The other card read:

"This man performed a just act in killing me. My poor, unfortunate mother! I do not ask your forgiveness, because I die not of my own will.—Mother! We shall yet meet—there, above—I feel this is my last moment."

On similar cards Sosnovskaia had written other messages. These, which had been carefully torn to fragments and strewn over the wall ledge, were pieced together, and disclosed the following:

"This man insists on his death and mine. —I shall not escape alive —"

"So my last hour has struck.—Lord, do not forsake me—My last thought is of my mother, and my sacred art —"

"Bottomless abyss! This man is my fate—Lord save—help me!"

And finally the most mysterious:

"Quand même pour toujours —"

All these notes, those found intact on the deceased's bosom, and those found in

bits on the ledge, seemed to contradict Elaghin's statements. The contradiction was only apparent.

Why were the first two visiting-cards not torn up, those which lay on Sosnovskaia's bosom, one of which contained the words so fatal for Elaghin—"I die not of my own will"? Not only had Elaghin refrained from tearing them up and taking them away with him, but he had actually himself—for who else could have done so?—placed them where they would be most conspicuous. Had he failed to tear them up because he had been in a hurry? Haste might have made him forget to tear them up. But what haste could impel him to place such incriminating notes on the bosom of the deceased? Indeed, had he been in a hurry at all? He had made the dead woman seemly, covered her with the night-dress, had first of all stopped up the wound with the handkerchief. He had also shaved and dressed himself.—No, the prosecuting attorney was right: this had not been done in haste.

IV

The prosecuting attorney said:

"There are two classes of criminals: those made so by accident, whose crimes are the result of an unfortunate combination of circumstances, plus that excitement which is known to science as 'temporary insanity'; and those who commit their misdeeds from evil and premeditated intent. These latter are born enemies of society and the social order; they are criminal wolves. In what class are we to put the man who is now before us in the dock? Obviously in the second. He is undoubtedly a criminal wolf. He committed this crime because a life of idleness and debauchery had turned him into a beast —"

This was a strange tirade, although it expressed the opinion of Elaghin prevailing in our town. It was all the more strange because during the trial Elaghin sat all the time with his head pressed against his arm, screening his face from the public, and answered all questions quietly, briefly, with a diffidence and sadness painful to observe. Yet in a sense the prosecuting attorney was right. The criminal in the dock was not at all of the ordinary kind, least of all one affected by "temporary insanity."

The prosecuting attorney put two questions: first, was the crime committed in a state of mental excitement? Second, was it merely an unwilling abetting of the murder? His answer to both questions was an unhesitating negative.

"No," he said to the first query. "There can be no question of mental excitement, if only because such a condition cannot endure for several hours. Besides, what was there to cause a state of mental excitement in Elaghin?"

To settle that point, the prosecuting attorney posed a multitude of small questions, which he instantly dismissed, not without ridicule.

"Did Elaghin drink more than usual that day? No. He usually drank a great deal, but on that day no more than he was accustomed to drink.

"Was and is the defendant in good health? I believe the medical experts: he is completely so, but wholly unaccustomed to bridling his emotions.

"Perhaps a state of mental excitement was caused by the impossibility of marriage between the defendant and the woman he loved, if we assume that he did actually love her. That cannot be. We know definitely that the defendant never showed any interest in such a marriage, or took any steps to bring it about."

And further:

"Perhaps the defendant was thrown into a state of mental excitement by Sosnovskaia's proposed journey abroad. No. He was not. For he had known of this journey for a long time.

"Was he, then, perhaps thrown off his balance by the thought of final separation from Sosnovskaia as the result of her leaving the country? Again, no. For they had discussed their final separation a thousand times before that night. This being so, what then remains? The talks about death? The strange character of the room, its oppressive, hypnotic effect, the oppressiveness of that morbid and eerie night? But conversations concerning death could not possibly be a new experience for Elaghin. These talks between him and the deceased went on interminably, and he had certainly been bored by them long since. As to the hypnotic effect of the surroundings, the idea is simply laughable. There were present too many utterly prosaic things to dispel such an influence—supper, the remains of the supper on the table, wine bottles, even, begging your pardon, night conveniences. Elaghin ate, drank, performed his natural functions, and walked repeatedly into the adjoining room to fetch wine, or a knife to sharpen a pencil—"

The prosecuting attorney concluded his speech thus:

"We need not argue long whether the murder was committed by Elaghin in obedience to the will of the deceased. On this point we have, on the one hand, only Elaghin's unsupported statements that Sosnovskaia herself asked that he kill her, and on the other hand the fatally incriminating note by the dead woman, saying: 'I die not of my own will.'"

Many of the details in the speech of the prosecuting attorney are open to ob-

jection. "The defendant is a thoroughly healthy man." But where is one to draw the line between health and illness, between the normal and the abnormal? "He took no steps to bring about the marriage." Well, in the first place it is obvious that he took no such steps only because he was completely convinced of their futility; and again, is it wholly true that love and marriage are so closely bound up, and that Elaghin would have found peace, and, indeed, have completely solved the drama of his love by marrying Sosnovskaia? Do we not know that extraordinarily deep love usually has the strange tendency of avoiding marriage ties completely?

All these details, I repeat, are minor. In his main contention the prosecuting attorney was right: Elaghin was not acting in a state of mental excitement.

The prosecuting attorney said:

"The medical experts have come to the conclusion that Elaghin was rather in a calm than an excited condition. I assert that he was not only in a state of calm, but one that was extraordinarily so. We are confirmed in such a view by the orderly state of the room where the crime was committed, and in which Elaghin remained for a considerable time afterwards. We also have the evidence of witness Yaroshenko, who observed how collected Elaghin was as he came out of the apartment in Starogradskaia Street, and how carefully, how unhurriedly, he locked the door. Finally, we know Elaghin's conduct at Captain Likharev's. What, for example, did he say to Lieutenant Sevsky, who urged him to 'come to his senses', to try to remember whether Sosnovskaia had not shot herself. His answer was: 'No, old man. I remember everything *perfectly*.'—And then and there he described accurately how he had made the shot. Witness Budberg was 'even unpleasantly

surprised' by Elaghin's behavior, for after his confession he calmly drank tea! Witness Foght was even more surprised. 'I trust, captain, you will relieve me of drill duty today,' Elaghin said to him, somewhat ironically! 'This sounded so atrocious,' says Foght, 'that Lieutenant Sevsky could not control himself, and burst into tears!' It is true that there was also a moment when Elaghin wept—when the captain returned from the regiment commander to whom he had gone for instructions regarding Elaghin, and when Elaghin realized from the faces of Likharev and Foght that he was no longer an officer. At that moment he wept," concluded the prosecuting attorney, "at that moment only."

That last, too, is extremely odd. Who does not know how frequently a man in the throes of grief, or misfortune, suddenly awakes from a coma because of some utterly insignificant happening, of something which accidentally meets his eyes and suddenly reminds him of his past happy life and the utter hopelessness, the horror of the present? Nor was it anything insignificant, accidental, that so reminded Elaghin. He might be said to have been born an officer: ten generations of his progenitors were in the service. Now he was no longer an officer. Moreover, not only was he no longer an officer, but he was not because the one person whom he really loved more than his own life was no longer in this world, and because none other than he himself had committed that monstrous deed.

This, too, is a mere detail. The main point is that there was no "temporary insanity." What was there, then? The prosecuting attorney admitted that "in this dark case everything must first of all be brought down to the consideration of Elaghin's character and that of Sos-

novskaia, and to the clarifying of their relations." He also stated, with great firmness:

"We have here a meeting of two personalities having nothing in common between them."

Is that the truth? The whole question is there: is that the truth?

V

In considering Elaghin, I should first of all like to point out that he is twenty-two years old, a fatal age, a terrible period shaping a man for all his future life. As a rule, at this period a man passes through what medical science terms sexual maturity, and what ordinary life calls the first love—a phenomenon nearly always looked at in a poetical light, and on the whole treated with extreme levity. Frequently this "first love" is accompanied by dramas and tragedies, but nobody ever thinks of these young people as experiencing just at this time something much deeper and more complex than the excitements and sufferings usually included in the term "love worship"—of experiencing, in fact, subconsciously, the eerie flowering of sex, its painful opening out, its first holy mass. Had I been Elaghin's counsel for the defense I should have asked the judges to consider his age from this particular point of view, and urged them to note further that this man before them was in this respect far from the ordinary. "A young Hussar, a wild, fast liver," was the description of him, echoing the prevalent opinion, given by the prosecuting attorney. To prove the truth of his words, the latter cited the statement of one of the witnesses, the actor Lisovsky, who told how one day Elaghin came to the theatre during a rehearsal, and how Sosnovskaia, immediately upon seeing him, darted to

one side, behind Lissovsky, whispering hurriedly: "Screen me from him, uncle." "I screened her," Lissovsky continued, "while this little Hussar, filled with wine, stopped abruptly, as if suddenly out of his mind, and stood staring, his legs apart, apparently at a loss to account for Sosnovskaia's disappearance."

That is the essence of the matter—out of his mind. But what made him crazy? Was it the "life of idleness and debauchery"? Scarcely.

Elaghin came of an old and wealthy family. At an early age he had lost his mother who, it should be noted, had been markedly hysterical in nature. From his father, a strict and stern man, he had been separated by a fear in which he grew to and attained maturity. The prosecuting attorney drew the portrait of Elaghin, physical as well as moral, with relentless courage. He said:

"Such was our hero in his resplendent Hussar uniform. But look at him now. Nothing adorns him. We see a short, stooping young man, with a small fair moustache, and an inconclusive, trivial expression, who in his neat black frock-coat scarcely bears even a remote resemblance to Othello. In other words, we observe a character that, in my opinion, has the sharply marked characteristics of a degenerate. Greatly deficient in courage in some cases—as, for example, in his relations with his father—he is seen to be extremely arrogant, indifferent to all obstacles in other cases—that is, when he does not feel his father's watchful eye upon him. At such times, he hopes for a general impunity."

Undoubtedly a great deal of this harsh character-delineation was true. As I listened, however, I could not understand how one could regard so lightly all the terribly complicated tragedy which so

often distinguishes people of marked hereditary characteristics; nor could I fail to see in the truth of the prosecuting attorney's words only a small portion of a far greater truth. Yes, it was true that Elaghin had grown up in abject fear of his father. But fear does not mean cowardice, particularly a fear of one's parents. Most especially would this be true in a man endowed with an intense consciousness of the entire hereditary web which bound him to his fathers, his grandfathers, his great-grandfathers. Again, granted that Elaghin's appearance is not that of the classic Hussar, I see in this fact only one of the proofs of his unusual character. "Look more closely," I should have said to the prosecuting attorney, "at this carroty, stooping, lank young man, and you will see, almost with terror, how far from trivial is this freckled face with the small greenish eyes, which avoid looking at you. And most certainly take note of his degenerate strength: on the day of the murder he had attended drill—from early morning, naturally; at breakfast he had downed six ponies of vodka, a bottle of champagne, and two glasses of cognac. Yet after all that, he was perfectly sober!"

VI

There was, too, a marked contrast between the prevailing denunciation of Elaghin and the evidence of many fellow-officers in his regiment. Every one of them spoke of him most highly. Here, for example, is the opinion expressed by his squadron commander:

"Since joining the regiment, Elaghin has won for himself a remarkably good standing among the officers, and has been always extraordinarily kind, considerate, and just in his treatment of the lower ranks. There was only one peculiarity in

his character: a variability which found its expression not in anything unpleasant, but in frequent and rapid changes from gaiety to melancholy, from volubility to silence, from self-confidence to an utterly abject estimate of his own qualities, and of his future besides."

We have also the opinion of Captain Likharev:

"Elaghin was always a kind and good comrade, but he had his peculiarities: sometimes he was modest and shyly secretive; again he would plunge into recklessness and bravado. After he had come to me with his confession of the killing of Sosnovskaia, after Sevsky and Koshitz had rushed off to Starogradskaia Street, he wept passionately, and immediately burst into bitter and boisterous laughter. When he was arrested, and was being taken away, he smiled insanely and sought our advice about the tailor he should choose in ordering his civilian clothes."

There is also the statement of Count Koshitz:

"Elaghin was on the whole a man of gay and tender nature, nervous, impressionable, somewhat inclined to exhilaration. He was particularly sensitive to the appeal of the theatre and music, which often brought him to tears. He had an extraordinary gift for music, and could play almost any instrument."

Approximately the same opinions were expressed by all the other witnesses, also:

"A man apt to be carried away by his feelings, but one who seemed always to be expecting something really genuine, something unusual."

"At parties with officer-friends he was usually gay, and charmingly tiresome, so to speak—ordering more champagne than anyone else, and treating everyone who came along. After forming a liaison with Sosnovskaia, his feelings for whom he

took the utmost care to hide from everybody, he changed greatly—was often brooding, melancholy, spoke of an increasing determination to commit suicide."

Such were the reports given about Elaghin by persons who had lived with him in the closest intimacy. Where did the prosecuting attorney get such black colors to paint the man's portrait, I asked myself at the trial. Had he any private information? No. He had not. One can only assume that he was prompted to the use of black colors by the prevalent idea of the "gilded youth," and by what he had gleaned from the only letter of Elaghin's known to the court—one which he had written to a friend at Kishinev. In this Elaghin spoke of his life with the utmost nonchalance:

"I've reached the state of utter indifference, old man. Everything—everything is the same to me. If it's fine today, well—praise the Lord, and as for tomorrow—I don't give a damn—'morning being wiser than evening,' as they say. I have gained a glorious reputation—that of foremost drunkard and fool in practically the entire city."

This self-estimate seemed to link itself with the eloquence of the prosecuting attorney, who declared that "in the name of the beastly pursuit of pleasure, Elaghin exposed to public condemnation the woman who had given him everything, and deprived her not only of life, but even of the last honor—a Christian burial." But did the letter really link up so nicely? No. The prosecuting attorney quoted only a few lines from it. In its entirety it read as follows:

"Dear Serge—I have received your letter, and although my answer is tardy, well, I can't help it. I am sure that when you read this, you will think 'What a scribble! As if a fly had crawled all over it with

his feet fresh from the inkpot!' Exactly. One's handwriting is, as people say, if not a mirror, a certain expression of the writer's character. I am the same good-for-nothing as always, and, if you want to know, even worse, for the two years of independent life, plus something *else*, have left an impression. There are things, old man, that King Solomon himself could not express. So don't be surprised if one fine day you hear that I have popped myself off. I've reached the state of utter indifference, old man. Everything—everything is the same to me. If it's fine today, well—praise the Lord, and as for tomorrow, I don't give a damn, 'morning being wiser than evening,' as they say. I have gained a glorious reputation—that of foremost drunkard and fool in practically the entire city. And with all this, believe it or not, I sometimes feel within me such a force, such an ache, such a longing for all that is good, sublime—the devil only knows what—that my chest swells with the pain. You will say that this is still my nonage. Why then do others of my age experience nothing of the sort? I have become excessively nervous. Sometimes at night when it storms or snows, I like to jump out of bed and gallop on horseback over the town, startling even the police, who are not so easily startled. Observe, too, that I do it all completely sober, and not because I've had too much. I'm trying to catch some elusive melody which I have surely heard somewhere, but which I can never find. Yes, I can confess it to you—I'm in love, and with someone not at all like the others with which the town is filled. But enough of that. Please write to me. You know my address. Do you remember how you used to say: 'Lieut. Elaghin, Russia?'

It is extraordinary how after reading even this single letter anyone could say:

"This was a meeting of personalities having nothing in common."

VII

Sosnovskaia was a woman of pure Polish blood. She was older than Elaghin—twenty-eight. Her father, a small government official, had committed suicide when she was only three. For many years her mother remained a widow, and then married for the second time, again a small government official. She was shortly again widowed. So you see Sosnovskaia's family was rather average. Whence came, then, all the strange peculiarities of her soul; whence that passion for the stage which we know her to have shown at a very early age? I am sure they were not the result of her upbringing and the private *pension* where she received her education. Incidentally, she was an excellent student, and read assiduously in her spare time. Sometimes from the books she read she copied thoughts and aphorisms which she liked—of course, as always in such cases, connecting them with herself in some way or other. She took many notes, keeping a sort of diary, if you can call by this name the bits of paper which she sometimes did not touch for months on end, and upon which she poured haphazard her dreams and her ideas of life, or simply entered laundry bills, dressmaker's accounts, and such things. What sort of jottings were they?

"'Not to be born is the first fortune. The second is to return to non-existence as soon as possible.' A marvelous thought."

"The world is a bore, a deadly bore, and my soul craves something out of the ordinary."

"'Men understand only the sufferings that bring death.' Musset."

"No, I shall never marry. Everybody

says this, but I swear to it by God and death."

"Only love or death. But where in the universe is a man to be found that I could love? There is none; there cannot be. Yet how can I die when I love life so madly?"

"There is nothing more terrible, attractive, mysterious than love—in heaven or on earth."

"Mother says, for instance, that I should marry for money. If I—to marry for money! What an unearthly word 'love' is—what an amount of hell and sweetness it contains—although I have never been in love!"

"The whole world stares at me with its millions of carnal eyes, as I stared, as a child, in a menagerie."

"It is not worth it, being human. Nor an angel. Angels, too, complained and rose against God. The thing is to be either God or nothing," Krasinski."

"Who can boast of having penetrated within her soul when her life's effort has been to conceal the depth of her soul?" Musset."

After completing her studies at school, Sosnovskaia immediately declared to her mother that she had decided to devote herself to art. Her mother, good Catholic that she was, would not at first hear of her daughter's going on the stage. The daughter, however, was not the sort to bow to anybody, and moreover had already instilled into her mother's mind that her life, the life of Maria Sosnovskaia, could not possibly be ordinary and without fame.

At eighteen she went to Lvov, where she quickly realized her dreams. She got on the stage without difficulty, and soon gained prominence. Within a short time her popularity, with the public and within the theatre, increased so that in the third year of her stage career she was invited

to our town. But in Lvov, too, she continued to jot in her notebook the same sort of entries as before:

"Everybody talks about her, weeps and laughs over her, but who knows her?" Musset."

"If it were not for mother, I would kill myself. That is my constant desire."

"When I drive somewhere out of town, see the sky, so beautiful and fathomless, I don't know what happens to me. I want to shout, sing, declaim, weep—love and die."

"I shall choose for myself a beautiful death. I shall hire a little room, order it done in mourning. There will be music playing beyond the walls, and I shall lie in a simple white dress, surrounded with innumerable flowers, from the odor of which I shall die. How marvelous it will be!"

And further:

"Everybody—everybody demands my body, but none my soul."

"If I were rich, I should travel all over the world, and love in every place on earth."

"Does man know what he wants? Is he certain of what he thinks about?" Krasinski."

And lastly:

"The cad!"

Who was this cad, who had, of course, done what is so easy to guess? This much, at least, is known—that he *was*, that he must have been. "Even while still in Lvov," said witness Zauze, who was a member of Sosnovskaia's company in that city, "she not so much dressed as undressed for the stage, while she received her friends and admirers in a transparent dressing-gown, with her feet bare. The beauty of her feet threw everyone, particularly newcomers, into rapturous amazement. And she would say, 'Don't look

so amazed; they are my own.' Then she would show off up to above her knees. At the same time she kept repeating to me—often with tears—that there was nobody worthy of her love and that her only hope was death."

Then the "cad" came upon the scene—the man with whom she went to Constantinople, to Venice, to Paris; and whom she visited in Cracow and Berlin. He was a landowner from Galicia, a man of great wealth. Witness Volsky, who had known Sosnovskaia from childhood, spoke of this episode:

"I always regarded Sosnovskaia as a woman of very low morals. She did not know how to behave as an actress and a resident in our community. She cared only for money—money and men. She sold herself, cynically, while still just a child, to an old Galician boar."

It was of this "boar" that Sosnovskaia spoke to Elaghin in her dying words. Hotly she complained to him:

"I grew up all by myself. Nobody looked after me. I was a stranger in my family—for that matter, in the world. There was one woman—curses on her descendants—who corrupted me, trusting pure child that I was. In Lvov I came to love a man sincerely, as one would a father—and this man turned out to be a cad—such a cad that I cannot recall him without horror. He taught me to take hashish, to drink. He took me to Constantinople, where he kept a harem. He would lie at ease in this harem, watching his slave-women, and make me disrobe like the others—a vile, despicable man."

VIII

In our city, Sosnovskaia soon became the talk of the town.

"When still in Lvov," testified witness

Meshkov, "she proposed to several men that they pay with their lives for spending a night with her, and she kept saying that she was in search of a heart truly capable of loving. She sought this loving heart very persistently. At the same time she never ceased to repeat: 'My chief aim is to live and make use of life. The cork must taste all wines, and get drunk on none of them. A woman's dealings with men should be just like that.' Hers were precisely of this kind," stated Meshkov. "I am not at all sure that she tasted all the wines, but I do know that she surrounded herself with a great assortment of them. Still, it is possible that she did this, too, mainly in order to create a stir about herself, to acquire an enthusiastic following for her stage appearances. 'Money', she used to say, 'is nothing. I am greedy, at times miserly, like the commonest housewife, but somehow I don't think of money. The main thing is fame; the rest will come.' I think she also spoke constantly of death only for this one object—to make people talk about her."

In our city she continued to live as in Lvov. And she jotted down the same sort of notes:

"O Lord, how filled I am with weariness and anguish! I wish there were an earthquake, or an eclipse."

"The other evening I went to a churchyard. It was so glorious there. I felt—no, I can't describe that feeling. I wanted to stay all night, to declaim over the graves, to die of exhaustion. The next day I acted better than ever before."

And again: "Last night I was in the church-yard at ten o'clock. What a depressing sight! The moon poured its light over tombstones and crosses. I had the sensation of being surrounded by thousands of corpses. Yet I felt so happy, so full of joy! That was a treat!"

After she got to know Elaghin, she heard from him at one time that a sergeant in his regiment had died. She insisted on Elaghin's driving her to the chapel where the dead man lay, and afterwards noted down that the sight of the chapel and of the dead man in the moonlight made upon her a "staggeringly thrilling impression."

Her hunger for fame, for public attention, reached at this time the proportions of frenzy. Unquestionably, she was extraordinarily beautiful. Although her beauty had little about it that would be considered original, it had some special, rare, unusual fascination, a mingling of simple-heartedness and innocence with the cunning of an animal, and, besides, a combination of incessant acting and of sincerity. Look at her pictures. Note her peculiar eyes. They always seem to be peering from under her brows; her lips are always slightly parted; the eyes express melancholy, but usually also charm, invitation, promise—as if consenting to something secret and vicious. She knew, too, how to make use of her beauty. From the stage she ensnared her admirers not only by her special gift of blooming with charm—the sound of her voice, the liveliness of her movements, her laughter, her tears. She ensnared them even more by appearing almost exclusively in rôles in which she could display her body. In her home she entertained her numerous visitors draped in seductive gowns of the Greek and Oriental style. One room she had set aside, as she used to say, especially for suicide—and in it she had revolvers, daggers, swords in the shape of sickles and spirals, and vials with a variety of poisons; while her constant, her favorite topic of conversation was death. Nor was this all. Often, as she discussed the various methods of doing away with one's self,

she would suddenly snatch a loaded revolver from the wall, cock it and hold the barrel up to her temple, crying:

"Kiss me quickly—at once—or I'll shoot myself."

Or she would place a tablet of strychnine in her mouth, declaring that if the visitor failed at once to kneel down and kiss her bare foot, she would swallow the poison. All these things she did and said in such a way that the visitor turned pale with fear, and left afterwards doubly fascinated, spreading all over town the exciting reports that she so relished.

"Taken by and large, she almost never was her natural self," witness Zaleski, who had known her long and intimately, testified at the trial. "To act, to tease, was her constant occupation. To drive a man to the state of madness by tender, mysterious glances, by meaningful smiles, or by the sorrowful look of a defenseless child—in this she was expert. In this way, too, she treated Elaghin. At one moment she fired him to white heat; the next she deluged him with icy water. Did she wish to die? Why, she loved life with every particle of her being and had an inordinate fear of death. As a matter of fact, there was a flood of spirited gaiety in her nature. I remember that on one occasion Elaghin presented her with the skin of a white bear. She had a number of visitors at the time, but she forgot them all, so thrilled, so enraptured was she by that skin. She spread it on the floor, and, paying no attention to those present, began to turn somersaults on it, and perform other tricks that might have shamed a professional acrobat. Yes, she was a fascinating woman."

The same Zaleski, however, also told that she suffered from fits of weariness, of despair. Dr. Serosevski, who had known her for ten years, and had treated her be-

fore she left Lvov—she was then in the early stages of tuberculosis—testified that latterly she had been suffering greatly from a nervous breakdown, a loss of memory, and hallucinations, which made her fear for her mind. For this same disorder, she was also treated by Dr. Schumacher, whom she had constantly assured that she would not die a natural death. She had once borrowed from him two volumes of Schopenhauer, “which she read very carefully, and, what is more surprising, understood exceedingly well, as it turned out afterwards.”

The evidence of Dr. Niedzielski was as follows:

“She was a strange woman. When she had visitors, she usually was very gay, coquettish. There were occasions, however, when she would suddenly, with no visible cause, fall silent, roll her eyes, and let her head fall on the table; or begin throwing cups or wine-glasses down to smash on the floor. On such occasions, one had to say to her, immediately, ‘Smash more! Smash more!’ and she would instantly stop her antics.”

This “strange and fascinating woman” it was whom Lieutenant Alexander Mikhailovich Elaghin came eventually to meet.

IX

How did they meet? How did intimacy spring up between them, and what were their feelings for each other, their mutual relations?

Elaghin himself dealt with this on two occasions: first, briefly, disconnectedly, a few hours after the murder, in making his statement to the court examiner; again, at the questioning which took place three weeks later.

“Yes,” he said, “I am guilty of killing

Sosnovskaia, but of killing her *by her own will*—

“I made her acquaintance eighteen months ago, in the theatre, at the box-office, through Lieutenant Budberg. I fell deeply in love with her and believed that she shared my feelings. But I was not always certain of this. At times I thought that she loved me even more than I did her; at other times I felt the opposite to be true. Besides, she was always surrounded by admirers, with whom she flirted, and I suffered bitterly from jealousy. It was not this, however, in the last analysis, that made the tragedy of our existence, but something else, which I find it impossible to express. Anyway, I swear I did not kill her out of jealousy—

“I met her, I say, in February of last year, at the box-office of the theatre. I called on her after that, but until October I visited her only once a month, and then always in the daytime. In October I told her I loved her, and she let me kiss her. A week later I drove with her and a friend of mine, Voloshin, to a restaurant outside the town, where we had supper. I was alone with her coming back, and although she was gay, charming—just a little under the influence of wine—I felt so timid in her presence that I was afraid to kiss her hand. She once asked me for some of Pushkin’s books, and after she had read ‘The Egyptian Nights’ she said: ‘Would you, too, be willing to give your life for a night with the woman you loved?’ When I answered quickly that I would, she smiled enigmatically. I was already deeply in love with her, and realized plainly how fatal my love must prove for me. As our friendship ripened, I grew bolder, spoke to her oftener about my love, told her that I felt myself being destroyed, if only because my father would never allow me to marry her—and on the other

hand it would be impossible for us to live together without marriage, since Polish society would never forgive an actress an open liaison with a Russian officer. She complained of her fate, her strange nature, but refrained from answering my confessions, my unspoken question as to her love for me, at the same time giving me some little hope, as it were, by the intimacy of these complaints—

"Then, from January of this year, I began to visit her every day. I sent her flowers—to the theatre, to her home—gave her presents. I gave her two mandolins, a white bearskin, a ring, and a bracelet studded with diamonds. I was just going to give her a brooch made like a skull. She adored the emblems of death, and had often told me that she would like me to give her a brooch of that sort, with a motto in French: '*Quand même pour toujours.*'"

"On the twenty-sixth of March, of this year, she invited me to supper. After supper she gave herself to me for the first time—in a room which she called Japanese. Our subsequent meetings took place in that room, also—she used to send her maid to bed after supper. Later she gave me the key to her bed-room, which had a door directly onto the stairs.—In remembrance of the twenty-sixth of March, we ordered two engagement rings, on the inside of which, at her request, were engraved our initials and the date of our intimacy— During one of our drives out of town we came to a village where a cross stood before a church. In front of that cross I solemnly swore everlasting love for her, saying that she was my wife before God, and that I would be true to her till my dying day. She stood beside me, sad and thoughtful and silent. Then she said, simply and firmly: '*I also love you. Quand même pour toujours.*'"

"In the early part of May, when I had supper with her one evening, she brought out some powdered opium, and said, '*How easy it is to die! You only have to take a little of this, and it's all over!*' She threw the powder into her champagne, and lifted the glass to her lips. I snatched it from her, emptied the wine into the fire, and smashed the glass on my spur. The next day she said to me, '*It might have been a tragedy, but it was a comedy, wasn't it?*' And she added: '*What am I to do? I can't bring myself to do it; and you can't do it—you haven't the courage. How shameful!*'"

"After that, we met less frequently. She said she could not receive me at home in the evening any more. Why not, I wondered. I nearly went crazy. I suffered horribly. Besides, she no longer treated me as before; she was cold, sarcastic, and sometimes received me like a comparative stranger, all the time taunting me with lack of character.—Then suddenly all changed again. She began to call for me to go driving, began to flirt with me—perhaps because I too had been cold and reserved in dealing with her.—In the end she told me to engage a separate apartment for our meetings—in a solitary street, in some sombre old house, completely dark, and done just as she would tell me—You know how the place finally was decorated.

"So on the sixteenth of June I called on her at four o'clock and told her that the apartment was ready. I handed her over one of the keys. She smiled, and gave me back the key, saying, '*We'll talk about it later.*' Just then the bell rang, and a man by the name of Shkliarevich walked in. I hastily hid the key in my pocket, and began to talk about trivial things. When Shkliarevich and I were leaving, she told him, in the lobby, loudly, '*Come on Mon-*'"

day,' while to me she whispered, 'Come tomorrow at four'—and she said it so that my head swam."

"The next day I was at her place punctually at four. Imagine my astonishment when the cook opened the door and told me that her mistress was unable to see me, but that she had left me a letter. She wrote that she did not feel well, and that she was going to her mother's summer home, and that 'it was too late now.' Utterly beside myself, I walked into the nearest café and wrote her a terrible letter, asking her to explain what she meant by 'too late.' I sent the letter by messenger, but he brought it back—she had left. I concluded then that she wanted to break off with me completely. When I got back home I wrote her another letter, upbraiding her for playing with me, and asking her to return the engagement ring, which to her was obviously a joke, although to me it was the most precious thing in life, something which must accompany me to the grave— Thus I wanted to tell her that everything was over between us and also give her to understand that for me death was all that was left. With this letter I returned to her her picture, and all her letters, and the souvenirs I had preserved—gloves, hairpins, a hat— My orderly returned, saying that she was not in, and that he had left the letter and parcel with the janitor.

"In the evening I went to the circus, where I met Shkliarevich. I knew the man only slightly, but I was afraid of being alone. I joined him and we had some champagne. Suddenly he said, 'Look here. I know what you are going through, and I know the cause of it. Believe me, she isn't worth it. We have all been through it. She has led us all by the nose.' I wanted to draw my sword and slash off his head, but I was in such a state that not only

did I do nothing of the sort—did not even cut short his remarks—but was inwardly glad of the opportunity to find sympathy in some human being. I don't know just what came over me. Of course, I said nothing to him in reply, did not breathe a word about Sosnovskaia—I did, however, take him with me to Starogradskaia Street, and showed him the apartment which I had sought out with such loving care for our meetings. I was so pained, so shamed at having been made such a fool of over that apartment—

"From there I went in a cab to Niewiarowski's restaurant. It was drizzling. The cab raced. The very rain and the lights ahead hurt and frightened me. It was after midnight—one o'clock—when Shkliarevich and I went back to my quarters from the restaurant. I was already undressing when my orderly brought me a note: she was waiting for me in the street. Would I come at once? She had come with her maid in her carriage. She told me that my letter had so terrified her that she dared not come by herself, but had to bring the maid with her. I bade my orderly see the maid to her home, and joining Sosnovskaia in her carriage, drove with her to Starogradskaia Street. On the way I reproached her, accused her of playing with me. She didn't answer—stared straight ahead of her—kept wiping away her tears. But she seemed calm. And since her moods usually communicated themselves to me, I also grew calmer. When we reached the house she was quite gay—she liked the apartment very much. I took her hand and begged her to forgive me for all my reproaches, wanted to know if she would give me back her picture—the one I had returned to her in my anger. We often had quarrels, and I always felt, in the end, that I was to blame, and begged forgiveness. At three o'clock this morn-

and said to the maid, "I'll call you presently, and throw this ring on the floor and tell you to keep it for yourself. But remember, it's only make-believe. You will have to return the ring to me the same day, for with this ring I became engaged to that fool, and it is dearer to me than anything in the world."

She was, not unreasonably, called a woman of "easy virtue," nor was it unreasonable that the Catholic Church should deny her a Christian burial, as "a person of bad and immoral character." She belonged to the class of women who supply both professional prostitutes and devotees of free love. What is the distinguishing trait of these women? Their strongly marked, unsatisfied, unquenchable sex—sex that cannot possibly be satisfied. Why not? How do I know? Well, observe what invariably happens. Men of an alarmingly complicated, profoundly interesting type, more or less atavistic, men of intensely sensuous nature, demonstrated not only by their attitude to women, but to the world at large—such men, with tremendous force of soul and body, are always powerfully attracted to this class of women, and become the protagonists of a vast number of dramas and tragedies of love. Why is that? Because of depraved taste, dissoluteness? Because these women are easily accessible? Certainly not. A thousand times no! Not for such reasons, if only because such men see and feel with astonishing clearness how agonizing, how, indeed, truly terrible, even disastrous, close intimacy with such women is. They feel, see, know all this, and nevertheless are attracted to agony, frequently even to destruction. Why?

"Of course she was only acting when she wrote her dying notes, trying to persuade herself that her hour of death had actually struck. No amount of evidence,

such as her diaries—incidentally extremely banal and naïve—or her visits to cemeteries—can convert us to the opposite view."

Nobody will deny the naïveté of her diaries, or the theatrical nature of her visits to cemeteries, or the fact that she was fond of hinting at a resemblance between herself and Maria Bashkirtzena or Maria Vecera. Yet why did she choose this particular kind of diary, seek kinship with these particular women? She had everything—beauty, youth, fame, wealth, countless admirers—she made use of what she had with rapturous passion. In spite of that her life was one long anguish, an incessant craving to escape from this hateful mundane world where everything failed to satisfy her. Why? Because she acted herself into this mood. But why this mood and not another? Because this sort of thing is common among women who, as they say, dedicate themselves to art? But why is it so common? Why?

XI

On Sunday morning, at eight o'clock, the little bell rang from her bed-room. She was awake, and called for her maid long before the usual time. The maid took in a tray with a cup of chocolate, and drew the curtains. Her mistress was sitting up in bed, as she usually was, watching the girl from under her eyebrows musingly, absently, her tiny mouth slightly open.

Said Sosnovskaia, "You know, Tonia, I fell asleep last night as soon as the doctor left. Mother of God, how terrified I had been. But the moment he came I felt well and calm. At night I woke up, got up on my knees in bed, and prayed for a whole hour. Just think how I would have looked if I had been burned all over! My eyes would have burned, and my mouth

swelled. I would have been a fearful object. My whole face would have been padded with cotton wool."

For a very considerable time she did not touch her chocolate, but sat there, thinking. Then she drank the chocolate, and took a bath, after which, in her bathrobe, her hair hanging loose, she sat at her desk, and wrote a few notes on mourning paper. This she had bought quite a time before. After dressing and breakfasting, she left the house—visited her mother at the summer home, and returned soon before midnight, the actor Strakun, whom she treated as a member of her household, coming with her.

"They both arrived in gay spirits," narrated the maid. "I met them in the hall and at once called her aside and handed her the letter and parcel which had been sent by Lieutenant Elaghin during her absence. She whispered to me about the parcel, 'Hide it quickly, so that Strakun won't see it.' Then, hurriedly, she opened the letter, and at once turned pale, looked helpless. She shouted, without taking any notice of Strakun, 'For Heaven's sake run and get the carriage—quickly!' I called the carriage, and when I got back she was standing outside the front door. We raced frantically, and on the way she made the sign of the cross over and over again, saying, 'Mother of God! Only to find him still alive!'"

On Monday morning she drove to the river to bathe. That day she dined with Strakun and the Englishwoman, who came to her nearly every day to give her lessons in English, but never gave her any. After dinner, the Englishwoman left, and Strakun stayed on for about an hour and a half. He lay on the divan and smoked, his head resting on the lap of his hostess, who "was dressed only in a dressing-gown, and wore Japanese slippers on her bare

feet." At last Strakun departed. As he was leaving, she asked him to come back, "to-night, at ten."

"Isn't that pretty often?" asked Strakun, laughing, and looking for his cane in the hall.

"Oh, please come," she begged. "But if I'm not in, don't be cross with me."

Then for a long time, she burned letters and papers in the fireplace. She sang, and joked with her maid.

"I'll burn everything, since I didn't burn up myself. I wish I had burned up. But it would have had to be to the last fragment. To ashes."

Then she said:

"Tell Wanda to have supper ready at ten. And now I'm going out—"

She left between five and six, taking with her "something wrapped in paper, and looking like a revolver."

She told the coachman to drive to Starogradskaia Street, but on the way she stopped to see Leszczynska, the dressmaker who was mending and shortening the dressing-gown which had caught fire on Saturday. As Leszczynska put it afterwards, "She was charming and gay." After inspecting the dressing-gown and wrapping it up with the small parcel she had carried from home, she lingered in the workshop among the girls for a long time, saying again and again, "Mother of God, how late I am! It's time for me to be going, my angels." And yet she did not leave. At last, rising with determination, she said, with a sigh, but gaily, "Goodbye, Madame Leszczynska. Goodbye, sisters, little angels. Thank you for the chat. It's nice to sit in your pleasant feminine circle, instead of being always with men!"

She again nodded and smiled at them from the doorway, and left.

Why did she take the revolver with her? The revolver belonged to Elaghin,

but she kept it at her house, in fear that Elaghin might shoot himself. "Now she intended to return it to its owner, because a few days later she would be leaving to go abroad," said the prosecuting attorney, and added:

"Thus, with no realization of what was in store for her, she went to that fatal meeting. At seven o'clock she was at 14 Starogradskaia Street, apartment 1—and the door of the apartment closed, to open again only on the morning of the nineteenth of June. What happened during the night? There is no one to tell us about it, except Elaghin. Let us hear him once more—"

XII

Once again, in deep silence, we all, the entire packed court-room, listened to those sections of the indictment which the prosecuting attorney deemed it essential to refresh in our memory, and which cited the concluding part of Elaghin's evidence.

"On Monday, June 18, I sent her a note, saying that I was free from noon on. She answered, 'At six, at Starogradskaia Street.' At quarter to six I was there, bringing with me some food, and two bottles of champagne, two bottles of port, two wine-glasses, and a flask of eau-de-Cologne. I had to wait a long time. She did not get there until seven.

"When she came in, she kissed me casually, walked into the next room, and dropped the parcel which she was carrying onto the ottoman. 'Go into the other room,' she said to me, in French. 'I want to undress.' I left her, and again sat for a long time alone. I was completely sober, and utterly depressed, with a vague sensation that everything was at an end, approaching finality. The surroundings, too, were strange. I sat in a lighted room, as if

it were night, and yet I knew, I realized, that in the courtyard, beyond the walls of those confined and gloomy rooms, it was still daylight, a beautiful summer evening. It was a long time before she called me—I don't know what she was doing. It was completely quiet behind the door. At last she called out, 'You may come in now!'

"She was lying on the ottoman, wearing only a dressing-gown—her legs bare, without stockings or slippers. She lay silent, staring from under her eyebrows at the ceiling and the lantern. The parcel which she had brought was now open, and I saw my revolver.

"'Why did you bring this?' I asked her. She answered, after a pause—'Just so. Well, seeing that I am going away, you'd better keep it here instead of at my house.' A terrible thought flashed through my mind—'There is something behind that.'—But I said nothing.

"After that we talked for quite a while, with an effort, coldly. Inwardly I was greatly agitated—I was trying to think things out, waiting for that moment when I might collect my thoughts and at last be able to tell her something important and decisive—for I realized that this was probably our last meeting, or at any rate the last before a long separation. But it was all in vain. I felt myself completely helpless. Then she said, 'Smoke if you like.' 'But you don't like it,' I answered. 'Now it doesn't make any difference,' she said. 'Give me some champagne.' I was elated at this as if it were my salvation. In a few minutes we dispatched the entire bottle. I sat beside her and began to kiss her hands, crying that I should not be able to survive her departure. She ruffled my hair, and said, somewhat absently, 'Yes, yes. What a misfortune that I cannot be your wife. Everybody and everything is against us.—Only perhaps God is

for us. I love your soul, your *fantasy*.' What she intended to express by that last word I do not know. I looked up under the umbrella and said, 'Look, we might as well be in a crypt. And how quiet it is!' In answer she only smiled sadly.

"At about ten o'clock, she said she wanted to eat. We went over into the front room. But she ate very little—nor could I eat much— We drank, mostly. Suddenly she looked at the food I had brought with me and exclaimed, 'You little stupid! Again you bought such an awful lot. Don't you dare do it the next time.' 'But when is this next time going to be?' I asked her. She looked at me oddly, drooped her head, rolled her eyes. 'Jesus, Virgin Mary!' she whispered, 'What are we to do? Oh, I want you, madly. Let's go, quickly!'

"It was after one, when I looked at the watch again. 'Oh, it's late,' she said. 'We must drive home at once.' But she kept on lying there, adding, 'You know, I think we must get away from here as quickly as possible, but I simply cannot budge. I feel I shall never get out of here. You are my fate, my destiny, God's will.' This, too, I could not understand. She probably meant to say something like what she wrote later on. 'I die not of my own will.' You believe that she used this phrase to express her defenselessness before me. I know she meant something quite different: perhaps that our unfortunate meeting with each other was fate, God's will, that she was dying not of her own, but of God's will. At that time, however, I attached no special significance to her words—I was too used to her queer ways. After this she said suddenly, 'Have you a pencil?' I was again surprised. Why a pencil? But I hastened to give it to her. I had one in my notebook. She asked for a visiting-card, too. When she began writ-

ing on it, I said, 'Listen, it may be rather awkward to have notes written on my visiting-card.' 'No, this is different. These notes are for myself,' she answered. 'Let me think a few minutes.' She put the inscribed card on her bosom and closed her eyes. It grew so quiet that I fell into a sort of stupor.

"We must have spent at least half an hour in this way. Suddenly she opened her eyes and said, coldly, 'I forgot. I came to return your ring. You wanted to end everything yourself, yesterday.' Raising herself slightly, she threw the ring onto the wall ledge. 'You call this loving me?' she fairly shouted. 'I can't understand how you can so calmly let me go on living. I am a woman. I haven't any will power. I'm not afraid of death; I'm afraid of pain. But you could end my life with a single shot. Then do the same to yourself.' With terrible clarity, better than ever before, I realized the horror, the helplessness of our situation, the inevitability of some final solution. But kill her? That I could not do. I felt there was another solution. The decisive moment had arrived for me. I picked up the revolver and cocked the trigger. 'What? Only yourself?' she shrieked, springing to her feet. 'No. I swear by Jesus, I won't allow that.' And she snatched the revolver from my hand.

"Once more there was agonizing silence. I sat there; she lay there, both of us motionless. Suddenly she mumbled something to herself in Polish, and then said to me, 'Get my ring.' I handed it to her. 'And yours,' she added. I hastened to do as she asked. She put the ring on her finger, and ordered me to put on mine. Then she said, 'I have always loved you, and I love you now. I have driven you crazy, I have made a hell of your life, but such is my character, and such is our fate.

Hand me my skirt, and bring me some port.' I passed her the skirt, and went out for the port. When I returned I saw a small bottle of opium beside her. 'Listen,' she said, firmly, 'Now the comedies are all played. Can you live without me?' I answered that I could not. 'That's true,' she acknowledged. 'I have taken all your soul, all your thoughts. You won't hesitate to kill yourself, will you? And if that is so, you must take me with you. I can't live without you, either. By killing me, you will die with the consciousness that at last I am all yours—forever. And now listen to the story of my life.' She lay down again.

"After a minute's silence, in which she recovered command of herself, she began, unhurriedly, to recount to me her life-story from her very childhood—a story of which I remember hardly anything."

XIII

(Elaghin's statement continued:) "I don't remember, either, which of us first started writing. I broke the pencil in two. We began to write, and wrote in silence. I wrote, I believe, first of all to my father. You ask me why I reproached him with 'not wishing me happiness' when I had not once attempted to get his consent to my marrying her. I don't know. He wouldn't have consented, anyway. Then I wrote to my fellow-officers, in my regiment, saying goodbye to them. To whom else?"

"To the commander of the regiment, asking to be given decent burial. You say, in that case, I was intending to end my life? Of course I was. How did it come about that I failed to? I don't know."

"She wrote, I remember, slowly, stopping now and then, to think something out. She would write a word, and then

stare at the wall, peering from under her eyebrows. It was she who tore up the notes, not I. She wrote, tore them up, threw them anywhere. Not even being in a grave, I am sure, could be more terrifying than, at that late hour, sitting in silence under that lantern, writing all those futile notes. It was her wish, the writing of them. I obeyed her in everything that night, without a murmur of protest—up to the very last.

"Suddenly she said, 'That's enough! If it is to be done, let it be done quickly. Give me some port.—Bless me, Virgin Mary!' I filled a glass with port, and she raised herself to throw into it, with a vigorous gesture, a pinch of powder. She swallowed more than half the glassful, and told me to finish it. I did so. Jerking about, catching hold of my arms, she began to plead, 'Now kill me. Kill me. Kill me for our love's sake!'"

"How exactly did I do it? I believe I put my left arm—yes, of course, my left arm—around her waist and I clung to her lips. She was saying, 'Goodbye! Goodbye! Or rather, greetings—and this time forever. If it failed here, then let it not fail up there!' I pressed close to her body, my finger on the trigger. I remember I felt my whole body jerking. Then, as if by itself, my finger jerked.—She had time to say only, in Polish, 'Alexander, my beloved!'"

"At what time was this? I think it was about three o'clock. What was I doing the following two hours? But it took me about an hour to walk to Likharev's, and the rest of the time I sat beside her. Then, for some reason, I put everything in order."

"Why didn't I shoot myself? Somehow I forgot about that. When I saw her dead I forgot everything else in the world. I could only sit and stare at her. Then in

the same state of mad unconsciousness I began to tidy her and the room. I could not have failed to keep the word I gave her that I should shoot myself after shooting her, but I was seized with absolute indifference. I am just as indifferent now to my being alive. But I cannot allow other people to think that I am an executioner. No, never! I may be guilty before the laws of man, guilty before God, even—but not before her!”

XIV

With ten years of hard labor will Elaghin have to atone his guilt before the law of man.

And before God—and before her?

God’s justice is unknowable. But what would she have to say if it were in our power to raise her from the dead? And who then would dare to step between them?

GERMAN LABOR GOES UNDERGROUND

BY LUDWIG LORE

WHEN Lenin founded the Third International in 1918 he promulgated a series of "conditions" for acceptance in its ranks. One of these "twenty-one points" was this: that every party desiring to join the Communist International, even in those countries where the labor movement appears to be entirely legal, must apply and teach to its members the fundamental principles of an illegal apparatus. The years since then have proved Lenin's farsighted political intelligence. Yet of the parties that entered the Third International hardly one comprehended the real significance of this condition and abided by it.

What constitutes illegal activity? Conspiratory meetings of wild-eyed men and women with hand grenades in their pockets and daggers in their bosoms, planning murder, bombings and assassinations? No indeed. Today it is illegal in Germany for two persons to discuss a forbidden book, to meet with one's friend's, to ask whether the Hitler régime is really the paradise it claims to be. To be caught at illegal activities such as these means prison and concentration camp. Only those may meet who have sworn allegiance to the Nazi cause, and they only so long as they comply with the limitations set by their superiors.

The German working class has known illegal activity in the past. Under the Bismarck anti-Socialist Exception Laws (1878-1890), class-conscious labor's de-

termined efforts to carry on cost many hundreds their freedom, their livelihood and the right to remain in their native States. During the World War, Socialists in Germany, as in all other combatant nations in Europe, were forced to adopt illegal methods, not for purposes of espionage but to put an end to war against the will of their rulers. Even in the Social Democracy, which became so patriotic that it received—and deserved—the Kaiser's praise, there were groups that carried on secret work. The Spartacus Bund under Rosa Luxemburg, Karl Liebknecht and Clara Zetkin was an illegal organization, and the Independent Social Democracy, the pacifist and, in some of its elements, revolutionary wing which split from the Social Democracy before the war was over, also worked largely underground.

Why tell these old stories? Because new Germany is again creating traditions, and it is important that those who wish to understand them know the genealogy of the groups that are at work.

German labor alone failed to create even the rudiments of an effective illegal organization against a Republic that delivered it, step by step, into the hands of its deadliest enemies. The Communist Party went through several periods of illegality, it is true, in the fifteen years of its existence. The first victories won by the counter-revolution under the banners of the Republic drove the new organization

into hiding. But this illegality was child's play. Germany's masses were still *in* the revolution and the Communists could count on the support of a large portion of the working class. They distributed newspapers, pamphlets, books and leaflets; they held meetings and moved freely from city to city. Governmental resentment was directed chiefly against overt acts, and against direct attempts to wrest the power of the state out of its—as yet uncertain—hands.

After the March uprising of 1923 the party was again driven underground, but its parliamentary representatives enjoyed immunity, addressed meetings, published newspapers and generally had the sympathy of a public still suffering from the aftermath of the cruel inflation period. Police authorities in many communities ignored the anti-Communist decrees of President Ebert and General von Seeckt. This illegality, too, was child's play.

Child's play, but played without system or reason. Instead of creating a working apparatus the party fostered a conspiratory romanticism that posed as illegal activity. Time that might have been used to better purpose was given to the philosophical discussion of "systems" of illegal work. In long meetings commissars were elected for coming "Soviet Germany."

Ernst Thaelmann, Reichstag deputy and in several campaigns presidential candidate of the Communist Party, one of its most consistent exponents of illegal activity, was a fitting symbol of the party's tactics. Thaelmann worked, thought and lived in terms of illegality, but his underground existence had one serious flaw—for more than ten years he occupied the same "secret" apartment, and did not leave it for safer quarters when Hitler's appointment to the Chancellorship might have suggested to a less idealistic nature

the advisability of seeking refuge elsewhere.

No one was more surprised than the Communists when Hitler was appointed. But far from exercising the "trust in our executive" that has always been the keystone of Communist organization, the Central Committee set a huge apparatus to work transferring its cumbersome filing system to a safer hiding place. The day the Reichstag burned Torgler had spent in a vain endeavor to procure the release of a certain election pamphlet, the distribution of which the authorities had forbidden. When he learned that he was to be charged with complicity in the Reichstag fire he hastened to the National Socialist police president of Berlin, relying on his immunity as Reichstag deputy to explain "that there must have been some mistake." Dimitrov, the courageous Bulgarian, though in Germany without a passport and a refugee from Bulgarian anti-Communist persecution, met his fellow Bulgarians, also fugitives, in a restaurant where every habitué knew his identity. That the cellars of the Karl Liebknecht Haus, the famous center of Germany's Communist activity, were honeycombed with secret passages, that the "underground sections" of the Communist Party held their meetings in this more than public place is too well known to require repetition here.

II

All things considered, the Social Democracy deserves less to be censured for its failure to create the rudiments of an efficient illegal organization against the Fascist régime. Since the outbreak of the World War it had been a government party, though each year the Republic swept away more of its power and influ-

ence. When the Reichstag on May 17, 1933, endorsed the Hitler-Hugenberg "Cabinet of the National Revolution" the Social Democracy made the vote unanimous, the Communists having already been expelled. Thousands of its members were in Nazi prisons and a quarter of its Reichstag group in concentration camps, and still it insisted on its legal status, still it publicly spurned the use of illegal, conspirative methods.

Trade union funds that had been smuggled across the border when Hitler first rose to power were brought back into the Reich to demonstrate labor's faith in the good intentions of the new régime. Then Loebe, the Social Democratic leader most responsible for this insistent legality, was arrested, and the party was dissolved by government decree; its funds, buildings, libraries and all other possessions were confiscated. Wels, chairman of the party, fled to Prague before the blow fell. What remains of the once great organization is illegal. Its executive is in Prague, using what was rescued out of the cataclysm to support a small staff of secretaries and to smuggle an illegal paper and other propaganda material into the Fatherland. Social Democratic credulity toward Fascist spies, and their inability to measure the true strength of the opponent, have been appalling; they might have been ludicrous had the consequences been less tragic. After a year of terror, bureaucracy still triumphs. A financial secretary of a secret group mails a letter from Germany addressed to

Parteivorstand der Deutschen Sozialdemokratischen Partei Prag, Tschechoslovakien

and complains that his letters are not answered. Nazi raiders still find lists and card catalogues with the addresses of active members, for the Germany party offi-

cial is helpless without his *Kartothek*. Trade unionists arrange beer evenings and birthday parties in the back rooms of restaurants and saloons formerly used for meetings by revolutionary organizations, or in one another's homes, reverting to the methods they used in the days of Bebel and Wilhelm Liebknecht to circumvent Bismarck's clumsy police, and find to their sorrow that the Nazi secret service is neither credulous nor merciful. The district administration of a certain working class section of Berlin has been in Social Democratic hands for years. The shop council chairman of its office staff was blatantly optimistic. "Nothing will happen to us," he assured his party friends. "The district mayor has a revolver and we are stationing fifty strong men about the courtyard. They'll make short work of the Nazis." The Nazis came—and arrested the mayor. Of the fifty strong men there was not a trace. The shop council chairman had joined the Nazis.

The *Vorwärts* building in Berlin, the stronghold of the Social Democracy, was likewise protected by a strong arm squad. At its portals stood Reichsbanner men asking everyone who came to explain his business there. But trucks, automobiles, and motorcycles entered the courtyard unmolested and thence had unhindered access to the composing room and printing plant. When Hitler came to power the Reichsbanner soldiers disappeared and the SA troopers took the house without resistance.

Yet the rank and file carries on. The humble worker does his work with a heroism that is as admirable as it is, alas, so often vain and ineffective. He carries on though he knows that thousands of former Socialists and Communists are now in the Nazi ranks, and that the comrade of today may be revealed as a spy

tomorrow. He writes, prints and distributes his leaflets, often uncouth both in content and execution, though he knows that the clattering of a typewriter, the sound of a mimeograph, may mean denunciation and arrest, and that the carrying of a bundle is enough to arouse suspicion. He makes primitive linoleum cuts and with them prints his battle cries, "Hitler Verrecke" or "Hands off Soviet Russia," on strips of paper, the very purchase of which may have placed him under suspicion.

For Goering's lieutenants have become experts in paper technique. All paper merchants are required to keep an accurate record of every piece of paper sold, and on many occasions the quality used has been sufficient to lead the Nazi investigators to the home or shop where they were printed. Yet the humble worker smuggles leaflets into letter-boxes, folds them into newspapers which he leaves on subway, trolley and autobus seats, on park benches and in libraries, cafés and other places where the public congregates, throws them from the windows of public buildings, scatters them from housetops, sends them over the city tied to hundreds of toy balloons, or hurls them from rapidly moving motorcycles into the city street.

The *New Statesman and Nation* of London describes some of the methods used in the distribution of such literature:

The revolutionaries work according to the same principle as the groups of five in the workshops: the organization is so divided that one man does not know another. The different distributors and sellers of the newspapers and leaflets have their particular collection stations, but they do not know who brings the newspapers there; if such a distributor be caught the police can hardly find out anything from him. Still less can the police run after all the children who find ingenious ways of dis-

tributing anti-fascist propaganda and messages in the streets. Nor can anyone know that anti-fascist literature is being sent in the official postal envelopes of various authorities; not long ago in Berlin the police discovered that the post office had for weeks been transmitting, at the expense of the state, revolutionary matter in envelopes which bore the imprint of the head office of the city electricity works, and which had been requisitioned by the anti-fascists. On June 24 the police discovered a large "astrological" business in Heinestrasse in Berlin, where 15,000 "horoscopes" were all ready for dispatch—all revolutionary appeals.

There are hundreds of methods of this sort and the German revolutionaries invent new ones every day. A good deal of this literature is masked outside in the most careful manner. A few weeks ago a sixteen page film advertisement, on "The Sign of the Cross"—a Cecil De Mille film—was widely circulated in Germany. The film really does exist and the first few pages of the leaflet chatted amiably about Nero and ancient Rome, but then suddenly jumped to the burning of the Reichstag and revealed Hitler, Goering and Goebbels as the real incendiaries. A second pamphlet against Hitler is called "Art and Knowledge," and in Bavaria a revolutionary leaflet has spread over the entire page the large title "Newest Sensation! The Latest Cheap Radio Set! Four years guarantee. You must have our radio." But the small text in between is propaganda against the Nazi government.

The so-called revolutionary "chain-letters" have become a real "plague." Somebody gets a political anti-fascist letter with the demand to copy it several times and to send it with the same instructions to his friends. Entire quarters of Berlin are writing these "letters".

III

On January 15 the *Hamburger Fremdenblatt* published an article evidently from information given out by the police,

which contains interesting information on Communist secret work. According to this article ten secret printing presses for the printing of illegal newspapers and leaflets were unearthed and destroyed during the month of December. In November fourteen such presses were found and demolished. The *Muenchener Neueste Nachrichten* of August 27 prints a thrilling tale of Communist resourcefulness and daring:

In a cave near Koenigstein, a village forty-five kilometers from Nuremberg, the secret police discovered a printing plant in a hidden cave, deep in the forest. The opening of the cave was barely four feet high and just wide enough to admit a single person. One crawled on all fours through inky blackness along a long, damp, ledge three feet wide and so slippery that the hands found it difficult to maintain their hold. The ledge overhung a steep decline. At the further end one came to a shaft about a meter wide that lead steeply downward and could be navigated only with the help of a steel ladder the conspirators had installed. This shaft opened up into a mighty cavern the floor of which was covered with a slimy substance produced by the dripping of water through the limestone overhead. On one side of this cavern another declivity led into a second smaller chamber and here, ten feet below the surface, with the aid of a crude illumination system, the conspirators had set up their illicit printing press. The authorities found a high grade, modern apparatus, carefully packed away, concealed under a pile of sand.

Another resourceful conspirator manufactured a phonograph record, which after playing a few strains from "Carmen" preached a sermon against the National Socialist program. A few of these records were sold in Germany itself, but the sellers invariably fell into the hands of the police, and the possession of such incriminating evidence of radicalism rendered persons liable to punishment. Outside of

Germany these records have a huge sale and are enjoying great popularity.

Secret radio stations broadcasting radical propaganda and facts that German newspapers will not or dare not print, for a time eluded Nazi espionage. But one after another they were ferreted out and the mechanics and speakers were thrown into concentration camps. Programs broadcast from other countries, such as Austria and Russia, were rendered inaudible with powerful dispersers erected by the Nazis, and radios powerful enough to receive these long distance programs were confiscated in a house-to-house search.

In the early days of the Nazi terror, hundreds of such courageous proletarians marched through the streets bearing Communist banners, or congregated with their comrades at Communist street meetings, though they knew that these demonstrations meant almost certain arrest and the horrors of the concentration camps. No criticism of the Communist Party and its methods—its belief that the Hitler régime was destined to be short-lived, its claim that the coming of Hitlerism, the last defense of capitalism against the social revolution, was a victory of the working class, its continued use of spectacular methods of agitation that demand sacrifices out of all proportion to what they accomplish—can detract from the heroism of these men and women who risked martyrdom, prison and death rather than desert its banners.

Unquestionably, Hitler fears the Communist Party more than he does any other working class group. Its groups are the chief centers of illegal work. Their activity is imposing. A long list of illegal newspapers, the *Rote Fahne* (Berlin), the *Arbeiterzeitung* (Saarbruecken), the *Gegenangriff* (Prague), the *Hamburger Volkszeitung*, and many others locally

published in Germany itself, together with a series of periodicals, *Die Rundschau* and *Information* (Basel), and *Unsere Zeit* (Paris), speak for the untiring zeal of the organization and the devotion of its members to their cause. The Social Democratic Party issues the illegal weekly *Neue Vorwaerts* (Carlsbad), the *Sozialistische Aktion* (Germany), and uses the daily *Freiheit* (Saarbruecken) to a considerable extent for distribution in Germany.

Much of this literature falls into the hands of the police. What percentage of the entire output finally serves its purpose it is impossible to estimate. Near the police headquarters on the Alexanderplatz, Berlin, three large two-story sheds and a large cellar have been turned into a depot for "Communist, Marxist and Pacifist" material confiscated by the police and Nazi soldiers of Berlin. "These storage places," says an official police report dated November 20, "are filled with books, song books, biographies, godless works and propaganda novels, with pamphlets, newspapers, drawings, flags, photographs and other material, all of it confiscated since October 1." "The total weight of these 'disintegrating writings'," the report continues, "which are not only in German but in every other language, especially Russian, is estimated at approximately 600 tons. Twelve Nazis are steadily engaged in the sorting of this material. Twenty-five copies of every publication are filed for police and scientific reference; the remainder are destroyed."

In December alone the German Secret State Police confiscated 2,587 tons of Communist and Socialist literature. Among the pamphlets was one bearing the innocent title, "Trip to East Prussia," in reality a discussion of the workers' fight against Fascism. Another appeared under the heading "Air Protection is Self-Protection

—a New Novel for the People of Berlin," and began with a description of Goering's campaign for the popularization of air raid protection; "one of the most dastardly pieces of insidious literature," said the Gestapo (German Secret State Police), "ever published by the treasonable Marxists." Another leaflet entitled, "An Appeal from the LEADER to the German People," also fell into the hands of the police.

Refugees who managed to escape Nazi vengeance may be found in every larger city of Europe, and are everywhere trying to forget their own miserable lot in the work of rebuilding the shattered labor organizations at home and collecting funds for their support. When I came to Prague in October the German Social Democratic Party had just published a pamphlet called, "Neu Beginnen." The contents were a condemnation of the failure of the old party leadership to foresee the tragedy that had overtaken the German movement. It was as if a dead man, brought low by senile decay, had suddenly spoken with the clear, confident voice of youth. Into the 3,000 words of this pamphlet the authors had compressed a critique of both the Communist and Social Democratic wings of the German labor movement and an outline of the methods to be used by a united labor movement if Hitler is to be overthrown.

How account for this seeming miracle? New, as yet invisible, forces have apparently been at work; German Socialists with a clear aim and a coherent program are claiming the right to lead the party along new theoretical and tactical lines which, they hope, will bring about a unification of all working class elements and with them of all potentially anti-fascist forces. The numerical strength of this new group is not made known. It is ex-

ceedingly circumspect in the admission of new members and proudly points out that until recently it has not had a single "casualty," although it has been active in Hitler Germany for months past. In part this may be attributed to the fact that these insurgents emphasize organization rather than propaganda, believing that the time for anti-fascist agitation in the open, and public demonstrations, has not yet come.

Close to this group in concept and ideology is that around Max Seydewitz, with headquarters in Prague, which gets a well written mimeographed weekly news service called, *Der Gegenstoss* into Germany where it is circulated by its adherents, most of them former Social Democrats, in an effort to win sympathizers for its ideas.

The Socialist Workers' Party, unlike the aforementioned groups, antedates the Hitler régime. It is an offshoot of the Social Democracy, but split away from the parent body at a time when that body felt that the need of building a strong labor front was of greater importance than spreading revolutionary theory. The suppression of all labor parties has removed this hindrance to the growth of the Socialist Workers' Party, and its leaders from their headquarters in Paris report a slow but steady increase. The party at present claims 10,800 members in twenty-three districts in Germany. Its official organ, *Die Neue Front* (Paris), edited by Jacob Walcher, and the *Banner des revolutionären Sozialismus*, illegally published in Germany, are both distributed by its underground organizations in the Reich.

The Communist Opposition popularly known as the Brandler-Thalheimer group, is a Right-Wing secession from the Communist Party. Its organ, *Gegen den Strom*, a serious, doctrinaire publication, edited by and in the main reflecting the views of August Thalheimer, one of the founders

of the Spartacus Bund, and its theoretician, is now published in Strassburg in a much reduced format.

On the left wing there are the supporters of Leon Trotsky, one of the few publicists who predicted the coming of fascist oppression in Germany at a time when Communist Party leaders everywhere were leading their followers into disaster both by their refusal to face actual conditions before Hitler's appointment, and by their persistent reports of successful Communist uprisings after the beginning of the Third Reich. Trotsky's clarity of vision has won for him the admiration and faith of revolutionary elements everywhere. He has become the hope of the radical who looks to him for a unification of the decimated proletarian forces, the great personality of the International Labor Movement outside the Communist Party, the "Old Man" to millions in every country in the world. But in Germany itself the number of his actual followers is small, although the last few months seem to have given the Left Communist movement a greater significance than it heretofore enjoyed. *Unser Wort*, the organ of the Trotsky group, is now published in Paris, and is regularly distributed in German industrial centers.

IV

That these small groups, their more or less fundamental differences forgotten over the greater needs of the working class, are working together in many localities is one of the few hopeful signs in the dismal European situation. One finds it exceedingly difficult, as one travels from place to place, even with addresses and recommendations, to locate the members of these secret organizations. The fear of spies is so widespread and so well-founded,

the hesitation of the comrade when one has finally tracked him to his lair so hard to overcome, that one finds it easier to procure information concerning matters German beyond the country's unfriendly borders. The stranger in Germany rarely sees a leaflet, hardly ever comes across a trace of the propaganda that is going on beneath the surface.

Much of the job of propagandizing the German worker was carried on within the labor unions while these continued to lead a sort of twilight existence, although under the direction of Nazi trustees. How this work was done, the following description of the activity of Nazi members employed in the gas works of a small Rhenish town will illustrate. The Nazi chairman had called a shop meeting of the plant and the underground group laid its plans at once to exploit the opportunity to the utmost. As soon as the chairman finished his report, questions rained down on him from all sides, taxing his inexperience sorely. What was being done about overalls for the shop machinists and leather jackets for the tinsmiths and pipe fitters of the plant? What about the light in the bicycle shed? Was it true that the shop was to make up by overtime the half hour intermission in honor of Hitler's national holiday? It was moved to pay city lamp lighters for two and one-half hours instead of for two hours work a day; to increase the wages of meter inspectors, to demand promotion of all workers after five years of uninterrupted service from the third wage class. Every motion was received with loud approval. Only the chairman spoke against them. "You know I can't propose such demands."

"And why not, pray?" This from a Nazi sympathizer. "Aren't these the reforms you promised us when we elected you chairman of a shop council?"

"You should be glad you have jobs," the now thoroughly exasperated Nazi leader explained, "instead of permitting the crooked Marxists and others with axes to grind to incite you against your leaders."

"Oho!" from all parts of the hall greeted this display of authority, and cries of "Vote—Vote" echoed from every corner. The chairman, helpless before this demonstration, put the question and the motions were all adopted with one dissenting vote. He now proposed the calling of a shop meeting a few days later to listen to an address by a speaker from the National Socialist Shop Cell Organization for which the sum of five marks would have to be paid. This suggestion was greeted with a howl of protest, in which his own supporters joined. "The hell with your cells! We know our business without paying these half-baked youngsters good money out of our pockets." In the general excitement it was a simple matter to present a resolution condemning the dismissal of revolutionary workers from the city service, and again it was adopted with an overwhelming majority.

"Since September," says the *Voelkische Beobachter*, "more than 560 Communist trade union leaders have been arrested and turned over to concentration camps." Mass demonstrations, strikes, mass withdrawals and refusal to pay dues were not and could not be carried out. With the usual lack of realism these propagandists of underground trade unionism had underestimated the severity of the blow that has struck the labor movement, the strength of the Nazi organization, the ruthlessness of its espionage system which makes organized coöperation between revolutionary elements in the various shops and groups practically impossible.

There were other attempts to recall to

life the various organizations that had formerly made up the Communist sphere of influence. The *Rote Frontkämpferbund*, suppressed by Bruening, was organized, but its divisions were quickly ferreted out by the Gestapo, and its leaders, the former Reichstag deputy Leow and his staff, were arrested. In the early days of the National Revolution the Communists had managed to plant several thousand of the Red Front Troops in the Nazi camp and particularly in the Steel Helmet divisions. These well instructed propagandists encouraged the existing dissatisfaction among their less sophisticated colleagues in the Nazi and Nationalist troops, and the authorities experienced much difficulty in handling the mutinies that resulted.

Entire Steel Helmet organizations were arrested and dissolved in Braunschweig Halle, Hannover and elsewhere, and special concentration camps had to be created. At that time the Nationalist leaders of the Steel Helmets were greatly incensed over the arrogant assumption of power by their Nazi brethren in the "National Government," and closed both eyes to the significance of this sudden increase in their ranks. Indeed, it is a moot question whether effective work might not have been done had these new Steel Helmet recruits worked more sanely. But Steel Helmet divisions carrying Red Front banners and singing the International forcibly turned the attention of the authorities to what was going on. As for the Nazis, the government resorted to sharp disciplinary measures, and within a few weeks all subversive elements were uprooted, closing this field to further propaganda work.

Amid the confusion caused by the flight or capitulation of the Socialist leaders, members of the SPD and the Reichsbanner also tried to found a new secret movement, "Red Shock Detachments." It at-

tracted a large number of younger Socialists and issued a hectographed weekly, the *Rote Stosstrupp*. This organization spread from Berlin to many other German towns, aiming less at political agitation and propaganda than at the creation of a new organization that would in time defend the interest of the German working class. It has no connection with the executive of the Social Democratic Party in Prague or with any of the German emigrés. Though they worked with extreme caution, these shock detachments soon came to the notice of the Gestapo. It refrained from interference until it had a fuller knowledge of what they were doing, and then arrested 200 suspects in the first half of December. Seventy were held for trial, all of them under thirty, many of them mere lads and girls, workers and students, sons and daughters of professionals.

V

A review of the underground movement in Germany would be incomplete, indeed, without a word as to the rôle these youthful elements are playing in the anti-fascist fight. The Social Democratic Party youth is in open revolt against its leaders, and is demanding decisive reorientation toward illegal revolutionary activity. In Berlin these insurgents publish an illegal newspaper, *Der Rote Vorwärts*. Young people are the vanguard of the movement for greater coördination between the groups and parties of the labor movement. While those outside of Germany still work along more or less sectarian lines, the young men and women who are staking their lives for the revolution are forgetting the things that divide them in their terrible need for one another's help and protection.

In the underground movement it is courage and absolute faithfulness to the cause that count. "Left and right deviations" seem pitifully unimportant in comparison. Leaflets distributed by the various groups frequently contain aspersion on other groups, but they are the material that is supplied from outside the Reich. Those who are under fire have more important problems. It is significant also that young "Christian Socialists" (Protestants) and Catholic Socialists are doing their share as separate units in this underground work. Girls and boys, young men and women, are paying for the sins of

their elders. But they are also laying the foundation for a newer and better labor movement.

That which is old and weak, and no longer needful or capable of bearing the heavy burdens of illegal work, is disappearing of its own accord. New values are taking the place of old, and stronger, more aggressive elements are replacing those which have lost their revolutionary fervor. Hitlerism will restore the spirit that once made German labor invincible, the conviction that life is not worth living unless it is lived as a struggle for a better and happier future.

WHY THE FORD MAN FAILS

As Told To JOHN R. TUNIS *by* A FORD DEALER

I SHALL never forget that sunny crisp October afternoon, nor the exultant feeling in our hearts as we signed the papers. The future was assured at last! We were happy; who wouldn't be if he were going into partnership with the biggest automobile manufacturer in the world? Of course I refer to Henry Ford.

Nor shall I ever forget that steaming, sultry afternoon in July when Maguire the Road Man came in and invited us to rip off the Ford signs from the front windows: unpleasant indication that the partnership, begun in such high hopes on our part, had been dissolved. There were papers of a vastly different sort to sign then, for after an association of eight years we were breaking with Henry Ford. Whose fault was it? Had we failed in our obligations? Had we fallen down on the job? Or did the responsibility lie upon Mr. Ford?

In any partnership both sides must contribute something to a common cause. Jim and I brought four assets: a small amount of money, vast drafts of youth and energy, enormous enthusiasm for Ford and the Ford car, as well as a certain amount of experience. How much?

Well, leaving college I entered the employ of one of the largest Ford distributors in the whole United States. I had an overall job earning five dollars a day, punching a time clock with the rest of the gang who assembled commercial bodies. Five months there and I was trans-

ferred to the battery department; even today I can take a battery to pieces before your eyes in five minutes. Four months in the motor room working on engines followed, then a like period in the main shop greasing and repairing cars. This merely to show you I have the mechanical background considered so essential a part of every Ford dealer.

After five months as a clerk in the stock room I went through the credit department, learning in detail the Ford system of accounting. Then a turn in the office of the superintendent and at last, after two years work, I was ready to start selling. It took me two years more in the sales department, after which I was ready to be sent out as a Ford representative.

This was back in 1921. Now I was on my own. Sent to Johnstown, a city of 150,000, I did well enough. My first season I worked hard, clients responded, and earnings were around \$2,500. In three years I had made friends, business was steady, and my place in a fairly large sales force was third. At the end of my fourth year I was transferred to Branchville, a smaller town sixty miles away.

The sales force there had run down and needed new blood. That was where I met Jim Farley, a chap of about my own age who had received much the same training as my own. We were keen, full of pep, and resolved to put Branchville on the map for Ford. We did. Between us Jim and I sold 70% more cars than the entire

agency had sold the previous year. I was high man for the force with earnings of \$8,000. Then came the chance to go into Milbury.

The Milbury agency was going downhill; everything was ready for a new set-up. Jim had a few thousand dollars and knew where he could get a little more; I'd saved fifteen or sixteen thousand over a period of years which had been put into stocks worth more than I'd paid for them. We decided to go into partnership and take over that branch. Our application was passed on by Detroit, approved, and in three months we were installed at Milbury under our new name: Greenfield Motors, Inc.

II

Cash, energy, enthusiasm, experience. That is what we brought to Ford. What did Ford put in?

First of all, the best automotive value in the world. He brought us a cheap, sturdy, and efficient means of transportation within reach of the poor man. He put in also the prestige of his name, the advertising value of the blue sign hung outside the window. Who, then, was responsible for what followed? I am going to record facts and let you judge for yourself.

From that moment we were to see the Ford organization in a new light. Formerly we had been salesmen with no responsibilities except to sell cars; now we found ourselves subjected to discipline of a different kind, for we were an important part of the machine centered in Detroit. Ford discipline, we discovered, is not so different from that of the army; orders come to you and you execute them whether you like it or not. Didn't we know this before? Yes, in a way, but now it was rammed home more pointedly. We

did what we were told or the franchise was cancelled.

Jim shook his head as he told me the first evening the orders he had received that afternoon from the road man. In the Ford organization the road man is the liaison agent between the home office and the thousands of dealers scattered throughout the country.

"That's bad business. He wants us to clean out the whole staff, everyone. That'll make us the goat for everyone connected with the former agent, everyone and his friends. Chucking thirty people out of work in a small town like this gives us a black eye at the start. They won't realize we were only taking orders from above."

The idea was to make a clean sweep, to have a new outfit from top to bottom representing Ford in town. Nothing to do but take it, so we hired a couple of girls for the office, and advertised for salesmen. But I remember feeling doubtful about it as I walked downtown to the First National, the biggest bank in town, to meet their vice-president, to whom I had a note of introduction. It seemed as if we were getting off on the wrong foot.

My interview with that quiet, gray-haired banker was something of a shock to me. I anticipated being met with open arms. Were we not a solid, reliable concern, marketing a first-class product, coming in to supplant a weak and wobbly organization? Were we not attracting cash to the city, disbursing money, paying rent—in a word, an asset to any community? That thin-lipped banker did not take long to disabuse me of this idea; in fact he soon gave me to understand that he wasn't interested in our account.

"As a matter of fact, I've dealt with Ford dealers before. To tell the truth, I have considerable Ford paper right here in my safe, now."

"But surely," I gasped, "you see the layout. You don't imagine you are taking any chances with Henry Ford, do you?"

"Probably not. But you aren't Ford. You are his agent. Do you happen to know you are the fourth crowd to take over that agency in the past ten years?"

I didn't. Nor did I enjoy someone telling me my business. I knew there had been changes, but four dealers in ten years! My confidence was vanishing.

"Where do you and your partner live?"

"Why . . . we've been connected with the agency in Branchville. We have a small apartment over there . . . just run back and forth."

"Precisely. You run back and forth. In other words, you aren't really a part of the town. Neither was Murphy who had the agency before you boys, nor Johnson before him. By the way, happen to know Ken Graham?"

Kenneth Graham was the local General Motors man, a first-rate fellow, and I did know him. The banker grunted.

"Yes, Ken's a good boy. But the point is he grew up here, married a girl in town, bought a house up on Highland Avenue, employs men from this town who spend money here. He's an assessor. Part of the community. You boys haven't any interest in us except the money you take out."

My protests that this was untrue were a little unconvincing. We were strangers in town and I was beginning to feel it. Gradually I realized that we were bucking a proposition of considerable proportions. The difference between being a salesman with a responsibility only for selling cars, and running a branch agency, was forced in upon me. It was not, however, for several years that I appreciated the tie-up of that banker with General Motors. Yes, he did personally own a hundred shares of their stock. But it wasn't that. It was that

G. M. cultivated the local bankers and tried to win their respect and confidence. Ford didn't.

Not every Ford dealer is a stranger in the town in which he opens up an agency, but most are in the same situation we were in. Two weeks later came the trouble with Henry Fuller. He asked for a job, giving references from Nash and Chrysler in distant cities, explaining that he had come back to Milbury to live with his widowed mother. He had a good line of patter, so we hired him without carefully investigating his past. Within two weeks he had made six sales, two cash transactions.

Naturally, we were relieved to have an old timer who could be counted on to pull his weight in our green sales force. Then came disillusion in the form of a telephone call.

"Hullo. Greenfield Motors? Say, you got a salesman, name of Henry Fuller?"

"You bet we have," I replied, thrilled to think of our star man on the job again.

"Well, you ain't got him no more."

"What's that? . . ."

"This the chief of police. You better hop into your car and step over to the station pretty quick, too."

Was that a headache? Our star salesman was in the lockup, dead drunk. He had taken a customer out for a ride, run into a big sedan, wrecking himself, the customer, the new car and the sedan. It cost us about five thousand to get rid of Mr. Fuller. But as Jim said, "How in blazes were we to know he was the town roustabout?"

As the fifth of a series of ever-changing dealers, we were the recipient of bad news on every side. There were the folks who had bought cars from previous agents and called on us to make good their unauthorized promises for service. There were the Ford owners who had found the mechanics shiftless and inefficient, who expected

us to be crooks and were disappointed because we were not. We lost many sales through lack of proper contact. Ken Graham, having grown up in town, knew just whom to steer away from, he was personally acquainted with all the bad risks, and if he slipped someone in his office was sure to catch him. They were all home-town boys, whereas our salesmen were only anxious to make a sale. Meanwhile, all the local bad risks swarmed into our office during the first six months.

III

These were the difficulties of every Ford dealer from coast to coast. We were starting from scratch with a big handicap. But such a great little car is the Ford, such fine value for the money, that notwithstanding those handicaps Greenfield Motors showed a small profit at the end of the first year. With promise of more to come.

Naturally, there were things we weren't happy about; the methods used by the home office were usually more autocratic than democratic. Moreover, Tom Haney was a trial. He was the road man, and used to descend upon us, always unannounced, ten or fifteen times a year.

"Say, is that guy with us or against us?" asked my partner one evening after an unusually disagreeable afternoon spent showing Tom round the plant. He had found fault with nearly everything from the dirt on the garage floor to the number of cars sold the previous month—incidentally our best thirty days business since opening.

We didn't relish the way cars were loaded on us from Detroit, either. The head office never paid the slightest attention to our estimates, they simply sent us what they felt we should sell, usually

twenty cars a month more than we had estimated. In other words, if we didn't sell, we lost our franchise; if we disposed of cars rapidly we had to get rid of still more to stay in business. Thus Ford had a constant supply of cash coming in all the time; the dealers held the bag. You've heard it said that Ford isn't indebted to the bankers. Of course not; he borrowed from his dealers, whether they liked it or not.

Yet we had a good year in 1925; our profits were fifteen thousand apiece. Previous to this G. M. had bought and was experimenting with a broken-down automobile concern in St. Louis called Chevrolet. Everyone in the Ford organization thought this was pretty funny. So we went into 1926 with high hopes and looked forward to 1927.

The change came overnight. We were running along, consolidating our position in town, getting better known and more firmly established every month, when one afternoon a rumor floated into the office that rocked us all. Ford was going to give up his Model T. He was going in for form and beauty in a new car, the finest thing in automobiles ever made. In 1926 he sold more cars than any other dealer. Then the picture changed. What happened to us was typical of every Ford dealer in the country.

Once the news leaked out, the public refused to buy. We were stacked with cars we couldn't move. Worse still was the deterioration in our office force. Jim and I were sales-minded; we had built up an efficient sales force with great difficulty despite suggestions from Detroit that a Ford shouldn't need salesmen, that it ought to sell itself. Then came the break-up. Naturally, it was the best salesmen who went first. They had families, homes to keep up. With no new cars to sell, their

commissions were cut off. Good jobs were to be had for the asking then, and I shall never forget when Bob Moran, our star salesman, broke the news that he was going over to G. M.

"I'd stick. I'd stick in a minute. It's the missis. She's heard rumors the new car won't be ready until spring. My life insurance premiums are due this month and hanging around without anything to sell isn't so good. Besides, those G. M. people sure put up a first-class proposition."

We both felt pretty sick about it. After all, we had taken that boy from school, worked with him, taught him everything we knew, and then finally succeeded in making him a first-class salesman. At which time he ups and quits. It made me mad.

"I know, Bill," said Jim, "I feel the same way. But you must look at it as he does; you can't blame him. It's their fault in Detroit for not giving us something to sell."

John Morgan was the next salesman to leave. Same story. Four, five, six months and still that car didn't arrive, although rumors were as thick as the dirt in your carburettor. Finally, we were forced to pay the boys a small advance on future commissions. Fifteen dollars a week isn't much, but it was a lot for us. Yet before long our sales force was shot. When the Model A came on the floor we had an organization to rebuild from the bottom.

Not that we needed a sales force just then, for we had 400 orders on the desk and were hounded by customers who had made deposits and turned in old cars. Incidentally, these deposits were a help to our bank balance which was getting feebler all the time. To add to our worries, while Detroit was swinging into production of the Model A, Chevrolet passed us for the first time in yearly sales. But we

felt this to be temporary, and in fact when the new car began to arrive we found things moving once more. Then G. M. startled us by putting out a Chevrolet Six right in our price class.

IV

For the first time we were more worried by outside conditions than by the home office. It took real hustling to sell a Ford, and in the midst of the fight orders came from Detroit to expand our sales force. We were also assured that Henry would never again be caught as he had been with a long period in which his dealers had nothing to sell. We fervently hoped so.

Yet we couldn't manage to shake off the competition from Chevrolet, which to my surprise was gaining, not losing, in public favor. I wondered whether there wasn't something wrong with our sales approach, and was more than ever convinced of this after a chance visit to the G. M. place, where I happened to overhear one of Ken Graham's men on the telephone.

"Good morning, Mr. Smith. This is Robinson of the Chevrolet Motor Company talking. Mr. Smith, you have a 1929, yellow Ford sport coupe, haven't you? Yes, well, as a matter of fact, we are looking for that kind of a car. Short of sport coupes. Maybe we could do some business. What's that? Well, suppose I drop round after lunch . . ."

Back in my office I asked my best salesman to call the same prospect. Listening to his conversation I began to realize how little I really knew about selling, my training notwithstanding. I also realized that the G. M. dealer had a scientific method of approach, whereas we went at it by guesswork. Worse still, our approach was negative, unlike the positive introduction of the Chevrolet man who ap-

parently wanted to *buy*, not *sell* a car. We will all listen to the man who wants to buy something from us. With tight lips I heard that conversation.

"Oh, no . . . I'm afraid I couldn't. Nope, we couldn't possibly offer you more than \$150 on your old model, Mr. Smith. That's about the limit." Naturally, I wasn't surprised when the client bought a Chevy the following week.

The power and the threat of our rivals was borne in upon me. True, there was something admirable about Henry Ford, this man over sixty playing a lone hand with his Model A. But he was growing older, weary of the struggle, whereas G. M. was a corporation and corporations get stronger as they grow older. The ancient story of the individualist and the machine. To our dismay the machine was harder all the time to fight. If the Buick man ran into a client without much money he escorted him carefully to the Pontiac dealer. The Chevrolet man owned a Frigidaire and the G. M. radio and was a booster for both, while the Frigidaire dealer drove an Oldsmobile and sent all his clients and friends to the G. M. organization for cars. We envied their spirit of coöperation. Yet the thing that impressed me with the difference between the two companies was a sales meeting of each one.

The Ford organization held their meeting in an assembling plant about fifty miles away, in a bare factory, empty except for rows of chairs with a platform at the end. The speaker was a rough, red-faced man who spent considerable time explaining that he got his first chance with Ford, a tool kit in his hand. His tone was that of a bully. What's-the-matter-with-you-fellows-why-haven't-you-been-moving-cars-off-the-floor? One or two dealers suggested timidly that maybe Chevy was a

good automobile, hence the competition. He blustered at them, after which we stood round eating cold food on paper plates and then dispersed.

On the way home I ran into Ken Graham. G. M., it appeared, was throwing a party and he insisted I should come along. We went to the smartest and biggest hotel in town where in a large suite all the dealers in the vicinity were getting acquainted in an atmosphere of cordiality and good fellowship; to my surprise the banker from home was there, too. It seemed there were many bankers present; the local dealers brought them along to see the background of the corporation, to see how problems of the day were being attacked. My second surprise was the age of the dealers. Most Ford men had been comparatively young, whereas this crowd was composed of middle-aged men with an air of permanency who looked as though they had been in business a long while and would still be there for years to come.

The doors of the huge ball-room were thrown open and we sat down to an excellent dinner served with fine napery and tableware, while a Paul Whiteman orchestra entertained us. Between courses famous stage and radio stars appeared, and afterward chairs were thrown back and movies interesting to the automotive industry were thrown on a screen. I regretted to notice that they were far more conducive to the digestion of a Chevrolet dealer than a Ford man. One or two first-class speakers talked briefly; points generally helpful to dealers and salesmen were brought up and discussed. The evening finished with everyone in excellent humor. Everyone, that is, except myself.

At the start of 1930 Jim and I could feel trouble ahead, for although we had been assured Model A would stand,

changes and improvements were made with the result that it was continually more and more difficult to put the car over. The balance at the bank became uncomfortably low. Yet all the time pressure from the head office was maintained, and we always lived in fear of visits from Tom Haney, the new road man. At times he was so offensive that we both wanted to throw him out of the office, and only his power and the fact that he could have suggested cancellation of our contract prevented us.

One afternoon he came into the front office. "What the hell's the matter with you guys? Ain't you tellin' the Ford story? Meadville's beatin' you all to hell an' gone . . ."

V

Meadville was our nearest neighbor in point of size. We happened to know this was untrue. Three weeks later another road man had taken Tom's place. He lasted a year, and we hated him also, for he was almost like a spy, invariably working against us for the head office. Everyone used to live in fear of his visits, and friendly dealers down State tipped us off when he was in the neighborhood, because we were banded together against a common enemy. The road man was a stranger, an outsider, an alien who descended upon us unawares, to criticize our layout. How I used to envy Ken Graham, to whom the G. M. road man was a good friend, a pal whose purpose was to assist whenever possible! Incidentally, the G. M. road man, who lived in town, was never changed. And I shall not forget my feelings when I saw him go out to lunch arm in arm with Kenneth one day.

As time went along it seemed to me that the spirit of our organization, high

and low, was deteriorating. Shifts were made in the branch manager's office so frequently that I no more got to know the head man than he would be fired or removed elsewhere. I'd call up to ask a favor and find myself talking to someone I didn't know, who didn't know me or care about my sales problems. The branch managers seemed to be afraid of the auditors who reported only to Henry or Edsel Ford. Jim and I were afraid of the branch manager. Doubtless the salesmen were afraid of us. The efficiency of the organization seemed to be based largely on fear; everyone was terrified of the man above. Ideas made a complete circle in the corporation; they started with Ford and met him on the way back because everyone was afraid of him, fearful to cross him or to question his orders in the least.

In the spring of 1931 a sudden shift made our morale leap overnight. The whole force from Detroit down to the humblest mechanic was thrilled and inspired by the news. Ford was going to bust the depression. He was putting a million men back to work. Spending a hundred million and risking everything on a new eight cylinder car. Here was a grand idea. He planned to sell a million and a half cars in twelve months. And why not? A new eight at the cost of a four! It was to be the best, the finest thing in motor transportation, better than anything that could be bought at twice the price. We knew this would be so, and our hearts leaped. At last Henry was on the way back!

But when stories of this sort get round the dealer must prepare to take the punishment. The public is wary. It stops buying, and revenue falls away. Again we found ourselves facing the 1927-28 situation. However, we went to the bank and

with some difficulty borrowed enough money on future sales to carry us along for several months. In October we were cheered by word from Detroit that the new car would positively be on our floor in the middle of December. We passed this word along to our customers, for as in 1928 orders had been piling up. Yet by the first of January there was nothing to sell. The same problem as previously, the same results: disintegration of the sales force, alienation of good customers.

"Good morning, Mr. Farley. Say, what about my new car?" It was old John Jones the station agent, who had always driven a Ford since the year 1.

"Well, Mr. Jones, we expect it in any minute now . . . ought to be here the first of next week surely."

"You've been saying that since early in December. My old car is falling to pieces. Costing me repairs all the time. Now look here, if that new bus isn't on the floor in ten days, you'll have to give me back my deposit."

It couldn't have been more than two weeks later when I passed the old man driving a brand new Chevy. That new Chevrolet was a honey, and was grabbing off what few customers there were in sight. Adams the coal dealer, Lewis the manager of the five-and-ten, they wouldn't wait any longer. Nor could you blame them.

By February 15 we hadn't any old models left, and actually not a thing to sell upon the floor. I walked disconsolately downtown that morning to notice a crowd outside Graham's place. The new Buick was on display for the first time; it stood elegant and shiny in the window. The interior was crowded with prospective customers. Crowd psychology is such that folks want a new car when it's new; they don't enjoy waiting six or eight months

for it. The Buick appeared the day it was advertised to appear: just another proof that the efforts of the enemy were better coördinated than ours.

VI

In the middle of the month we were told by a big shot from Detroit that we could count on the new eight being ready for the spring trade. Jim and I took stock. We had a bunch of orders on hand, a nice little pile of bills, an overhead that was eating us out of house and home, only a tiny revenue from the shop, and a trickle of customers' orders coming in. I tried the bank once more and was told pretty firmly there was nothing doing. Yet it would be three months before we could count on money coming in again.

Cash was tight in those days. No one seemed anxious to help a Ford dealer in distress, and every Ford dealer was precisely in our situation. We got a little extra capital here and there; loans from our families of a few thousand dollars, loans on our life insurance policies. Jim even cashed in his soldier's bonus and got the limit to put into our common fund. But all the time customers were riding us hard:

"Say, thought you told me Ford always kept his word? Here it's February and that car . . . well you said the same thing in October. And December and January . . . now I gotta have a car somewhere and if you're unable to get me one—"

The same story all round. In a few weeks he would be driving a Plymouth or a Chevy. Small wonder G. M. and the Chrysler organization were sweeping the field! Why not, with no competition to speak of? Day by day we expected news of the shipment of that first car. Late in April several models appeared at the

branch office, and we were permitted to go down and look at them. Our first car was on the floor May 20!

To all intents we had received nothing to sell from September first until the first of July the following year. Because that was when our initial regular batch of eights came to town. By that period we were of course in a bad way. Henry Ford had kept his promises to the public in bringing out the cheapest good car in the world. But he had not kept his promises to his dealers about delivery date. Once again we had found it impossible to rely on his statements; as far as Jim and I were concerned we were almost over the dam.

Yet I shall always persist in thinking that with the eight we might nevertheless have weathered the storm, had it not been for the report of Maguire the new road man. He was a hard-boiled roughneck who stormed in and told us we were not located advantageously in town, and sent in a report on our standing. Three weeks later orders came in from the head office that our plant was to be moved to a bigger and more expensive location in the center of town and that we must be prepared to spend \$4000 in the change-over. That order was equivalent to taking away our franchise. It *was* taking away our franchise.

No, I shall never forget that grand day when we signed the papers making us partners with the biggest automobile manufacturer in the world. Nor shall I ever forget the hot, dripping morning in July some eight years later when it came time to dissolve the partnership. Jim came in about ten o'clock, sweat running from his forehead.

"Maguire's over to the Nelson House."

"Maguire here again? What's he want?" I knew perfectly well what he wanted.

"Well, you can guess. Understand Cur-

tis the Universal Credit man is with him too."

I could almost hear Maguire, a cigar in one side of his face, leaning over to the Universal Credit man. "Greenfield Motors looks pretty sour to me." They were probably waiting for a telephone call from Detroit. Then it was over.

What was over? Well, fifteen years work, day and night. Fifteen years of digging, starting from scratch. Fifteen years out of our lives, the best part of our working career; plus \$85,000, every cent we had been able to beg, borrow or cajole from the bank, from our friends and relatives. To the big office out there in Detroit, this would be only another incident in the day's work, just another formerly prosperous dealer gone to the wall. To us it was the end.

Funny how news travels in a small city. What Jim knew, apparently everyone else knew. Out back in the garage the mechanics were a muttering, sullen group, wondering whether or not they'd get their last pay envelope that night. In front, by the desks behind the low wooden rail, our five salesmen were standing mournfully together. Then a car drew up.

Maguire stepped out. The cigar was still in his face. He slouched up to where Jim and I stood. "Well, boys, just had a 'phone from home. Guess I'll have to ask you to rip those signs off the window out there."

Jim went back to get the mechanics on the job while Maguire spread his papers on my desk.

"We'll ask for either a resignation or cancellation."

What difference did it make? Bill went to work filling up forms and blanks, while the last blue Ford sign was being torn off the windows. The mechanics lined up for their money, one by one the sales-

men came to shake us silently by the hand. Every unsold car, those cars which toward the end we had bought with our life blood, were taken off the floor by the Universal Credit man. We had paid a big deposit on those cars but still they belonged to Ford. That's business.

We signed. Maguire rolled up his papers, shoved them into his brief case and made ready to go. We had never been exactly fond of him, and in his rôle of

executioner-in-chief we liked him less than ever. The place was empty. Nothing on the floor. Maguire pretended not to hear Jim's remark as he left:

"Looks like Mr. Ford was getting ready to go into production of a new model!"

This was July 22, 1932. I passed through Milbury the other day. They haven't replaced their old Ford dealer. Ken Graham, I noticed, was still doing business at the same stand.

IF YOU MUST USE PROFANITY

BY NELSON ALGREN

ON THE edge of town grew the jungle. It was here that Cass found companionship. Boys scarcely older than himself lay about in the long grama grass, talking, jesting, eating, sleeping, waiting for one train or another. They boiled black coffee in open tins or ate beans with a stick; Cass never watched without admiration. And while he watched he thought to himself, "Here now, this is the sort of a life I should fancy—I should go to Mobile, to Tucson, to Orange—anywhere I should choose to go. I could get my right arm tattooed in New Orleans, tattooed with a mermaid asleep—I'd ship out from Houston or perhaps from Port Arthur, I'd get to know all the tough spots as well as the easy ones. I'd always know just where to go next, I'd always be larking and joking with people."

Some things, indeed, Cass had already picked up: Beaumont was tough, but was loosening up. Greensboro (that was in a place called Car-line)—that was a pretty bad ol' place, but Greenville (that was in Car-line too)—that was even tougher. But toughest of all was any place that was anywhere in Georgia. If you were caught riding there you were put on a chain, and you worked on a pea farm from sunrise till sunset, sweating along in a chain for sixty-one days or until they caught somebody else to take your place in the gang. But they gave you fifteen cents every week and a plug of tobacco

on Sunday besides if you behaved. Southern Texas, but for Beaumont and Sierra Blanca, was simple; the Rio Grande Valley was a downright cinch—you could ride blind down there without any penalty, just so long as you got off on the side away from the depot when you got into McAllen. You could get through Alabama all right, provided you didn't stand up on the tops like some goddamned tourist, so long as you stayed out of sight at division points; and provided also that you stayed off the A. & W. P.—those bastards there utterly discouraged a man; for the A. & W. P. made a point of putting you off at a spot in the woods forty-four miles above Montgomery, a water-tank in the wilderness entitled Chehoee. Then you walked to Montgomery—unless you had a fin. You could stay on for a fin, cash down on the barrel head.

Look out for that town in Mississippi called Flomaton, 'cause that's Hook Kelly's spot. Kelly, even when he had both arms, was plenty, plenty tough. Then one night he licked two niggers for riding and they came back an hour after and shoved him under the wheels so that he lost his right wing—but he shot and killed both the niggers with his left when they were running. Since then he's been a devil on whites and death to blacks. Since then he's killed and crippled so many niggers that even his railroad has lost count. Some say he's killed twenty; some say more, some say less. His boy has a job on the road now

too, and they say he's a devil just like his pappy.

Look out for Longview—that's Texas Slim's. Look out for Greenville—that's Mitch Hobo Brown's. He'll be walking the tops and be dressed like a 'bo, so you'll never know by his looks he's a bull. But he'll have a gun on his hip and a hose-length in his hand and two deputies coming down both the sides; your best bet then is to stay right still. You can't get away and he'll pot you if you try. So give him what you got and God help you if you're broke—if he lifts up that hose-line jest cover up your eyes and don't try any back-fightin' when it comes down—swwwish. God help you if you run and God help you if you fight; God help you if you're broke and God help you if you're black.

Floppy hat—that's the surest way to tell Mitch Brown. Short an' stocky sort of, wears patched-up overalls. Once hit a boy in the belly with his fist so hard he ruptured him and the boy died at the Sallie uptown an hour after. So look out for Greenville. That's Mitch Brown.

Look out for Lima—that's in Ohio. Look out for Springfield—the one in Missouri—look out for Tulsa—look out for Joplin—look out for Chicago look out for Fort Wayne look out for St. Paul look out—look out—look out—LOOK OUT!

II

Most of these boys felt that they belonged. They were, definitely, bottom dogs. Between themselves and those above they drew a line for all to see. It was always "We" and "Them." People who lived ample lives, who always stayed in one place, who always had a roof over their heads—these were "Them." In judging a man the larger question was no longer

whether he was black, white or brown—it was whether he were a 'bo or "one o' them fixed-up folks."

By this consciousness even the jails were pervaded. In prisons where the food was inedible, as it so often was, the men incarcerated for vagrancy bought their own food, purchasing it by levying each newcomer to the extent of all he owned. Kangaroo court was held whenever a new vagrant was brought in, and the assessment was always justified as being the price of entrance to the society of the cells. Oldtimers always paid, if they possibly could: they understood the practice as a loose form of insurance. A man was assisting those of his class who could not pay, and, when he himself was broke, the chances were that he would be helped in turn. But whether he paid or did not pay, he shared in the food bought outside the jail. The process pleased the prison officials, for it enabled them to pocket money that otherwise they might have been forced to spend in supplies. One jail in Southern Louisiana had established a treasury and a fund of over two hundred dollars, so that even the chief deputy and the turnkey were sometimes fed from the sum. At the Grayson county jail in Sherman, Texas, the prisoners printed a weekly paper, the *Crossbar Gazette*.

All this seemed strangely wonderful to Cass, when he heard it spoken of in the jungle, for these men seldom told of the terrible hardships they endured. Hardship they most often bore in silence. It was of the infrequent and wholly accidental bits of good fortune they had happened upon of which they spoke: how one had found a new corduroy jacket with a wallet in the pocket when he had climbed down into a reefer one night in El Paso; how another had been taken into a house one time and fed and clothed for three straight

days and given money when he left; how a third had come upon a drunken woman in an empty cattle car.

Of the pathetic effort to keep clean, merely to keep clean, they had nothing to say. They were always begrimed with coal dust and cinders, always begging soap from one another; and at every junction they sought water for washing almost as anxiously as for drinking. They hung their clothes to dry on fence-posts by the tracks or on bushes in the jungles; they put them on damp rather than dirty. Most carried combs; pocket-mirrors and tooth-brushes were not uncommon; some kept small fetiches which they seldom revealed: a woman's glove or a woman's handkerchief found perhaps on a bench in a city park.

Of the darker side Cass could not know, of this they did not speak: of long cold nights when you walked unlit streets, hungry, ill, alone. When the wind cut you so that you gasped with the pain, and were so tired you could hardly stand. Then you knew you were either to beg or to die, and the hate that is yellow and springs out of shame would rise within you and make numb your heart, so you could think of nothing but how sweet it would be just to kill for the simple pleasure of killing; you felt how easing to your pain would be the sight of another man's blood; you would know then that to vent your pain you must see some other man suffer too; yes, a freezing marrow could be well warmed just by watching fresh blood flow. This, when you had not a penny for drink, made you forget the cold. And the process was called "jack-rolling." Men fought then for the sheer sake of fighting—two hungry men in an alley, at night, rolling in each other's arms amid garbage and ashes, biting, kicking, sweating in terror—so that one could laugh when the other lay senseless; so that you could look down and see

dark blood bubbling over torn lips and know that it was you who had brought the blood up in the throat and you who had ripped off those lips.

The men in the jungle never spoke of "jack-rolling" save in jest. Hunger had taught them silence as well as hate.

But of the hunger that rose when the belly was sated, the hunger of sex, they spoke often; and sometimes so that Cass could not understand.

III

As the train gathered speed and the night wore on the cold began to reach him, and he climbed down into a gondola loaded with iron rails. It was warmer there, and he fell asleep. Then he woke, with a sudden start. A warning heard in the jungle many months before was ringing in his brain: "Th' wheel slipped on th' track an' a rail jolted loose an' *damn* ef it didn' go clean *through* thet boy's belly . . ." Cass climbed once more atop the box-car, but his body had cooled from his brief nap, and he could not bear the cold. Carefully then he climbed along the spine of the cars, afraid to stand upright on account of the wind, till he reached a box with a loose hatchway, and into this he crawled. It was an empty cattle car, and the floor was covered with straw. Cass heaped several armfuls in a corner and fell to sleep with a wadded yellow newspaper under his head for a pillow. He was very tired.

When he woke it was morning, and the slant light was flashing past into the gaps between the car's boarding. It was already approaching the yards in El Paso, and he climbed out as soon as it began to slow down. Cass was gladdened and surprised to see a full twenty more 'boes come off with him, from several parts of the train,

and he fell in with them as they walked—all seemed headed for the same spot. Down the track a hundred yards, on a street called Missouri, they came to an old warehouse that looked like a stable. Near the building, hunched over wood fires, a dozen or more men with empty faces sat; and a sign on a fence said: "Free Soup Kitchen & Traveller's Camp—Keep Off the Cars"—and Cass was suddenly aware that he was ravenously hungry.

He lined up with the others and stood so for some minutes—then something within his stomach's pit took a cold little slippery flop, nauseating him momentarily—each man in the line was writing his name in a book preliminary to receiving a chunk of corn-bread afloat in a plate of black molasses. Shame strove with hunger then. He was afraid and ashamed to confess his ignorance, he was too hungry to leave empty-stomached. So he stood there unable to act, and was shoved ahead by those behind until it was his turn; then, somehow, he wasn't afraid. "Why not make a stab at it? Perhaps," he thought, "if I jest make a try—why maybe I'll be able to do it, sudden-like." When he picked up the pencil he felt eyes upon him, and in a small panic made a long swift scribble and reached for a plate and a fork. None saw. But it was not until he was safely seated at the rough board table in the dining room that he again drew easy breath.

The smell of unclean bodies mixed in his nostrils with the smell of stuff cooking in the kitchen. All about him men were eating. The floors and walls were smeared with mud and scraps of food. One place at the bench he sat on was vacant because someone had vomited there in a little round orange puddle, and no one had troubled to wipe the place off. Cass watched those about him as he ate corn-

bread and molasses. Most were boys. One or two gray-beards, but only one or two. Not half a dozen out of thirty, all told, who approached middle age.

Three Mexican boys, sitting at a separate table, eight Negroes, ranging from twelve years to twenty at a bench equally segregated,—and the rest sitting where he sat, with faces American and much like his own. High cheek-boned, thin-lipped, blue-eyed faces. Several he thought younger than himself, and Cass was not yet fourteen.

One had a face as fruity as a cherub's, a rosy, soft and smiling face that had not yet lost the rounded contours of its infancy. The counter man asked this boy his name, patronizingly, and he replied that his name was Thomas Clay, that he was twelve, that he had been on the road four months, and that he enjoyed bumming.

A little stout man with a huge breadth of chest and shoulders and a little bent nose in a perfectly circular face came into the doorway while they ate and spoke to them all in a loud jovial Southern rumble.

"Direc'ly yo' all finish eatin' couple you boys step out heah an' give me a han' with a bit o' kindlin'—takes kindlin' to cook yo' all co'n bread yo' know."

He said this so smilingly, so pleasantly, that three who had already finished rose immediately and helped him carry in wood. Then the others were set cleaning dishes and making up the wooden bunks in the upstairs room. Cass wanted to bathe, he was caked with coal dust, but he saw no sign of a shower or a tub, and he lacked the courage to ask. He, with a dozen of the American boys, was given a pan, a bucket, and a sack of raw beans to sort; letting these trickle through their fingers, a handful at a time, the boys picked out small stones and foreign matter.

Cass found himself working next to the lad of the cherubic aspect. In an undertone this boy confided in Cass that the information he had given the curious counter man was wholly false: his real name, he said, was not Thomas Clay but Thomas Clark, his true age not twelve but sixteen; and the time he had spent on the road nearer four years than four months.

He had escaped from a reform school in Cleveland, he added, when he was twelve, and had been bumming ever since that time. Cass did not know which tale to believe.

The long afternoon wore on, as soon as one sack was picked out the counter man brought out another, and Cass's eyes were burning from the strain of keeping them fastened on his palms in the darkness of the place. There were no lights, the room was damp as a tomb, the counter man told them that when night came they would have to double up on the narrow bunks upstairs.

Shortly before dark—Cass was again feeling hungry—the little friendly man of the forenoon came in. He stood in the doorway as he had in the morning, shutting out the gray light of December with his broad thick body and his shoulders so square that he gave the impression of wearing a two-by-four plank under his coat; for a minute he said not a word. Then he planted his feet wide beneath him. Cass saw that he was unsteady, and when he spoke all his drunkenness came out in his voice; for he spoke hard; hard as a man in handcuffs held where he cannot move.

"Git t' thet woodpile now, ye bastards, ye goddamned wuthless tramps—yo' all been eatin' roun' heah sence mo'nin'—now ye git t' thet woodpile o' git yo' self in th' army—one o' th' two."

His right hand kept jerking over his shoulder to the lumber yard.

"Woodpile o' army—one o' th' two."

He repeated this several times, then cursed them all once more and abruptly walked away. The counter man started to laugh but even as he did so he stopped, for, surprisingly enough, the little man had returned.

"Git in th' army o' elts git t' thet woodpile, ah says—tha's what ah says—tha's what ah been tellin' 'em. Shet down th' goddamned charity-suckin' bum-feedin' bean'ry racket—tha's what ah been tellin' 'em all. Put th' sons-o'-bitches in th' army—put th' sons-o'-bitches t' work—tha's the idee—sweat th' bastards—at'll teach 'em ah reckon—at's what—at's what ah been tellin' 'em all an' 'at's what ah al'ays said."

He left once more, and this time did not return. The counter man finished his laugh, although somewhat sheepishly now; but none of the men at the table joined with him. Somehow not one felt like laughing, absurd as the little man had sounded.

All sat silent at their idiot's task, letting the little brown kidney-shaped beans run through their fingers, looking morosely down at their palms.

Such a ring of authority had there been in that drunken voice that it had left every man and boy of them inwardly agitated. The words had resounded too much like an alternative offered by one perfectly sober. It had left them troubled, resentful, fearful of they scarcely knew what. It had made each man too sharply aware that he was outcast—an outcast sorting pebbles out of small brown beans on the sufferance of society, an outcast whose next job was to be that of shooting down other outcasts in other lands—on the sufferance of society. The feeling was not good, it was bad.

IV

For supper Cass was given a little pile of something made from shredded cabbage and carrots, and a cup of black coffee. While eating he learned that there was a shower in the basement. The coffee gave him the courage to ask the commandant's permission to bathe. But a blank had to be filled out before this could be done, and, when the commandant gave him pencil and paper in the office, he wished that he had not asked. The commandant, however, was kind enough to fill out the blank for him and to tell him where he could find the shower. As he led Cass to the head of the dark staircase into the basement he warned him that the shower was cold. Cass did not care. Not even the descent into the dank chill cellar disheartened him. Having confessed illiteracy and eaten corn-bread and coffee, he felt that he could stand almost anything.

To get under the shower he had to wait some minutes—an old man with a huge belly stood under the feeble stream. Cass waited in the doorway until he finished; the light was so dim, the old man's belly so large, its navel looked to Cass like nothing so much as a deep half-healed wound.

There was in the tiny room one other—the louse-runner, a lank and pock-marked cuffin of sixty years. As Cass waited he watched this man, and he began to feel ashamed that he would have to undress and be naked before such a fellow. Cass was always ashamed to be naked before anyone, because he felt that others could read too much of his life in the scars of his body, in his rounded shoulders, his pigeon chest, in the thinness of his arms and legs. And his blood was still rushing from the shame he had

felt at being unable to write when the commandant had given him the pencil.

The louse-runner was crouched now over the old man's clothes, like a vulture over a dung-heap; holding his hands before his face beneath the little light, he rose slowly, with deliberation, studying his cupped palms as he rose. They were running with lice. He kicked the bundle off to the side without taking his eyes from his hands, and the old man cocked his head on one side like an intelligent parrot.

"Extryord'nary," he piped, "extryord'nary."

The louse-runner brushed him from under the shower and stretched his hands together under the water, rubbing the palms of them like cymbals together, as though to crush to mere pulp whichever ones might be so fortunate as to escape death through drowning. Then he shouted over his shoulder to someone unseen, and a pimple-faced boy with black rubber gloves took up the bundle in over-nice fingers and carried it upstairs to be fumigated.

Cass began to undress then. Slowly. How sorry he felt for the old man! How ashamed he had looked! But what if he himself should be found to have lice on him? The very thought made him desire retreat, even at this late hour. Better to go dirty or wash in some river somewhere than even to risk such shame! He felt the louse-runner watching, he remembered there was no leaving the place, and he undressed more swiftly. Why must the man stare so? Did he think he might be a woman?

No socks to take off, no underwear. Dirt was frozen on him. The flesh of his arms and his chest was blue-white, hairless and goose-pimpled. How ashamed he was to be so ugly!

The shower was as cold as the commandant had warned him, but there was plenty of a strong brown soap, and he got the dirt off by diligent scrubbing albeit his fingers became numb with the cold. He felt the louse-runner looking again as he scraped awkwardly at his ankles, and he thought to himself, "Ah'd do some better if he'd quit a-lookin' at me like as if ah was some cold-shouldered colt."

The ordeal finished, he was given his clothes, and Cass for a moment entertained the illogical notion that the louse-runner was both hurt and disappointed at not having happened on lice in his trousers. When he was dressed Cass asked him for a cap, for it was cold and chill in the place, and the louse-runner brought the matter before the commandant, in the latter's office. There the commandant placed the entire responsibility back onto the louse-runner's shoulders. After some rummaging then, in the depths of the office's clothes-closet, Cass was awarded a cotton cap that fitted down snugly over both his ears and shaded his eyes with a peak so large that it lent him the surface appearance of a jockey.

Looking at himself in it in a little cracked tin mirror hanging on the clothes-closet door, he said to the commandant, "God *damn*—don't ah look jest *fine*, mister?" The commandant stiffened, Cass became afraid, the man was standing up and pointing to a red and white card on the far wall; helplessly Cass looked at him, wondering with terror increasing what thing he had done or said to arouse the man.

"Ah cain't read it, mister—don' yo' 'member?"

The commandant remembered. He read it now without ceasing to point with outstretched arm:

**IF YOU *MUST* USE PROFANITY—
PLEASE STEP OUT IN THE ALLEY**

Cass felt better. He waited two days for the opportunity. Then he stepped out in the alley and for ten whole minutes he cursed the commandant, the louse-runner, the Salvation Army, the N.R.A., and every charity agent in the country who expected a man to grovel in gratitude for a piece of corn-bread and a cup of sour coffee.

AMERICANA

CALIFORNIA

FROM the program of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of Palo Alto, the home of Herbert Hoover:

Please return any church dishes you may have in your homes.

GEORGIA

SWELL write-up of a great intellect of Columbus, in the *News-Record* thereof:

W. H. ROWLENSON MAN OF BIG IDEAS

William Haddaway Rowleson, just plain Haddaway to you more than likely, is a young man of ideas. Maybe the merchants of the City by the Chattahoochee realized that when they elected him president of the Merchants' Association recently.

One of William Haddaway's first ideas for the merchants was that of inviting Santa Claus to Columbus this Christmas. And with the same vim and vigor with which he sells tires and gasoline, the merchant's head went after old Santy. The result was an acceptance of the invitation.

Santa Claus comes next Friday with a parade, a pageant and every thing. And to Mr. Rowleson goes the laurel for proposing the affair.

ILLINOIS

POLITICAL advertisement in the renowned Garyslake *Times*:

VOTERS!

Try a Jackass Once!

Remember 1930 Results for Sheriff? 9,000 Voters Stayed at Home! Result: Democrat Yager, 13,000; Republican Tiffany, 15,000.

Haven't you had enough? Check the last 16 years of that office and then call for mustard.

Will the Bosses call from Northern Michigan and tell you how to mark your ballot again?

True, the past sheriffs have kept right with their bosses' party.

Voters, stop and think! Haven't you been misled?

H. E. YAGER

FOR SHERIFF

A regular Democrat, 52 years in Lake county and head is still up. Doesn't have to be drafted by strangers!

MARYLAND

FROM the advertising columns of the Baltimore *News*:

CHARLES COOPER, Mortuary Beautician. Funeral Home, 514 North Calhoun. Gil-mor 6894.

MASSACHUSETTS

THE celebrated Harvard *Crimson* prints a news story about the doings of the college Liberal Club:

At the end of the meeting an informal debate by members of the club itself will be held. The subject under discussion is: "Resolved, That Fascism Is Nerts." George C. Edwards, Jr., 1G., will support the "Nerts" while Charles R. Cherington '35 will take the "anti-Nerts" position.

THE celebrated Boston culture takes a new swing upward, and that great journal, the *Globe*, records the event for posterity:

It was a special occasion in the Taylor evangelistic services at Tremont Temple last evening because, as a result of a challenge, the pastor, the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougner, took part in a whistling duel with the evangelist, the Rev. Charles

Forbes Taylor. Dr. Brougher claimed that even if he could not whistle through his teeth, a faculty for which Mr. Taylor is famous, he could whistle just as well through his fingers, and just as loudly.

The result was that the pastor of Tremont Temple and the famous evangelist stood together on the platform and whistled, Mr. Taylor through his teeth, and Dr. Brougher through his fingers. Judging by the applause, the contest was a draw. Their program consisted of two revival hymns.

MICHIGAN

INTELLECTUAL recreations of the Detroit judiciary, as revealed by the local *Times*:

Circuit Judge Joseph A. Moynihan was late for work today because he wanted to see Judge Guy A. Miller's car hit the 100,000-mile record. Judge Miller has been driving his car since 1927 and every morning he stops and picks up Judge Moynihan. Moynihan wanted to be in the car when it touched the 100,000 mileage mark, and in order to accommodate him Judge Miller kept driving around the County Building until the objective was attained.

MINNESOTA

THE green-grocer's prayer, leading to a decision not to peddle the poisonous brew, as related in a pamphlet distributed by a Minneapolis food purveyor:

A VITAL DECISION

You are all familiar with the question that recently confronted us as a nation, and with the final decision in regard to legalizing beer. Eventually this became our local problem, and before we knew it, with very little time for consideration, we, as retail merchants, were face to face with the necessity of deciding whether or not we should handle this beverage, yet all the time hoping that the retail grocer would not be selected as one of the channels of distribution, provided our city council decided in favor of legalizing the same.

For one, I confess to negligence, and did not realize till on Thursday morning, just prior to the opening day, the seriousness

of the situation I was facing. When I did, I immediately called a meeting of our department managers and owners, laying the matter prayerfully before them. After reading the Psalm xxii, and praying that God would lead in our discussion and guide our decision, I suggested that whichever way we should decide, all our deliberations must needs be in a friendly spirit, in which they all concurred. I then assured them that so far as I was concerned, it was not a matter of dollars and cents, not a question of gaining or losing patronage, but—WHAT IS GOD'S WILL IN THE MATTER?

Furthermore, I stated that inasmuch as it would be impossible for me to conduct a business where disharmony prevailed, it would be necessary for each and every one of them, should they decide against handling of this product, to do so wholeheartedly—not merely with their lips assenting, but in their hearts as well. Also told them that had this question arisen a few years ago, I should have had no hesitation in telling them, arrogantly and boastfully, "NO, NEVER WILL I CONSENT TO HANDLING ANYTHING OF THIS SORT!" but with no other thought than to make a show of my self-righteousness. By now I have learned that before deciding any question, however large or small, to in all humility seek to know God's will in the matter, taking it to Him in prayer, and listening for the still, small voice that speaks to every fully surrendered soul. In what may appear to others a weakness, I told them I would not assert my authority, but leave it in the Lord's hands, and for them to decide as they felt led, they knowing where I stood on the question.

I retired from the conference, and their decision is known to many of you. As I left, I resolved to cast my entire burden on the Lord, whereupon I experienced a great joy and relief for the time being. However, during the next few days, I became very unhappy, and in the quiet hours of the night, God made it very clear to me that I must take a more determined stand for Him.

Several conferences followed, in the final one of which a unanimous decision was

reached to abide by my wishes, and, with allowance of a reasonable time in which to dispose of present stocks, definitely discontinue the sale of this beverage in both stores.

With the hope that this simple statement of our experience in coming to a definite decision in this question may be of help to others in a like situation, I remain,

P. P. HOVE

NEBRASKA

News of the spiritual life in Omaha, as reported by the *World-Herald* thereof:

A letter he had written to God was read in the pulpit of First Central Congregational church Sunday by the Rev. Frank G. Smith. It follows in part:

"Dear Father God—

"When I first thought of writing a letter to You it seemed a little odd and difficult; but I pray to You every Sunday morning in this pulpit and many times during the week, and prayer after all is only talking with You so there seems nothing wrong or unnatural in writing to You.

"I want to tell You first of all, dear Father, that though I cannot see You with my eyes and touch You with my hands, yet I am becoming more certain of You every day. When I first became acquainted with You I did not feel so sure about You; You were not so real to me. I believed in You but You seemed a long way off; in Heaven somewhere; a place where I hoped to go some day.

"But these long years of acquaintance have changed all that. You are just as real to me now as the good friends I have about me.

"I thank You so much for the wonderful Book that we look upon as Your word and more still for the 'Word that was made flesh and dwelt among us.' I thank You for all the dear friends I've had all my life and for those I have now. Many of my dearest ones are with You now. It won't be long until I'll be coming along myself. Won't that be fine? As I see it now, about the only thing I will regret when the time comes for me to come to You will be leaving so many things undone that I might have done for You

if I had been a little more thoughtful and diligent and careful and consecrated; leaving so many people that I seem to think need my help along the way. But I'm sure You will find some other way of helping them and comforting them; but in the light of this thought, dear God, will You not help me to be very careful and helpful all the rest of the way?

"Father, I have just this very minute, while writing to You, received word that the lovely old mother of one of Your own dear daughters has just gone home to You. I must go to her right away and share her loss and sorrow. So good-bye, dear Father, for this time; I'll be seeing you soon.

"Ever as always,
"YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON"

NEW YORK

MENU of the thirty-fifth annual dinner of the Society of the Genesee, congregated in the grand ball-room of the Hotel Commodore:

Invocation by Rt. Rev. David Lincoln Ferris, Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Diocese of Rochester.

MENU

International Crab Flake Cocktail Persane
Green Turtle Amontillado a la Business
Machines

Paillettes Parmesane a la 270 Broadway
Recordolock Celery

Salted Nuts a la Dayton Scales

Olives a la Punched Card

Brook Trout Saute Belle Meuniere a la
Tabulating Machine

Potato Olivette Risssolee a la Electromatic
Typewriter

Mushrooms on Toast Duval a la
Cosmograph

Breast of Chicken, Virginia Ham a la
Time Recorder

New Peas Etupee a la Industrial Scale

Salade Archiduc a la Ticketograph

Endicott Bombe Glace Fraiselia

Georgetown Petit Fours

Demi-tasse a la Dayton Coffee Mill

*Benediction by Dr. Clarence A. Barbour,
President of Brown University.*

WINTER sports in Central New York, as recounted in the Auburn *Citizen-Advertiser*:

WEEDSPORT HIGH
vs. HOLY FAMILY
TOMORROW NIGHT

NORTH DAKOTA

THE editor of the illustrious Knox *Advocate* makes a public plea for the good of his paper:

The *Advocate* is not in the habit of asking favors from anyone, being satisfied to let things take their natural course, but it is going to make an exception in this case and ask all holdup men, yeggs, robbers, thieves, thugs, kidnapers and gangsters, that contemplate operating in and adjacent to Knox, to so arrange their schedules that any job they pull off may be done on either Wednesday or Thursday night, so that the news may be printed in Friday's paper while it is still news.

Last Friday night's holdup is an example of things as they shouldn't be, because everyone in the country knows about it before he gets the paper. So be good fellows and give this great family journal a break by, if possible, doing your stuff only on the aforementioned nights.

FURTHER proof that the country press is the bulwark and the palladium of the integrity of the nation's journalism, as revealed in the news columns of the Church Ferry *Sun*:

"Product speaks for itself" is the slogan for Spearmint gum. Most of the pupils in high-school believe this, for after a detailed interview it was found that Spearmint was the favorite.

If any person wishes to treat the students to gum it would be wise to choose this brand, because you are more apt to satisfy the majority of the pupils. This information that students of Church Ferry high-school chew Spearmint should be a credit to the company. Juicy Fruit ranks second and other kinds follow, according to the students.

PENNSYLVANIA

Two public notices in the Du Bois *Courier*:

I WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE—
for any debts contracted by my wife, who has left my bed and board.

FLOYD MURRAY,
Falls Creek, Pa.

[Friday]

IN REFERRING TO MR. FLOYD MURRAY'S—Notice in *Courier* Friday, I wish to state that I did not leave my bed, I took it with me, and there wasn't any board there to leave.

[Monday]

MRS. FLOYD MURRAY

A MINISTER of the Lord advertises his wares in the Renovo *Daily Record*:

Be on hand tomorrow at the Free Methodist Church if you want free drinks. The liquor store will not be open on Sundays, and you will want your daily drink. We have been in the business for years, offer only the very best—the wine of the Holy Spirit—and guarantee complete satisfaction. It is an imported product—straight from Heaven. Give God some of your trade, drink at the Cross of Christ, and you will have better health and more money and will be a respectable citizen in every sense of the word.

B. D. LAMBERT,
Pastor

RHODE ISLAND

BUSINESS CARD of an up-and-coming minister of the gospel, now gracing the lovely town of Providence:

REV. FREDERIC WARREN
WHEELER

408 BLACKSTONE ST., PROVIDENCE, R. I.
gives character readings of your hand & face in groups of four or more persons anywhere in the city limits of

PROVIDENCE, PAWTUCKET or CRANSTON
in your home or mine

per your request I will entertain at your piano by singing one to three bright snappy hymns

Pay When I Am Through What It's All
Worth to You.

(HOME EVENINGS)

LEWISOHN INTO CRUMP

BY ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES

EIGHT years ago literary America was agog over the news that another masterpiece had been refused the use of the United States mails—those being the days when John Sumner and the Federal Post Office were still acting as effective publicity agents for radical sex literature. The particular masterpiece was a novel, "The Case of Mr. Crump," published in Paris and written by Ludwig Lewisohn, one of our leading expatriates in that legendary paradise of good, dead Americans. This author, though it might be doubted how far he was a "good" American, was certainly even farther from being a dead one; in fact, he was in the first flush of creative inspiration that accompanied escape from our sodden shores. To the general American public his name had been familiar since the appearance of his autobiography, "Upstream," in 1922, while to the more discriminating he had been known long before through his admirable work as translator and critic. Hence there was even more than the usual hue and cry to obtain the forbidden book.

When copies began to seep into the country, no one was able to discover in the work the anticipated lubricity, and there was some indignation against the Post Office for having suggested such fallacious hopes, but, despite this disappointment, it was widely recognized that the work really was almost a masterpiece.

It was the story of a young musician,

Herbert Crump, telling how he was seduced by an oldish woman whose husband had grown tired of her, how through appeals to his honor Crump was tricked into marriage, how for years he struggled to make the best of a hopeless situation, and how at last, after finding true love outside of matrimony, he was led in a moment of rage to kill his wife when the latter applied a foul name to his mistress. This murder came as the result of such a long series of acts of injustice and persecution by the wife that in committing it Mr. Crump had the full sympathy of the reader.

Nevertheless, the interest of the book was not centered in its hero. The delicately artistic Crump, always blameless in his conscious motivation, unable because of his very nobility to make head against the animal cunning of his wife, and altogether too good for this wicked world, would very soon have become tiresome had he not been over-shadowed by Mrs. Crump. The strength of the work lay entirely in its depiction of her personality. Here was a *virago* who combined the vices of all the detestable women one has ever met; not to be encountered whole in any land on earth, degenerate actuality never producing such perfection of evil in a single person, but seemingly more real than the half-fulfilled creatures about us, a Platonic essence incarnated in repellent flesh, a Mars of women, hateful to gods and men—hateful not merely because she

was stripped by the author of every shred of moral decency but because she was also rendered disgusting by her filthiness of speech and manners and by an accumulation of bodily infirmities, such as snoring, wheezing, belching, and retching, repeated page after page until the woman was transformed into a kind of pervasive stink, unendurable but inescapable. All this accomplished in the coolest behavioristic manner, devoid of adjectives, inspired by a loathing so intense that it hypnotized author and reader into simply gazing upon the detestable object without breath or desire for comment.

American literature has not been rich in works born of hatred, our authors either lacking the emotion or lacking the courage to express it. Mr. Lewisohn, as Thomas Mann in a judicious introduction to the volume pointed out, was conforming to a European pattern, but he bettered the instruction he had received, evincing a degree of creative malice beyond the reach of even such masters as Swift, Byron, or Strindberg.

The book, of course, has the defects of its qualities. Very early the reader discovers that the author is not going to permit Mrs. Crump, by any chance, to perform even the smallest act of ordinary human decency such as occasionally adorns the life of even the most reprobate of mortals. Mrs. Crump is incapable of saying "Good morning" or "It's a pleasant day" without an interested motive. Moreover, this motive is imputed, not shown directly; we are not taken into her own consciousness; the method of presentation is pictorial. Crump's inner righteousness, on the other hand, is fully and lovingly revealed. The book is precisely such a one as Crump himself would have written had he possessed the genius of Mr. Lewisohn.

II

So it came as no great surprise when Mr. Lewisohn some years later, in his second autobiography, "Midchannel," virtually admitted his own spiritual identity with Mr. Crump. Certain incidents of the novel had already appeared, with very different implications, in "Upstream," and the sweet and gentle "Mary" of that volume, her husband's helper and inspirer, author of "Humble Folk," to which he contributed a eulogistic introduction, had been developed by Mr. Crump's imagination into the self-righteous and revengeful Elise of "Don Juan," and finally into the amazing Mrs. Crump who bore no resemblance to the Mary in whom she had originated. Similar though less complete was the transformation of the author of "Upstream" into the Lucien Curtis of "Don Juan" and then into Herbert Crump, the formerly integrated Mr. Lewisohn becoming eventually a divided personality, Mr. Crump-Lewisohn, whose self-contradictory drives were destined to lead him into strange attitudes and thoughts still stranger.

To grasp the contrast fully, it is necessary to turn back to the earlier period when Mr. Lewisohn was still Mr. Lewisohn. He was born, as every reader of the charming opening pages of "Upstream" will remember, in Berlin, of German-Jewish parentage, in the year 1882. Brought to America at the age of eight by his family, he grew up in South Carolina in a period before anti-Semitic prejudice had grown rife in that section. There were no difficult problems of assimilation, and the boy soon became thoroughly Americanized, abandoning the use of German, joining the Methodist church, and sharing most of the interests and activities of his schoolmates. "At the age of fif-

teen, I was an American, a Southerner, and a Christian."

The author of "Upstream" recalled his youthful liking for romantic literature, his acceptance of the Southern idealization of women, and his unusually passionate interest in religion, which led him at one time to plan on becoming a Catholic priest. His chief difference from his associates, again according to "Upstream," lay in his possession of an abnormally sensitive nervous organism, which caused him to rebel against competitive athletics and against even the mild form of hazing then in vogue, leading him, on one occasion, like Shelley at Eton, to attack his bullying tormentor in a ferocious manner.

In all this, the seeds of Crumpishness were disquietingly present, waiting only favorable weather for their sprouting. Men are wont to curse their god when he disappoints them, and the conception of woman as angel would easily shift through disillusion into the equally exaggerated conception of her as demon. Romantic over-emphasis on the importance of the self, a deep longing for the religious escape, a tendency toward a persecution complex, these needed but the right social temperature to be developed. Fortunately for Mr. Lewisohn, the cold Northern climate, which he encountered on leaving South Carolina, induced in him for many years a suppression of these attitudes and the fostering of a more rational approach.

After graduation from the College of Charleston in 1901, he spent two years in post-graduate study at Columbia University, where his intellectual life, as distinguished from one of emotional response, really began. It would seem, however, that the rapid intellectual development which took place during these and the ensuing years owed little to the influence of his Columbia instructors whom he found

comparatively lifeless. It came, rather, from the realistic atmosphere and invigorating contacts of New York, from the stimulus of wide reading in modern German and French literature, and, above all, from the natural maturing of a keen and vigorous mind. Mr. Lewisohn's scholastic attainments were fully recognized at Columbia, but he found himself, even with a Columbia degree, unable to obtain a teaching position anywhere because he was a Jew. This sudden revelation of one of the realities underlying American professions of tolerance undoubtedly helped to sharpen Mr. Lewisohn's critical insight, but it seems to have had no other immediate result.

There followed further disillusionment on the staff of one of the great American publishing houses, described in "Upstream" under the name of Singleton, Leaf and Company, and then a number of years of struggle as a free-lance writer, brightened only, according to the first version of "Upstream," by the loyal devotion of "Mary." At last, in 1910, there came appointment to a college position in German at the University of Wisconsin, followed the next year by one at Ohio State University, where Mr. Lewisohn remained until 1919.

III

During this decade of teaching Mr. Lewisohn accomplished an almost incredible amount of work in addition to his duties in the university. He was the editor of the excellent seven-volume edition of Gerhardt Hauptmann's dramas, translating a number of the plays himself, his introductions making a small body of realistic dramatic criticism greatly needed in America. His work as translator, which included, besides these plays of Haupt-

mann, Sudermann's "Indian Lily," Halbe's "Youth," Herschfeld's "The Mothers," and a great many separate passages from various other German and French writers, set a new high level for American translation in the faithful rendering of a foreign text into flawlessly idiomatic English. These labors undoubtedly helped to develop in Mr. Lewisohn that stylistic facility and wide range of expression in which he is still among the first of contemporary American writers.

Nor was this all, during those fertile years. They saw the publication of "German Style," "The Modern Drama," "The Spirit of Modern German Literature," "The Poets of Modern France," and edited by Mr. Lewisohn, the epoch-making little volume, "A Book of Modern Criticism." The last-named, though outmoded today, served for a decade as a kind of text-book of radical criticism in the hands of the young assailants of academicism who maintained the superior importance of content to form and defended the artist's right of individual expression as against the limitations imposed by tradition.

In this battle for æsthetic freedom, among all those who marched under the banner of Croce in the army of liberation, Ludwig Lewisohn was the one who understood most clearly the true aims of literary art. "The enlargement and clarification of men's experience," he wrote, "that is—so far as all formulation is not futile—the function of literature." Golden words, as well as those that follow: "In modern literature, art is no longer like an outworn moral system superimposed upon experience, but grows out of it and becomes 'the highest form of life.'" The first duty of the artist is to report his experience truthfully; the second, to interpret it intelligently. Form is related to content as means to end. Quite in the

manner of John Dewey, Mr. Lewisohn wrote, "Form in art is an organon, an instrument, a tool." It is, therefore, of course indispensable. "But all art belongs to a biological and spiritual order and its forms are infinite in number and plasticity." It will be seen that Mr. Lewisohn was using no empty phrase when he adopted the name "creative criticism" for this approach. Art itself is essentially creative, and criticism, rooted in the actual practise of the arts, partakes of the same character.

When in 1919 Mr. Lewisohn left Ohio State University, where his position had become increasingly uncomfortable owing to his opposition to American participation in the war, and became dramatic editor of the *Nation*, that magazine was fortunate in securing the services of one of the few really able dramatic critics in the country. True, Mr. Lewisohn had devoted relatively little attention to classical or even Elizabethan drama, and was somewhat too ready to accept the traditional notion, supported by a long series of academic misinterpretations of Aristotle, that those forms were really devoted to a reconciliation of man's fate with "the moral order of the universe." But he was perfectly clear that no such purpose is to be found in modern drama. When the ideals of the latter shall have become fully accepted, he wrote, "Guilt and punishment will be definitely banished to melodrama where they belong. Tragedy will seek increasingly to understand our failures and our sorrows. It will excite pity for our common fate; the terror it inspires will be a terror lest we wrong our brother or violate his will, not lest we share his guilt and incur his punishment. It will seek its final note of reconciliation not by delivering another victim to an outraged God or an angry tribe, but through a profound sense of that community of

human suffering which all force deepens and all freedom assuages." Once more, in the main, admirable words, as applicable, had Mr. Lewisohn but known it, to the dramas of Euripides and Shakespeare as to the plays of Hauptmann or Eugene O'Neill.

Then came, in 1922, "Upstream." A few years earlier the publication of "The Education of Henry Adams" had begun to revive interest in the artistic possibilities of autobiography, a form particularly suited to express the individualistic rebellion of the young liberals. Henry Adams, however, had indulged in manifest evasions and concealments; Mr. Lewisohn determined to emulate the frankness of Rousseau. The result was not only a successful piece of significant self-portraiture, initiating the flood of autobiographies soon to sweep over the country, but also a brilliant criticism of the whole intellectual culture of the United States, centered upon the conflict between the so-called "patriots" who sought to preserve America as a cultural province of Great Britain and the educated minority who were inspired by international and inter-racial ideals. In opposition to the fanatical and triumphant nationalists of the hour, Mr. Lewisohn proudly set himself up as a symbol of the oppressed minority who, speaking the language of reason, were closer to the ideals of their country than were their emotional opponents and traducers.

One cultural tradition we have in America [he wrote] and it is, by at least a few years, the oldest: the linguistic and literary tradition of the English race. But that tradition—the tradition of Chaucer and Shakespeare and Milton—is a learned and aristocratic one. It has never humanized the folk of the British motherland. How many Anglo-Saxons share it? Ask the members of the local American Legion

when, in the name of culture, they annoy a German singing society—ask them to quote fifty lines from the fundamental classics of the English tongue! How many immigrants, then, can share that tradition or become assimilated to it? One, perhaps one, in every million. I am that one in a million. What Anglo-Saxon has lived with the poets who are the sources of his great tradition more closely than I? What Anglo-Saxon has a deeper sense for the order and eloquence and beauty of his own tongue than I? But when, in the old days, I desired to translate my Americanism in that high and fine sense into action, I was told that I was not wanted. Yet I was to be Americanized. I am even now to be assimilated. Suppose I intend rather to assimilate America, to mitigate Puritan barbarism by the influence of my spirit and the example of my life? Then a writer, let us say, Stuart Sherman, declares that I pervert the national genius. But suppose I am the national genius—Dreiser and Mencken and Francis Hackett and I—rather than Stuart Sherman or the late Hamilton Wright Mabie or the smoothly assimilated Edward Bok? Ah, if we could all meet in the year 2000 before some great and spiritual tribunal. Until some such day comes the question must remain an open one.

IV

Fortunately, we have not had to wait for the year 2000. Indeed, it is possible that the year 2000 will be too busy about its own affairs to be particularly concerned with either Mr. Lewisohn or Stuart Sherman. But from the standpoint of the year 1935 it is evident that the first phase of Mr. Lewisohn (before his complete transformation into Mr. Crump) was vastly superior to the first phase of Stuart Sherman (before he had abandoned the leading-strings of Paul Elmer More and Irving Babbitt), if not as an expression of the total "national genius," at least as an expression of the national genius in

its happier and more rational moments. But in so loudly proclaiming his own very real merits, Mr. Lewisohn was also expressing the national genius in one of its least admirable forms—that of braggadocio.

The rasping voice of the megalomaniac Mr. Crump was now first heard in Mr. Lewisohn's writings. Rankling memories of social injustice, the consciousness of unrecognized abilities, the sense of being enslaved by one's inferiors were at last beginning to bear their bitter fruit in exacerbated egotism, a persecution complex, and a tendency to regard the suffering personal self as a crucified Messiah. Mr. Lewisohn, or Mr. Crump-Lewisohn as he was now about to become, was too angry to be able to detect his real enemies in the industrial leaders of an economic system responsible for both the war and the intolerance from which he had suffered. Instead of being led to an analysis of the causes of the situation, he was hypnotized by the personal suffering. For this his domestic difficulties, following close upon the final events recounted in "Upstream," were no doubt largely responsible.

These inspired his next volume "Don Juan," a much milder preliminary version of "The Case of Mr. Crump." "Don Juan," besides being a plea for freer divorce, which was entirely consistent with Mr. Lewisohn's earlier philosophy, introduced a new note in its violent attack upon the conception of marriage as "comradeship," its hero, the author's obvious mouthpiece, demanding "mistress and madonna; the one to love and serve him, the other for him to love and serve." This demand for a return to the age of chivalry, which was, incidentally, a return to the ideals of Charleston, South Carolina, as known in youth, was the first of the compensatory devices adopted by

Mr. Crump. Accused of not being sufficiently American, he would be that best of Americans, "a Southern gentleman," regardless of the fact that this traditional Southern gentleman had already been ridiculed out of existence by Southern writers themselves.

Then followed the flight to Europe, and a new discovery. After being an incarnation of the national genius and of the Southern gentleman, Mr. Crump-Lewisohn decided that he was neither the one nor the other but rather an incarnation of the Jewish genius. Those fools, derided in "Upstream," who had urged that he could not be a good American because he was a Jew, had after all been right. For the much-persecuted Jews had, alone of peoples, been consistently devoted to the life of the intellect and to purely spiritual attainments, all other nations having resorted to the rule of force. Therefore he would devote his pen to the cause of Zionism, the establishment of a purely spiritual political state in Palestine—since Great Britain, in harmony with its own national genius, was willing to assume responsibility for whatever exercise of force might prove necessary to maintain that state. "Israel," the resultant work, was a remarkable union of bad arguments with genuinely moving passion and such splendor of description that a non-Jew in reading it was likely to be filled with envy for those not like himself precluded by a luckless Gentile inheritance from participating in such an inspired movement. And by those who regard the treatment of the Jew as the worst blot on "Christian" civilization, the somewhat hectic theses of "Israel" can readily be pardoned. Having propounded them and done his duty by Zionism, the author settled down to live comfortably in Paris and write "The Case of Mr. Crump."

V

This adventure in Judaism, however, though to Mr. Crump merely a temporary satisfaction of personal and emotional needs, was really much more than that to the other member of their strange partnership, Mr. Lewisohn finding in the sufferings of his race a deep and abiding stimulus to his powerful, and, at its best, profoundly sympathetic and clear-sighted, imagination. For once thrusting Mr. Crump aside, Mr. Lewisohn in "The Island Within" produced another great novel, less intense than its predecessor but far saner, in characterization the fullest and in content the richest of any of his works.

Dealing primarily with four generations of a single Jewish family in Poland, Germany, and the United States it traced the subtle interplay of environment, heredity, and personality with marvelous acumen. True, at one point, the inevitable Mr. Crump snatched the pen and almost ruined the work by trying to turn it into a tract against mixed marriages, but fortunately Mr. Lewisohn snatched the pen back again in the nick of time to write the powerful closing section, supposed to be found in an old manuscript, on the massacre of the Jews at Mainz during the first crusade. Had he written nothing but that single chapter, it alone would have entitled Mr. Lewisohn to literary immortality.

Meanwhile, unfortunately, Mr. Crump was busily endeavoring to stamp his own fretful personality upon the mind of his age. One may in charity pass swiftly over these efforts of misdirected talent—"Mid-channel," the whining autobiographical sequel to "Upstream," and "Stephen Escott," a resurrection of the Southern gentleman, in which the hero, supposedly

with the reader's sympathy, murders his wife because she won't be a madonna, and "The Golden Vase," a romantic idealization of post-middle-age philandering. In all these, Mr. Lewisohn still struggled, though unsuccessfully, against the Crumpish influence, and in the single instance of his brilliant tour-de-force, "The Last Days of Shylock," he momentarily escaped into clarity. But after each even partial defeat, the lowering Crump has come back with renewed energy, and there can now be no doubt that his has been the final victory.

"An Altar in the Fields," the Crump-Lewisohn novel of the present year, was written entirely by Crump. It purports to deal with two Americans, Dick Belden and Rose Trezevant, who meet in a literary boarding-house in Greenwich Village. Belden, a "very advanced" young author from Iowa, murmurs, on first seeing the romantically named heroine, "She's certainly durned good-looking"; a little later, he blushes "inwardly" on finding that he has noticed her "high firm bosom." Has no one borne the news to Paris that very advanced young Iowans no longer say "durn" or blush, even inwardly, at noting the quality of "bosoms"? The wonder grows when one learns that this young Iowan has already been in New York for three years at the time of this morally unsettling experience, enjoying at least a speaking acquaintance with editors who greet him, on his entering the office, with such words as these: "I don't remember anything today . . . I got home from a party at four o'clock in the morning . . . When the mists cleared . . . I knew that I had all but—all but, mind you—fornicated more or less in public, more or less under Janie's nose last night," and who then call up their wives and explain ". . . Yes, I expect you to over-

look it . . . Christ, no, I made no date with the slut, I barely know who she is . . ." Are such frank and simple manners, in the presence of comparative strangers, really characteristic of New York editors, or are they only characteristic of New York editors as seen, somewhat too hopefully, from the left bank of the Seine? The truth is that Crump at the very outset has fallen a victim to mythology, first to the myth of the blushful countryman, then to the myth of the degraded urbanite, both of them antiquated before the Lewisohn family ever left Berlin.

Dick and Rose are happily married, but she tries to get on the stage and poor Dick can't work on his novel for thinking of the dreadful men she must be meeting. They quarrel and she returns to her parents, and Dick still can't write because he keeps thinking of how unhappy they both are. They are reconciled and go to Paris, and Dick can write less than ever because he wants a child and his wife won't consent to have one. Then a wise Jewish physician takes them to the Sahara Desert and there, in the passionate garden of Allah dedicated to Robert Hichens, the wife accepts her husband's embraces without benefit of birth control. They return to America and buy a farm in Connecticut. Rose, happily pregnant, has given up all thoughts of the stage, and at last, thank God, Dick can write.

How, it may be asked, if Mr. Crump-Lewisohn has so completely forgotten the America he once knew as this fantastic story would indicate, was he able, quite recently, to bring out so creditable an "Anthology of American Literature," how was he able, only two years ago, to write so good a book as "Expression in America"? There is a double answer. In the first place, Mr. Crump-Lewisohn has not

entirely forgotten Mr. Lewisohn's clear insight into the elements of verbal beauty, and wherever it is a question purely of technique, as it often is in these two volumes, his judgment is still, perhaps, more nearly infallible than that of any other contemporary writer. In the second place, wherever it is not a question of technique but of understanding American culture, "Expression in America" and the "Anthology" based on it are, as a matter of fact, quite inadequate.

The inadequacy springs from an attempt to write a history of American literature from a completely unhistorical point of view. Environmental influences, the author writes, "are so doubtful and confusing in all but superficial matters as to be negligible," adding the dictum that "personalities create cultural changes." If one asks why certain types of personality, such as the American big business man, appear in particular eras, he receives the reply: "Why they are born at certain times . . . is a mystery. That it is the will of God, is, properly interpreted, not the least rational of answers to this as to other ultimate mysteries." Having thus rejected environmental explanations in favor of the will of God, Mr. Crump-Lewisohn proceeds to over-emphasize a single environmental influence, that of sex-repression, to the neglect of all others, thus being led to confuse colonial Puritanism with the much more lasting Methodism that followed it, to misunderstand the pioneer, and to avoid any serious discussion of the effect of modern industry on modern culture—in other words, to misinterpret every phase of American life from the beginning.

Furthermore, "Expression in America" represents, in large part, a direct repudiation of Mr. Lewisohn's earlier critical position, and is, in essence, a surrender to

the academicism that the author still affects to despise. Thus he denies to Melville the rank of "even a minor master" on the ground that his work does not vindicate "the moral order" of the universe; and he prefers Mark Twain to Whitman as an artist because he was not a homosexual. Stuart Sherman in his most didactic vein was not so moralistic or confused as Mr. Crump-Lewisohn. We are told that Mark Twain "had no philosophy, no values," that he was "adolescent in intellect" with "the ideas of a village agnostic," and that in his work "we find the crudest and most shallow treatment of the most intricate matters," and then we are assured that "all this, be it emphatically noted, does not count against Mark Twain; it counts for him," because it shows that he was "the average American of his time."

VI

O Mr. Crump, Mr. Crump, what have you done with Mr. Lewisohn? Could you not have reread the essay on tragedy in "The Modern Drama" before writing your nonsense on Melville, could you not have looked into "Upstream" to learn whether one becomes a great artist merely by being an average American?

No, Crump could not have done either, because he is convinced that he is a far better man than Mr. Lewisohn ever was, being not merely critic and novelist but priest and philosopher as well. In various recent essays, announced for publication in a single volume, accurately entitled "Toward Religion," Crump has developed his romantic pseudo-mysticism—which bears the same relation to genuine mystical experience that the yearnings of impotence bear to the ecstasies of fruition—into a pseudo-philosophy of the "Form-Urge,"

a semi-divine spiritual principle supposed to reside in nature and in all men but to be particularly transmitted through biological heredity to the leisure-loving members of the middle class, as distinguished from the aristocratic lovers of power at the top and the dull mass of slaves at the bottom, "though fairly constantly recruited" from the latter. Is this incredible even from Crump? Let him answer in his own words without other interference than the kindly one of presenting his statements in as coherent a sequence as possible.

The form-urge is the inner life of man and of the universe as he sees it and knows it . . . That urge was in nature before man appeared; it has been in man from the beginning; it is his unique object of immediate knowledge; it has created civilization . . . The biologists tell us that dominant characters, both good and evil ones, are handed down in families, regardless of sex . . . Blood, in the sound old adage, tells . . . It is from similar psycho-biological strains that the creators of human civilization have constantly sprung . . . To these facts the Communists, the avowed enemies of what has hitherto been known as human civilization, bear the most definite though unavowed witness. They propose to destroy not only private property . . . they propose hotly to destroy bourgeois ideology, *i.e.*, the precise ideology which has built all historical civilizations . . . A margin of disinterested leisure . . . is the essential condition of a humane civilization . . . It is property for the sake of such ends that the psycho-biological type known as bourgeois, the differentiated type, differentiated both from the lusters after power and from the dull mass, has always sought . . . Here we come upon the symbolic, the ultimately in truth religious uses of possessions, of property . . . Property is sacred and necessary . . . in so far as it is the symbol of character, taste, personality, the outward embodiment of an inward vision.

Heil Hitler! For the mad Nordic myth is twin brother to this new mysticism of the blood, likewise masquerading as biological science, which pretends to find the rule of the middle class established in the constitution of the universe. Heil Astor, Vanderbilt, and Gould! Heil Daniel Drew! Heil, Rockefeller, Morgan, Henry Ford! For with all these men their sacred property has been the symbol of their character. Heil Krueger, and Heil Insull! For with them, most surely, property was the outward embodiment of an inward vision.

The case of Mr. Lewisohn has proved to be a case of protracted suicide, or, more accurately, a case of the supplanting of a given character by its opposite within a single organism. One of the finest intellects of our time strove to master its environment and failed—as what artist will not fail in a business-ridden society that has no place for him? Subtly within the personality arose a counter-force, creating first the subjective consolations of megalomania, then a refusal to acknowledge the nature of the environment, and finally,

made possible to a proud spirit by this refusal, a submission to the environment when renamed “the ultimate mystery,” “the form-urge,” “the will of God.” “Mr. Lewisohn is dead, long live Mr. Crump,” shout the hero-worshippers. But at some time in the future—let us say, in the year 2000—a monument may be raised bearing the inscription:

TO
THE MEMORY OF
LUDWIG LEWISOHN
ARTIST
AND CRITIC
DEFENDER OF THE RIGHTS OF
REASON
MURDERED
BY
HIS SON AND HEIR
HERBERT CRUMP
DEFENDER OF THE SACREDNESS
OF PROPERTY
AND
IDOL OF THE BOURGEOISIE

SAVING THE FARMER

BY LAWRENCE SULLIVAN

PROVOKED by reports of rapidly increasing tobacco production in Virginia, His Majesty James I, of England, determined boldly in 1622 to establish the agricultural economy of the New World upon the nobler foundations of mulberry trees and silk worms. Regal orders commanded the vigorous encouragement of cocoon culture—by land bounties, tax preferences, shipping subsidies—and an apparently earnest effort was made by several colonial governors to bring the royal New Deal to fruition. To date, the cost of the experiment, in money and futile human effort, has not been computed from authoritative sources, but the net result appears to be presented adequately in the fact that, while Virginia tobaccos still are preferred in Piccadilly Circus and on The Strand, not a pound of native silk has been exported from America since 1790.

King James's strong personal aversion to the new devil-weed, coincident with the settlement of the finest tobacco areas in the world, reveals only another of those vagaries of history which have so greatly influenced human affairs in all ages. But that consideration does not alter the economic lesson; state aid to agriculture in America got off to a very bad start.

Long and tedious and full of hallucinations is the history of legislative agricultural salvation in the United States. Even longer, however, is the parallel story of the humble dirt farmer—the man with the gnarled fingers, who, rolling back the wil-

derness from the Atlantic to the Pacific, brought America at length to that troubled state in which her illustrious tribunes cried to heaven in anguish against the curse of plenty. Where all human history had pivoted for centuries upon the struggle against famine, American agriculture during the last fifteen years has made "surplus" the most dreaded word in our economic lexicon.

So, perhaps, for the first time in the history of the world, Brazil, in 1926, and the United States, in 1933, turned governmental policy to the systematic destruction of harvested wealth. Brazil has destroyed more than 23,500,000 bags of coffee, of approximately 150 pounds to the bag. America has subsidized the slaughter of 6,200,000 young pigs and approximately 200,000 brood sows. Placing Treasury cash at the end of each furrow, we have ploughed under some 10,000,000 acres of cotton, with an estimated average yield of 150 pounds to the acre. Farmers have burned millions of bushels of wheat and corn during the last three years. In the extravagance of desperation, we have fed millions of bushels more in grains to livestock—further to increase our distressing surpluses of the world's choicest beef and pork. This year—and here we shall blaze a new trail for all—we will pay farmers so much an acre from the public treasury for their refusal to till portions of their land. An economic order reared over a period of some 200 years on the fundamental principle of re-

ward for production, suddenly has been thrown into reverse to offer a reward for *not* producing! And we are to bring each farmer into the new enlightened collectivism by offering an *individual* monetary reward for the destruction of his surplus. We are to destroy individualism by bribes to individuals. In the face of suffering and want in every quarter of the world, we have undertaken the wholesale destruction of primary wealth by government subsidy.

II

The extent to which American agricultural policy, in the first two phases of its development, was purely a matter of economic catch-as-catch-can may be judged by the fact that the House of Representatives did not establish a Committee on Agriculture until 1820. The Senate Committee was not established until 1825. From the era of the American Revolution, Jefferson consistently advocated the establishment of community agricultural societies as clearing houses for methods and discoveries. But he fitted this scheme precisely into the doctrine of local self-government. Washington likewise favored the local societies, but with Hamilton he went a step further to suggest *local* bounties to stimulate production. In a message to the Fourth Congress, December 5, 1796, Washington favored "the establishment of boards composed of proper characters, charged with *collecting and diffusing information*, and enabled by premiums and small pecuniary aids to encourage and assist a spirit of discovery and improvement."

The Jeffersonian agricultural societies multiplied rapidly after 1790. By 1820 every State had some official or auxiliary board of agriculture, usually headed by the leaders in the local organizations. Through the correspondence of these societies the Fed-

eral Congress, in the decade 1825-35, was made aware of the serious depletion of the soil in New England and the South Atlantic States.

Meanwhile, the Commissioner of Patents, a functionary in the Department of State, had continued an unofficial duty suggested by Benjamin Franklin and inaugurated informally by Jefferson, of collecting exotic plants and seeds, and organizing, indexing, and diffusing the agricultural knowledge gleaned from the communications of American ministers and consuls abroad.

Under the impetus of the soil-depletion cry from the seaboard, Congress, at the suggestion of the Commissioner of Patents, appropriated \$1,000 in 1839 "for the collecting of agricultural statistics, investigations for promoting agriculture and rural economy, and the procurement of cuttings and seeds for gratuitous distribution among the farmers."

This measure marks the beginning of *Federal* aids to agriculture. How slowly the work was expanded is indicated by the following table, which itemizes *all* of the agricultural appropriations up to the establishment of the Department of the Interior in 1849 to administer the vast public lands of the new West.

Year	Agricultural Fund
1839	\$1,000
1842	\$1,000
1843	\$2,000
1845	\$3,000
1847	\$3,000

With the creation of the Department of the Interior, the Commissioner of Patents, with all his plants, cuttings, seeds, and rural statistics, was transferred from the State Department. In the new setting, patents and agriculture marched hand in hand in happy harmony until 1862. In that year, the scarcity of many foodstuffs for-

merly obtained from the South impelled President Lincoln to attempt vigorous measures for the encouragement of crops in the North. The law of 1862 established

... at the seat of the government of the United States a Department of Agriculture, the general duties and designs of which shall be to *acquire and diffuse among the people of the United States useful information on subjects connected with agriculture*, in the most general and comprehensive sense of the word, and to procure, propagate and distribute among the people new and valuable seeds and plants.

Coupled with this measure were the bills establishing the land-grant colleges—each endowed with a great slice of the public domain—and the Federal homestead policy, throwing open the Western lands to those rugged individuals who would undertake to wring a livelihood from the unscratched acres.

Under the national program laid down in these measures, and aided by her liberal immigration statutes, America recorded in the period 1860-1900 an epic of settlement and development perhaps unparalleled in history. The passing of the frontier in the decade 1890-1900, coincident with the rise of mechanical farming, brought us to the threshold of the present era.

But before approaching the last decade we must complete the story of Federal relations to the farmer from the Civil War. The law of 1862 establishing the Department of Agriculture launched the program which later developed the scandals of "seed patronage." Yet it is interesting to compare the language of this law with the project outlined by President Washington in 1796. Both, it will be observed, emphasized the information clearing-house idea. This function prevailed as the central objective of our national agricultural policy until the beginning of the bureaucratic

era in the 1880's. Through the annual agricultural appropriations of the Federal government we now may trace the expansion of the farm-aid program through the decades:

Year	Agricultural Appropriations
1839	\$1,000
1850	\$5,500
1860	\$40,000
1870	\$151,000
1880	\$191,000
1890	\$971,000
1900	\$2,947,000
1910	\$12,647,918
1920	\$30,226,626
1932	\$83,171,494 ¹

¹ Appropriations for 1920 and 1932 do not include Federal-aid road funds and special drought and storm appropriations. In 1932 these items aggregated \$222,000,000 in addition to the regular departmental appropriations.

These expenditures mark clearly the three major phases of development in central-government farm policy. The first phase, from about 1750 to 1880, centered on ways and means of stimulating production and improving yields. The second era, from 1880 to 1920, added the regulation of marketing, the establishment of Federal food standards and certified inspection, and the secondary farm aids, such as special agricultural credit machinery on a national basis, extension centers, county agents, and scientific research for the advancement of rural life. These later functions included the Bureau of Home Economics, the Bureau of the Animal Industry, the Food and Drug Administration, the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, the Office of Experiment Stations, and the Bureau of Public Roads.

Since 1920 we have been groping in the third era, an era in which human ingenuity is challenged to distribute rationally the staggering extravagance of nature. Can American politics solve the curse of plenty?

Thus far in our groping we have had but a single light—millions, millions, and yet more millions from the Federal treasury. We have spent neither wisely nor well. We never have had an agricultural measure which embodied anything but a haphazard hodge-podge of political opportunism and economic muddleheadedness. In the Farm Loan Act of 1916 we fought low prices by Federally subsidized farm credits—with which to increase production, and thereby lower prices. In 1923 we heaped the folly of the Intermediate Credit Bank system upon the 1916 folly of the Federal Land Banks. After five years more of political temporizing with devastating economic realities, we enacted the Agricultural Marketing Act of 1929, which, as a result of political compromises in the legislative phase, was neither fish nor fowl. And all of this we have now rolled into two big balls of yarn, and created two new gigantic governmental agencies to essay the unravelling act.

The Farm Credit Administration has a \$2,000,000,000 blank check on the Treasury, and the Agricultural Adjustment Administration has another \$1,000,000,000 check. Hand in hand with a program which calls for the ultimate abandonment of 50,000,000 acres of productive land, we have allocated through the Public Works Administration since last July something more than \$300,000,000 for dams, irrigation, flood control, and soil erosion reclamation—to bring hundreds of thousands of new acres into productivity. After spending \$113,000,000 on the 1933 cotton reduction contracts, we have a slightly larger crop in sight for the current crop year, ending next August, than in the previous year. With cotton at eleven cents a pound by economic hocus-pocus, instead of five cents when the 1933 crop was sown, we shall have a still larger crop in 1935.

In a word, our agricultural policy since 1921 has been consistently absurd. Whenever, because of surplus production and consequent low prices, commercial farm credits became sheer folly, the Federal government stepped in with a new appropriation, the only possible function of which could be to maintain or increase marginal production. Including the current fiscal year, 1934, the total cost of such Federal enterprises since 1921 has been approximately \$3,000,000,000. And now we are only beginning on the really big plan.

III

The roots of our present agricultural dislocation are found in the period 1914-18. The World War reduced European agricultural production by approximately 25% by the end of 1915, and the continued absorption of man power, together with the rapid expansion of the devastated areas, resulted in a 1918 agricultural production which was barely one-fourth of the European normal. Russian wheat, long the dominant European factor in the world market, practically vanished by 1917. Domestic hog slaughter in Germany fell from 20,000,000 head in 1913 to 7,000,000 in 1916, and 2,000,000 in 1919. By the end of 1919, Russia, the Central Powers, and the Balkan countries had not even seed for new cereal crops.

The resultant abnormal demand upon the American farmer set in motion the forces with which we have been struggling in Congress since 1921. Our wheat exports, which averaged 100,000,000 bushels for the period 1910-14, leaped to 264,000,000 bushels annually for 1915-21; oats from an average of 13,600,000 bushels in 1905-09 to roundly 100,000,000 bushels a year for 1915-19. Shipments of pork and its products were multiplied by three, from roundly

1,000,000,000 a year for 1912-14 to 2,700,000,000 pounds annually for 1918-19. Beef exports increased from approximately 160,000,000 pounds a year for 1912-14 to 600,000,000 pounds in 1917-18; butter from 3,500,000 to 30,000,000 pounds a year; cheese, from 2,500,000 pounds to 66,000,000 pounds for 1916-17; evaporated and condensed milk, from 16,000,000 pounds in 1913 to 728,000,000 pounds in 1918; rice from 25,000,000 pounds to an average of 488,000,000 pounds a year for 1919-21; tobacco, from 419,000,000 pounds in 1912-13 to 648,000,000 pounds in 1919-20.

Meatless days and wheatless days at home accounted in part for our ability to meet these emergency export demands, but by far the greater portion came from increased American production. Our harvested wheat area expanded from 50,000,000 acres in 1913 to 74,000,000 acres in 1919; oats, from 38,000,000 acres in 1912 to 44,000,000 in 1918; rye, from 2,000,000 acres in 1912 to 7,600,000 acres in 1919. Thus was European civilization rescued from some of the worst consequences of the war.

But fancy prices were needed to call out such production in America. Between December 1, 1913 and December 1, 1919, the average *farm* price of wheat leaped from 79 cents to \$2.13 a bushel. Corn advanced from 69 cents to \$1.34; oats, from 39 cents to 70 cents; cotton from 12 cents to 35.6 cents a pound. Gross income of all American farmers was reported by the Department of Agriculture at \$6,900,000,000 in 1913, and \$16,900,000,000 in 1919. Land values, of course, skyrocketed with the per-acre earning power. It was a period of the wildest inflation of credit, domestic and international.

To finance this tremendous expansion of the American agricultural plan, tens of thousands of farmers mortgaged clear holdings to acquire additional acreage.

The American farm mortgage burden, as reported by the Bureau of the Census, increased from \$3,300,000,000 in 1910 to \$7,800,000,000 in 1920. In general, these war-time mortgages were based upon the highly inflated land values calculated from the prices necessary to call out the abnormal export production. On the average, according to reports of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, the war-time land prices were approximately 70% above normal; but in the more fertile areas, the boom prices were three or four times the normal. It was the burden of this inflated debt, of course, which became the political hot point of the secondary post-war deflation, which began in 1929. Careful unofficial estimates by reputable government experts indicate that about 95% of these unsupported farm mortgages were held by country banks, the remainder by individuals. That is why, in the decade 1922-32, no less than 8,942 banks failed in the United States. Roundly, 7,000 of these were in the upper Mississippi Valley states, Iowa leading with 750, Missouri next with 541, Illinois third with 537, Minnesota fourth with 487, and so on through twenty states.

IV

But, the political farmer insists today, the war ended fifteen years ago. Did we not suffer our post-war deflation in 1921? We are experiencing now, he contends, not a depression, but the collapse of an economic order. The international economic cycle of the World War, however, conforms precisely to those charted by the most reputable economists for the American Revolution, the Napoleonic wars, the War of 1812, and the War between the States. In this war-and-peace cycle, the primary post-war deflation (like that of 1921) reflects only the precipitate falling demand

incident to the cessation of destruction and the demobilization of the military. The secondary adjustment (severe in the degree that the war is destructive of wealth) follows in twelve to fourteen years, when the combatant nations have re-established their productive plants. Germany, for example, did not attain her pre-war slaughter of domestic hogs until 1928. Russia did not match her pre-war cotton production until 1930, and she is still about 100,000,000 bushels annually below her 1913 wheat production. France did not match her 1913 wheat crop until 1929. Germany still is short 125,000,000 bushels annually of her 1913 rye production. Italy did not match her 1913 corn yield until 1925. Because of the territorial changes affected in the treaties of 1919-20, accurate comparisons in the Balkan countries are impossible, but for the area as a whole the same story of a fourteen-year rehabilitation period is told in scattered trade surveys, League of Nations records, and shipping statistics.

Under a brilliantly planned and perfectly managed world economy, the post-war rehabilitation in the prostrated countries would have been matched, bushel for bushel and pound for pound, by an equivalent contraction of the abnormal export production in the emergency supply countries (United States, Canada, Australia, and the Argentine). Instead, as the old production was restored in Europe, the hastily stimulated war-time export production everywhere fought for its life. World surpluses piled up. There followed the present choking system of tariffs, embargoes, quotas. Prices were beaten down to pauper levels. In every country statesmen demanded, How shall our farmers be saved? At this point (1921-23) the political farmer established himself in America. His works we shall examine later in some detail.

Wheat will serve to illustrate the working of this economic cycle of war. Average *world* production for the three years 1911-14 was 3,800,000,000 bushels. The average for the five years 1919-23 was 3,400,000,000, and for the five years 1923-28, it was 4,100,000,000 bushels. Here, under a Tugwellian planned economy, wheat expansion would have stopped. Considering the increase in population, this level of production represented, roughly, the long-time normal. But by this time the farm-blocs were well intrenched. Governmental price-fixing programs were launched in the United States, Canada and Australia. Meanwhile, the burden of war debts, the resultant exchange difficulties, and the inevitable governmental import controls established by the debtor nations, intensified the impulse the world around for national self-sufficiency. In the face of shrinking export markets, wheat production continued to expand to an annual world average of 4,600,000,000 bushels for the period 1928-32. At the beginning of 1933 there were approximately 800,000,000 bushels of accumulated *surplus* wheat in the granaries of the world, some of it three crops old. (Total American wheat consumption runs about 600,000,000 bushels a year.) And this staggering surplus coincided with very nearly a full year's *world* supply of cotton in the combined international carry-over from 1932.

These figures indicate the surpluses which prevailed in some degree in every major agricultural product. They present the basic world price factors which ruled when American policy finally was directed, in April 1933, to artificial price stimulation through monetary manipulation.

Four secondary factors aggravating the world price equation during this period also should be mentioned, for almost al-

ways they are neglected in current political discussions. First, the steady decrease in American farm horses and mules wiped out demand for the annual production of approximately 30,000,000 acres of land; secondly, our changing food habits reduced the average per capita consumption of wheat from 5.31 bushels in 1909-13 to 4.43 bushels for 1929; thirdly, improved milling technology increased the flour yield of American wheat by about two percent; fourth, our flattening curve of population released 13,500,000 acres. All four of these factors, it will be noted tended to influence prices *downward*. In relation to the major world factors of supply and demand, they were negligible. Yet they further emphasize the economic absurdity of the American political farmer's program of agricultural relief for the years 1921-33, which centered entirely on more and easier farm credits, on bounties, on tariff protection—as if conceived in a suicidal determination to have every known device of artificial price stimulation with which to call out ever greater surpluses.

V

The primary post-war deflation of agricultural prices in 1921 stimulated the organization on a national basis of the new "direct action" farmers' leagues. They had their beginnings in the several States in some 3,000-odd county agents established by Federal appropriations in the Smith-Lever Act of 1914. These new national organizations, the largest of which was the American Farm Bureau Federation, began to function aggressively in Washington in 1920-21. They were unique in that they frankly placed the whole burden of readjustment squarely upon the national government. They demanded one "dirt

farmer" on the Federal Reserve Board, another on the Interstate Commerce Commission, a third on the Supreme Court of the United States.

Nor was it a mere coincidence of history that the establishment of powerful Washington lobbies by several of the national organizations marked the formation of the "farm bloc" in the Senate in 1923. In the next session of Congress began the historic five-year struggle for the McNary-Haugen equalization fee measure, which was vetoed twice by President Coolidge and once by President Hoover. From this point forward the rule of the political farmer has prevailed in all agricultural legislation. As proclaimed in its most effective political shibboleth this rule runs: "Agriculture is the backbone of the nation—[and then *sotto voce*—it must prosper at whatever cost to the Treasury." This is our policy today. And now those who formulated the battle cry twelve years ago are the administrators of the laws as well as their authors.

Here is the frank public statement of Edward A. O'Neill, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, outlining in a nation-wide broadcast on March 30, 1933, the hour-by-hour deliberations which brought the present farm plan into the world:

At the conference called by Secretary Wallace on March 10, attended by thirty-four farm leaders representing practically every national farm organization in the United States, views were frankly exchanged in an effort to work out an effective program. A committee was appointed, made up entirely of farm leaders, and *within two hours* it came back with a definite program, which, after discussion, was agreed upon by the group.

This statement of principles was presented first to Assistant Secretary Tugwell, and then to Secretary Wallace, both of whom approved it. They told us they

would henceforth call this program "their baby," thus assuming full responsibility. On the next day, this program was presented to President Roosevelt by a committee led by Secretary Wallace, of which I was a member. The Department of Agriculture promptly drafted a bill which carried out these principles and submitted it to the President for his approval. We farm leaders were called in by Secretary Wallace and Assistant Secretary Tugwell to go over the bill, and we gave it our approval. President Roosevelt then promptly forwarded the bill to Congress with a brief message urging its early enactment.

Every session of Congress since 1921 has passed at least one general law designed to restore agricultural prosperity. But not until the summer of 1931, when a 17,000,000-bale crop sent cotton down almost overnight from 12 cents to 5 cents a pound, was any Federal agency heard from coast to coast in its demand for voluntary acreage reduction. The mere text of the decade's farm rescue laws makes a printed book of 354 pages. Analysis reveals only three general types of laws. First are those expanding or intensifying functions of the Department of Agriculture in research and the dissemination of knowledge (tending to increase production); second are the laws extending special legal status to cooperative marketing associations (tending to increase farm prices); and third, those creating special credit agencies to finance production or marketing (to maintain marginal production). In the latter category we find, in a perfectly bewildering progression of complexity, the direct participation of the Federal government in price control ventures—from Land Banks to direct Reconstruction Finance Corporation credits, to the Federal Farm Board, to the Agricultural Adjustment Administration, and to the Farm Credit Administration.

In addition to the general relief laws,

Congress has enacted since 1916 no less than thirty-four measures establishing special credit agencies for the exclusive service of agriculture—from Land Banks to Farm Board, to seed-loan agencies, and regional credit corporations. In the spring of 1933 all these wobbly farm-credit agencies, created over a period of seventeen years, were rolled into one new administrative unit, the Farm Credit Administration, to which was added a division for refinancing farm mortgages with bonds directly guaranteed by the Federal government as to interest. The President later recommended that the government guarantee be extended to the principal of these bonds, to the extent of \$2,000,000,000.

The obvious purpose of all legislation involving governmental buying and selling is, of course, to hold prices above the level determined by the world factors of supply and demand. Our political farmers have never yet demanded a Federal agency to hold prices down. The validity of this conclusion appears to be sustained by the fact that the monumental failure of the Federal Farm Board's \$400,000,000 venture in stabilization was answered in Congress in 1933 with a yet more gigantic undertaking in governmental price control.

But since 1921, as since 1839, American agricultural policy, in fact if not in legislative preamble, has been directed toward maintaining or increasing production—in a period when every factor of the price equation has pointed with alarming emphasis to the need for curtailment.

Such are the fruits to date of economic planning by our professional political farmers. When this sort of organized political racketeering is to end depends entirely upon how long 40,000,000 American voters will submit to the annual blackmail by some thirty handsomely paid spokesmen of less than 800,000 organized farmers.

THE ARTS AND SCIENCES

Music

SOME NOTES ON PERFECT PITCH

By LOUIS CHESLOCK

THE faculty of so-called perfect pitch among musicians (that is, their ability definitely to allocate tones from memory) is today almost as much a mystery as it has always been. Despite fifty years of psychological and scientific prying into the phenomenon very little of real value has been unearthed, and still less definitely proved and established. Nevertheless, it is now possible to dispose of some of the illusions concerning it, and to institute in their place the known facts.

To begin with, there is no such thing as perfect pitch. Assuming the tone A above middle C to be 440 vibrations, there is not, and there never has been, an ear that could unfailingly identify it and nothing else to be true A. The same is true for all other tones distinguishable to human ears, roughly about one hundred of them in semi-tones. But this is only pitch identification.

Accurately to produce tones on instruments having only tonal continuity is infinitely more difficult. Imagine yourself blowing for A into the end of a tonal tube having a plunger at the other end, and stopping the plunger at exactly the point of 440 vibrations by ear! Or singing, on command, the G below at exactly 392 vibrations; or any other note within a narrow vocal range of about twenty semi-tones! To do these things is not only more difficult; it is, in fact, absolutely impossible. And further to complicate the busi-

ness there is no universal agreement for a standard of pitch, the present Occidental choices being based on A-440, A-435, or what have you. No human being possesses, or ever has possessed, true perfect pitch, the legends about Bach, Haydn, and Mozart to the contrary notwithstanding.

What is commonly called perfect pitch is really some form of relative pitch, an ability to identify from memory pitches comparatively close to the true tones. There are various kinds and qualities of relative pitch. One, for instance, requires the aid of a starting tone from which higher and lower tones may be judged. Another, posing as absolute pitch, is the ability to identify the approximate pitches without any starting tone, especially on the piano. Now the piano is a tempered instrument, whose tones are not in perfect pitch to begin with. C# and D $\flat$, for instance, are one and the same tone on the well tempered clavichord, as are all the other enharmonic (compromise pitch) tones.

But any ear-talented string or wind instrument player or vocalist would make C# in its movement up to D higher than D $\flat$,—the C# (let us take the one above C-264,—middle C—for illustration) to vibrate close to 278.44 or 281.92 (according to the key in which it occurs), but never so low as 278.12, which is the vibration rate for D $\flat$. The pitch created should have the effect of C# wanting to progress to D, and, contrariwise, D $\flat$ wanting to move to C. These (and many other key and chord relationships and combinations, too in-

volved for inclusion in this short sketch) are subtleties in pitch discrimination not even possible for pianists to practise. They are better than piano or tempered pitch for the very reason that they are less fixed and more musical.

As a rule, pianists acquire pitch identification ability more readily than performers whose instruments do not have fixed intonations. They are not encumbered with so many shades of pitch. Nor are they encumbered with vibrato, tremolo, dynamic, and other changes within the individual tones. They do not need to tune their instruments, and not enough of them know when to have them tuned.

Any test for pitch identification, to be entirely fair, should be given on the instrument the subject plays. The timbre and kinesthetic senses are important elements in stimulating the pitch memory. Thus a good absolute or relative pitcher on the piano may fall short when tried on the tuba, and vice versa. Improvement may set in, of course, in each case as the subject accustoms himself to the above named elements.

Incidentally, it has never, to my knowledge, been scientifically established by precisely what means tone memory is induced in the ear: whether the tectorial membrane of the cochlea is stimulated all the way from the vestibule in the *auris interna*, and extends up to a certain ending point which gives the clue for pitch recognition, or whether only the small isolated area or point forming the local sign is affected. The latter theory seems to be favored at present. In any event, the faculty does not seem to be purely physiological, since through training and experience the musical aural abilities can be cultivated to a certain degree.

According to personal observations about 2% of all music students up to the

age of say seventeen, who have had several years' training, have tonal memory. From seventeen to around twenty-one years of age about 5% have it, and very advanced students and teachers may number about 20%.

But I very strongly doubt that 50% of all professional artists have pronounced absolute pitch. In my opinion, a fine discriminatingly adjustable ear is decidedly preferable and more practical than the ear that knows only definitely fixed pitches, even if the latter were possible.

The uses of tonal memory are extremely limited, and it is in itself far from being, as is generally believed, a sure sign of musicalness, although the total absence of any form of relative pitch can more certainly be taken to prove the reverse. The gift is obviously useful to a certain degree, however, to composers and conductors. On the other hand, its possession can prove decidedly disadvantageous. Some so-called perfect pitchers are greatly disturbed, for example, when transposing music by hearing tones different from those indicated. Picture the maddening effect on a French-horn player transposing the innocent triad C, E, G from a D-horn to A, C#, E on an F-horn and then actually hearing D, F#, A! He'd have to fling himself or his absolute pitch into the river. The gift gives rise, in the worst of its possessors, to the abominable habit of audibly performing note-naming autopsies on the most beautiful of musical creations. I once heard Johannes Brahms's noble Second Symphony thus dissected and desecrated during what would otherwise have been for me an inexpressible delight.

I know violinists and singers who perform miserably out of tune, yet who rarely miss an opportunity to parade their self-styled perfect pitch.

And Beethoven was deaf!

Surgery

THE RADIO KNIFE

BY EDWARD PODOLSKY

THE radio knife had its beginnings many years ago when Musschenbrock, fascinated by the then embryo science of electrology, constructed a jar which he named after his beloved city, Leyden. This was in 1746, but the curious jar that stored electricity was the foundation stone of much that was to follow later. From out of the depths of Musschenbrock's jar Oersted, in 1821, discovered electromagnetic induction, and twenty-two years later the immortal Henry showed that this same jar was capable of discharging electricity with oscillatory vibrations. Hertz, grandfather of radio, went a step further in 1884, and showed that vibratory waves pass from a generator to a distant receiver without electrical connections of any kind.

But before Hertz announced his startling discoveries in electrical waves a physician, William J. Morton, was already applying to medicine the discoveries which came out of the Leyden jar. In 1881, Dr. Morton read before the New York Academy of Medicine an account of his machine which used electricity to cure certain diseases. He used an electric current which oscillated in the neighborhood of 100,000,000 alternations a second. This was a remarkable sort of current, for it had a soft agreeable effect, and the patient suffered no twitching of the muscles when it was applied.

Then came the great d'Arsonval of Paris, who has done more than anyone else to advance the application of electricity in medicine. It was he who demonstrated that high-frequency currents of high tension could be passed through liv-

ing tissue without pain if the alternations were above 10,000 a second. He discovered that this sort of current was capable of producing some rather remarkable effects: the temperature of the body was increased, and the breathing function was improved. He used for his apparatus two Leyden jars.

From then followed improvements in rapid succession. First, Rhumkoff invented his famous coil; then, in 1891, Tesla improved d'Arsonval's apparatus, and two years later Oudin devised a greatly improved resonator. But it was in 1906 that a most significant thing was discovered. Finley R. Cook, while working with a static electric machine, received a superficial burn which gave him an idea. Why not use electricity to destroy tumors and other growths? He developed in time an electric current with which he was successful in destroying small, benign skin tumors, such as warts. A little later he went a step further and began to use his remarkable electric current to remove infected tonsils, as well as in curing piles.

Doyen was much fascinated with Cook's discovery; he improved upon it until the current was made much stronger, and capable of attaining temperatures as high as 600° C. With this more powerful current Doyen was able to destroy cancerous tissues. It was the first time that electricity was called upon to fight cancer.

William L. Clark of Philadelphia went a step further in this direction. He developed from the somewhat crude and cumbersome machines a more compact and powerful apparatus which was capable of developing smoother currents, and with these he was able to attack deep-seated and rather large growths, both benign and malignant.

While the tumor-destroying properties of the electric current were being demonstrated, a third use of electricity was being experimented with. It was found that electricity could be made to cut, as well as to burn. In 1908, de Forrest, father of the radio vacuum tube, was exploring all of its possibilities, and among the most significant of his discoveries was that he was able to secure from the vacuum tube a current which would cut. Together with two other scientists, Neill and Sternberg, de Forrest began to experiment on dogs, making fine, clean incisions that entailed little bleeding. De Forrest was very eager to go on with these experiments, but doctors for some strange reason failed to coöperate. Like so many other great inventors, de Forrest, who had given the radio knife to the world, met with very little encouragement.

But in Germany a little later interest was again awakened in the radio knife. Drs. Cohen and Stoye constructed a radio knife apparatus which they used with great success. Later, Clark in this country made an improved model, but it remained for Dr. George A. Wyeth to bring the radio knife up to its present high standard. Working in the Loomis Laboratory in New York in the summer of 1923, he constructed his own radio knife. He began to use it extensively in his practice and to publish his results, and in a short time the world awoke enthusiastically to the great value of the new surgical device.

Dr. Wyeth had brought the radio knife up to its highest point of perfection. With it the surgeon was able to do what previously he had only dreamed of doing.

What are the advantages of operating with the electric knife? They may be briefly stated as follows: Operations conducted with it are much less bloody than with the ordinary knife, because the elec-

tricity from the knife seals off the small blood vessels as it cuts. The wound that is made is less liable to become infected, because the heat created by the high-frequency knife kills all bacteria. The radio knife also kills all animal cells, a very desirable thing when an operation for cancer is being performed. At the same time all lymph channels are sealed off, and the cancer cells are prevented from entering them, thus shutting off possible metastasis, that is, cancerous growths in other parts of the body.

Operations with the radio knife have also reduced to a minimum all needless injury to the tissues, and for this reason the wounds heal by primary intention and with a scarcely noticeable scar. The electric current also blunts the ends of the nerves that have been cut during the operation and reduces shock to a minimum. Pain following operation with the radio knife is virtually abolished, and a pleasant convalescence is assured.

The value of destroying cancer cells by heat has been known from ancient times. Actual cauterization by flame, and by irons brought to red heat, had been used for centuries. The radio knife in this direction represents a great step forward. It is not, of course, a certain means of cure, and is about as futile as anything else in advanced cases of cancer; it is, however, the best instrument at the disposal of the surgeon for surgical attack on the disease.

In the matter of wounds, the radio knife produces the least damage to the tissue that it cuts. The healing of the electrically-made wound is finer and better. The radio knife has been a godsend to that class of patients, known as hemophiliacs or bleeders. They bleed profusely from the most insignificant wounds. Major operations upon such patients in the days before the radio knife were prac-

tically impossible, or undertaken only with the greatest danger of the patient bleeding to death. What if such a person had an appendix which must come out? There was scarcely a surgeon who would relish an operation upon a bleeder with the ordinary cold scalpel. But with the advent of the radio knife this apprehension is largely a thing of the past. Because that knife seals the blood vessels as it cuts, the danger of hemophiliac bleeding to death is gone.

Thus far we have considered the question of the value of the radio knife in general surgical conditions, in which the ordinary steel scalpel might have served, though with considerably less efficiency. There are certain surgical conditions which must be attacked only with the radio knife; the ordinary knife will not do. In brain surgery the radio knife is the only surgical instrument which can be safely used. Dr. Harvey Cushing, the greatest brain surgeon of all time, reported to the world, in 1928, his investigation of the value of the electric knife in the eradication of brain tumors. Bleeding is a great problem in all cases of brain operation, and the radio knife is the most satisfactory means of controlling this. By means of electrosurgery it has been possible to remove brain tumors which no surgeon would have dreamt of removing by old-fashioned surgery.

Dr. Kirschner, by means of the radio knife, has conquered one of the most obstinate of nerve diseases known, trifacial neuralgia. In the old days many a patient had been operated on for this condition with the ordinary steel scalpel, not only once, but perhaps half a dozen times, with no relief. But Dr. Kirschner, with the electric knife, has been able to effect deep coagulation of the nerve at one sitting with a permanent cure.

Another field of surgery in which the electric knife is supreme is that which involves operations on what doctors call the parenchymatous organs, organs very rich in blood vessels, which with the ordinary knife suffer a considerable loss of blood. The most important of these organs are the thyroid gland, the kidneys, the liver, and the spleen. With the ordinary knife these organs bleed most profusely when cut into. I have seen many a surgeon terrified by the violent and constant gushing of blood which he was not able to control, and very often a dozen or two hemostats (clamps to control bleeding) had to be left in the patient protruding through an open wound. Small wonder that many surgeons did not like to operate on the liver or the spleen. With the electric knife this fear is abolished. One can cut into a highly vascular organ with relative impunity with the electric knife.

In dealing with diseases of the bladder the electric knife is the choice of a great many surgeons. Quite frequently it is not necessary in such cases even to make a wound in the skin; a long tube known as a cystoscope is inserted into the bladder, and all operations are performed through that tube. This transurethral surgery represents one of the greatest advances in the surgical art in modern times.

We have already said something about the great part the radio knife is playing in the conquest of cancer. The greatest problems in cancer have been those concerned with cancer of the rectum, cancer of the intestines, and cancer of the stomach. With the advent of the radio knife not only has shock been considerably reduced, and the dangers of reimplantation of cancer cells practically abolished, but the period of recovery from the operation has been considerably cut.

DESERT PLACES

BY ROBERT FROST

S now falling and night falling fast oh fast
In a field I looked into going past,
And the ground almost covered smooth in snow,
But a few weeds and stubble showing last.

The woods around it have it—it is theirs.
All animals are smothered in their lairs.
I am too absent-spirited to count:
The loneliness includes me unawares.

And lonely as it is, that loneliness
Will be more lonely ere it will be less,
A blanker whiteness of benighted snow,
With no expression—nothing to express.

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—on stars void of human races.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places.

WHO READS MARK TWAIN?

BY CHARLES H. COMPTON

WITHIN the last few years the critics have begun to take Mark Twain to pieces, and the psychoanalysts have begun to psychoanalyze him. Van Wyck Brooks wrote "The Ordeal of Mark Twain," the most humorless of humorless books, to prove that Mark Twain's wife and others cramped his style and made him less than great. Bernard DeVoto wrote "Mark Twain's America," a staccato, machine-gun book, to prove that Van Wyck Brooks is an ass and that the West, in which Mark Twain lived his early years, made him what he was.

In spite of a long, intense interest in Mark Twain, these two books bored me. I believe they would have bored Mark Twain. What he would have said about them would not have bored us.

However, the reading of "The Ordeal of Mark Twain" and "Mark Twain's America" suggested to me to find out whether people are reading Mark Twain now, whether he is retaining the wide popularity that he had when he was living. Accordingly, I examined the records of 3,289 Mark Twain adult readers in the St. Louis Public Library. These do not include thousands of children reading Mark Twain. Without anticipating what the investigation showed in detail, I am sure I am safe in saying, if St. Louis is typical of other parts of America, that Mark Twain is today the most widely read American author, living or dead. By this I mean that, if it were possible to question

all persons in the United States, who can be classed as book readers, as to American authors, some of whose books they had read, Mark Twain's name would top the list.

It is quite possible that a few American writers of popular Western, detective, and romantic love stories are read in more volume than Mark Twain, but each of these writers has a comparatively limited clientèle, whose appetite for that kind of reading is insatiable. If Zane Grey, for example, could write a new thriller every week, his special following would devour it and ask for more. My statement as to Mark Twain's popularity is based in part on library statistics, but more particularly on the opinion expressed to me by librarians who have an intimate knowledge of what people read. The following table is illuminating:

*Number of Copies, Including Duplicates,
in the St. Louis Public Library, of the
Books of Authors Named*

Mark Twain	Sinclair Lewis	Henry James	Ernest Hemingway
1,897	472	388	30

It may be thought that, because Mark Twain was born in Missouri, spent his early years there and placed the scenes of many of his books there, he would naturally be more widely read in Missouri than in other States. My knowledge of reading tastes in libraries far distant from St. Louis, however, does not lead me to believe that his popularity depends to any

extent upon locality. This opinion is confirmed by the replies received from the Newark, Chicago, and New York public libraries in response to inquiries regarding the number of copies on their shelves of the books of the authors just listed:

Newark Public Library

Mark Twain	Sinclair Lewis	Henry James	Ernest Hemingway
1,341*	310	107	101

* In main library 441; in children's room, 900.

*Chicago Public Library**

Mark Twain	Sinclair Lewis	Henry James	Ernest Hemingway
2,655	1,105	200	130

* Figures for the Chicago Public Library represent not actual copies but "a guess as to the number of copies we should probably carry now if we could afford to buy them."

*New York Public Library**

Mark Twain	Sinclair Lewis	Henry James	Ernest Hemingway
122	148	73	70

* Central Circulation Branch.

Boston Public Library

Mark Twain	Sinclair Lewis	Henry James	Ernest Hemingway
1,479	290	272	3

Before telling more about the 3,289 Mark Twain readers in St. Louis, I wish to give two quotations, which seem to me to be apposite. The first is from Mark Twain:

I have never tried, in even one single little instance, to help cultivate the cultivated classes. I was not equipped for it either by native gifts or training. And I never had any ambition in that direction, but always hunted for bigger game—the masses. I have seldom deliberately tried to instruct them, but I have done my best to entertain them, for they can get instruction elsewhere. . . . My audience is dumb; it has no voice in print, and so I cannot know whether I have won its approval or only got its censure.

The second quotation is from Albert

Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain's biographer. In commenting upon the attitude of cultured Boston to Mark Twain, Mr. Paine said:

Of the ultra-fastidious set Howells tells us that Charles Eliot Norton and Prof. Francis J. Child were about the only ones who accorded him unqualified approval. The others smiled and enjoyed him, but with that condescension which the courtier is likely to accord to motley and the cap and bells. Only the great, simple-hearted, unbiased multitude, the public, which had no standards but the direct appeal from one human heart to another, could recognize immediately his mightier heritage, could exalt and place him on the throne.

Why is it that people in the mass discovered Mark Twain and took him to their hearts long before the so-called literary folk accepted him? On the face of it, it would look as if popular judgment was better than the learned. Can that be true? Does the critic accept popular opinion after he is forced to do so? That the people were unerring in their judgment of Mark Twain all are now ready to admit. However, there is another question more difficult to answer. Can the masses separate the wheat from the chaff? What makes a book a classic? Do the masses or the critics decide?

II

Before we take up these questions, let us find out who those 3,289 Mark Twain readers are. From where did they come; from what walks of life; from what occupations, professions?

Let us visualize them, if we can. Let us not merely list them like so many inanimate objects—let us imagine the 3,289 individuals assembled, a small part of the damned human race to which Mark Twain often referred. The damned human

race that he pilloried, understood, and loved. We shall turn the flash-light on these various groups of Mark Twain readers and examine them at our leisure.

Here is the largest group of all: 1,268, made up of students. About 60% of these were high-school students, the rest being college and elementary school and other students. Books taken from children's rooms are not included in these figures. It might be noted in passing that not so long ago "Tom Sawyer" and "Huck Finn" were barred from children's libraries, a fact to which a most amusing reference is made in Mark Twain's "Autobiography," in letters passed between Mark Twain and Asa Don Dickinson, a librarian.

Next to students, the largest class of readers of Mark Twain is made up of office workers, there being 230 clerks, 134 stenographers, 40 bookkeepers, 17 typists, 20 messengers and office boys, 6 dictaphone operators, and 35 accountants.

Salesmen and saleswomen number 175, and engineers 55, of whom 28 are professional.

Another very different group of readers consists of those having to do with automobiles, numbering 65, including dealers, bus drivers, auto mechanics, filling station attendants. Chauffeurs alone number 18.

Yet another group of readers is made up of 23 merchants, 8 bakers, 12 barbers, 7 beauty shop operators, 6 butchers, 16 grocers, 17 druggists, and 5 jewelers.

A group of skilled workmen consists of 37 carpenters and contractors, 17 decorators and designers, 13 draftsmen, 34 electricians, 9 bricklayers, and 20 painters and paper-hangers.

The professional group numbers 102 teachers, 22 physicians, 12 dentists, 15 ministers, 10 other religious workers, 13 social workers, 8 artists, and 5 architects.

An especially significant group at this time is the large one of the unemployed, numbering 317. Evidently Mark Twain is popular with men and women during enforced leisure.

The next group is made up of miscellaneous workers: 48 laborers, 44 mechanics and machinists, 3 laundry workers, 18 housemaids and 1 houseman, 5 bus boys and girls, 5 porters, 12 waiters and waitresses, 9 street car motormen and conductors, 13 seamstresses, 12 milliners, and 10 tailors.

Factory workers alone, many in the shoe industry, number 214.

The business group is made up of 13 bankers and investment brokers, 28 insurance men, 10 manufacturers, 14 advertising men, and 21 executives.

Government employes number 20, not including 25 post-office employes and 12 policemen and policewomen.

Finally, there is a miscellaneous group of readers numbering only a few each, including 2 baseball players, 1 chiroprapist, 1 dancer, 2 detectives, 1 embalmer, 2 elevator operators, 3 gardeners, 2 hucksters, 1 masseur, 4 photographers, 1 poultryman, 1 pugilist, 1 range-rider, and 1 ship pilot.

Now we come to the question whether these readers, as represented here in motley array, discriminate and know which are the greatest of Mark Twain's books. If their reading is a test, they do choose the great from the less great. I shall demonstrate this by telling you the number of readers of each of Mark Twain's principal works.

First comes "Huckleberry Finn" with 657 readers, which almost universally is conceded to be Mark Twain's greatest book. A quotation will recall its flavor:

"But I reckon, I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally, she's going to adopt me and sivilize

me, and I can't stand it. I been there before."

That's what Huck was always fighting against—being civilized—and I suppose that we all have this primitive instinct which makes us adore and envy Huck Finn. Probably now, even more than when they were written, Mark Twain's books are read because they offer an escape from modern life—our so-called civilization. In letters received from Mark Twain readers this desire for an escape was repeatedly brought out.

"Tom Sawyer" is generally recognized as only second to "Huckleberry Finn," and it gets second place, with 455 readers. Next comes "The Connecticut Yankee," with 409 readers, who, I think, have chosen wisely in giving it third place. Perhaps, as some critics maintain, "The Connecticut Yankee" at times approaches the burlesque, but, in my opinion, in no other work does Mark Twain reach a higher rank as a satirist. The following quotation from the book is fitting for the widely varied group of Mark Twain readers:

The master minds of all nations, in all ages have sprung in affluent multitude from the mass of the nation, only—not from its privileged classes; and so, no matter what the nation's intellectual grade was, whether high or low, the bulk of its ability was in the long ranks of its nameless and its poor.

"Innocents Abroad," the first of Mark Twain's travel books and the one that Albert Bigelow Paine believes to be his best, has 382 readers, coming next on the list.

"Pudd'n'head Wilson" follows, with 327 readers. I was surprised at this large number, but pleased, for the character of Pudd'n'head Wilson has always appealed to me strongly. I can imagine that Mark Twain was especially fond of Pudd'n'head

Wilson. The effect of an insignificant event like Pudd'n'head's half dog story ruining his life is typical of Mark Twain's later philosophy, as illustrated more directly in "The Mysterious Stranger." It is not difficult to choose a quotation for the readers of Pudd'n'head Wilson from his calendar: "Nothing needs reforming as other people's habits."

"Life on the Mississippi" has 279 readers, not so many as would be expected in St. Louis.

"Joan of Arc," the book that Mark Twain himself considered his best, has 271 readers. It will never be as widely read as others of his works, but it will always remain one of the most beautiful pictures in literature of that mystical being called Joan of Arc.

The list of other of Mark Twain's books, with the number of readers for each title, is interesting in itself. I shall comment on only a few of them:

"Tramp Abroad"	221
"American Claimant"	189
"Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg" ..	160
"Roughing It"	138
"Tom Sawyer Abroad"	131
"Following the Equator"	119
"Christian Science"	115
"Mysterious Stranger"	111
"Autobiography"	92
"Sketches"	92
"What Is Man?"	35
"Adam and Eve"	23
"Gilded Age"	8

"Roughing It," on its merits, deserves more readers than 138. I am much surprised that "The Gilded Age" has only 8 readers, the book in which Charles Dudley Warner collaborated with Mark Twain. In this book appears the inimitable Colonel Sellers, the best example in all American literature of the get-rich-quick pioneer.

"Following the Equator" is to me one

of the most interesting of Mark Twain's books, although I can understand why it had only 119 readers. It is the most pessimistic of all Mark Twain's travel books. A quotation for these 119 readers is one of Mark Twain's observations on old age:

Seventy is old enough—after that, there is too much risk. Youth and gaiety might vanish any day—and then what is left? Death in life; death without its privileges, death without its benefits.

Mark Twain displayed his philosophy and at times his pessimism in all of his works, but never so much as in these so-called minor books. Three of these stand out: "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," "The Mysterious Stranger," and "What Is Man?" That these books would have as many readers as Mark Twain's better known books could hardly be expected, for their philosophy of pessimism and hopelessness is not popular with optimism-loving Americans. Mark Twain, in a letter to Howells, thus characterizes "The Mysterious Stranger": "A book without reserves—a book which should take account of no one's feelings and no one's prejudices, opinions, beliefs, hopes, illusions, delusions—a book which should say my say, right out of my heart, in the plainest language and without a limitation of any sort."

It would almost appear that writers on Mark Twain had agreed among themselves to make little if any reference to "The Mysterious Stranger." It is a terrible book, beautifully and wonderfully written, born out of intensity of feeling. No book ever moved me so deeply, and I like to feel that these 111 readers of "The Mysterious Stranger" were moved deeply by such passages as this:

For your race, in its poverty, has unquestionably one really effective weapon—

laughter. Power, money, persuasion, supplication, persecution—these can lift at a colossal humbug—push it a little, weaken it a little, century by century; but only laughter can blow it to rags and atoms at a blast. Against the assault of laughter nothing can stand. You are always fussing and fighting with your other weapons. Do you ever use that one? No; you leave it lying rusting. As a race, do you ever use it at all? No; you lack sense and courage.

III

I believe this study of Mark Twain readers indicates in itself that the masses do have a sense of abiding values and that as one measures their taste century by century, not day by day, they can be depended upon to choose books of permanent value. As further proof of this, I quote from some of the letters that I received from Mark Twain readers in answer to a questionnaire that I sent to about 100 of them.

A seamstress writes:

I was quite young, about twelve, I think, when I read "Tom Sawyer," and I've been reading Mark Twain, and re-reading him, ever since. My father was an ardent admirer of Mark Twain, quoting him almost as often as he did Shakespeare. I think I got—or get—more genuine fun from reading "The Connecticut Yankee" than any of his books. While all of his comic writings are a riot, this especially is a howl.

Of course he did not completely express himself. Mediocrity is forever yapping at the heels of genius. No doubt his wife, not being able to write or even think an immortal line of prose, felt herself quite competent to smugly criticize one of the greatest literary geniuses the world has ever known. And I think he was sad, bitter and terribly tired because, like all clowns, he looked for the funny things in life, and having found them he was unable to see just their comical front but must be forever hunting their causes, which are never funny, only bitterly sad.

But, whatever was his reaction to life's

"humor," he expended himself in glorious, immortal books.

A salesman writes:

I started in to read Mark Twain at the early age of fifteen, [and since then have read nearly all of his works.] . . . I found myself, however, always back again to "Huckleberry Finn." I could not tell you how many times I read this book. . . . Mark Twain wrote "Huckleberry Finn" and to me he is for that reason one with the literary immortals.

An unemployed telegraph operator:

I have read quite a few of Mark Twain's books, including "Huckleberry Finn," "Tom Sawyer," "Life on the Mississippi," "Joan of Arc," "The Prince and the Pauper," "The Man That Corrupted Hadleyburg," "Tom Sawyer, Detective," and "The Mysterious Stranger," and I am still looking for some more.

I like him for his deep kindness, his understanding of humanity, his simplicity of writing, his ironical humor, also his straightforwardness in writing. I enjoy the humor he puts into "Huck" and his sailing down the Mississippi in his escape from his father and other things, it makes me feel as though I were with him, which I would like to have been.

I first began to read him when I was twenty-five, but I no doubt would have started long before if I had had the time but I just started the library since I have been unemployed, having been a telegraph operator for nine years.

A chemical engineer:

I was practically raised with "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," and read them as early as I can remember reading anything. I was born in Hannibal, Missouri, and lived there until the age of 18. I have visited Mark Twain's home innumerable times and was often in the cave. . . . The islands in the Mississippi were constant sources of speculation and wonder to me. And I've even attempted rolling rocks off Holliday Hill, but never with the success that Mark Twain describes. Lover's Leap

was a favorite spot for me to sit and gaze off over the river. . . .

I have read, besides—"Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," "Connecticut Yankee," "Roughing It," "Life on the Mississippi," "Innocents Abroad," the stories about Col. Isaiah Sellars, short stories such as the "Jumping Frog," and essays such as "In Defense of Harriet Shelley" and "The Literary Offences of Fenimore Cooper," "Capt. Stormfield's Visit to Heaven," and most of the commoner read ones of that type, also "The Mysterious Stranger," and "What Is Man?," but both of them too far back and at a period when I was too young to appreciate them.

As to the favorites, I still cling to my first loves of Tom and Huck. As to why, probably my childish mentality or perhaps merely because my own boyhood was such that I couldn't do the things they did, which makes it all the more attractive.

A contractor:

I read "Huckleberry Finn" when I was about thirty or forty years old. I enjoyed it very much and read it several times, "very human." The criticism of Mary Baker's Christian Science and "Innocents Abroad" did not appeal to me, for I respect and venerate any one's spiritual views and opinion.

"The Gilded Age" was an intellectual treat to me and I think it could be read in these times we are having with profit as well as pleasure to any one.

A musician:

I read my first Mark Twain at an early age—probably ten or eleven years. I think the book was "Huck Finn," or "Tom Sawyer"—I am not quite sure which. I do remember that it was recommended in school, which probably prejudiced me as I did not care for it particularly.

My second Mark Twain was a "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." That hit the spot. I read and reread that book several times before I came around to "Huckleberry Finn" again. The elements of the fantastic, and our own subconscious feeling of superiority to that

bygone age make this book more enjoyable to the juvenile mind, I think. From that time on, I read all the Mark Twain I could lay my hands on.

It is a pretty big job to say which of Mark's works I like best and why. Probably "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer" will be perennial sources of enjoyment for me. Then "Life on the Mississippi," with its excellent humor, and general high level of writing. I think this book is the best example of Mark Twain's pungent, vivid style.

"The Mysterious Stranger" has often puzzled me. It alone of his books seems to be permeated with a deadly seriousness, and is conspicuous by its absence of fun. It would seem to be the work of an intelligent man who sits down and gives an honest, unglossed picture of mankind's muddling thru an existence for which little justification can be found. The mud-

dling is usually accomplished with the aid of qualities generally denounced—selfishness, avarice, hypocrisy and cowardice—so the picture is neither cheerful nor flattering. These are ideas that most intelligent men experience at one time or another—with different degrees of clarity. The better the mind, the starker reality it sees. It is no small fact that the reality Mark Twain presents in the "Mysterious Stranger" is naked to the point of shockingness for most people.

After reading these letters, do we need to feel concerned about what the critics say about Mark Twain? He has the same place that he has always had in the hearts of the people, and in that place he is secure. As one of my correspondents, a baker of seventy, writes: "Glory to his ashes! If we only had more like him!"

THE EARLIEST DREAMS

BY NANCY HALE

THAT was long, long ago. Your bed was maple, the color of brown sugar, and upon the small round posts of it in the darkness some moonlight danced in the hush, in the quiet. Your mother had rustled away, far away and bright and legendary, and your window stood open to the great stars and the wide dark snow. It was so quiet, and the air of the night and the snow came through the window and smelled so cold, so sweet, and of faraway sad promises. What was it you wanted so? From miles and miles away you heard a late train breathing across the countryside, hurrying distantly through the white winter night to the yellow lights and the little quiet towns. Its whistle blew, so far far away, three times, Ah, Ah, Aaaah. . . . You longed for something, lying still between two smooth slices of sheet, but you could not think what it was, and now you will never know what it was.

Downstairs they were all laughing in the dining-room, and you could hear both the two sounds, the waves of cool mythical laughter underneath your room, and from the back of the house, coming up the back stairs, the comfortable low clatter in the kitchen. Bridie and Catherine, moving about in the hot yellow light in the kitchen, over the dry brown boards of the floor, between the white table and the sink, between the pantry with all the cups on hooks, the bags of flour and the crocks of potatoes and the jugs of

molasses and vinegar that stood in a black cupboard under the marble slab, up a little creaking step to the stove. You thought of the stove, as black as your hat with strange wonderful things to eat steaming in covered pots, and the piles of plates heating up on the shelf at the back. You could hear the footsteps heavy and busy across the old boards, and your heart caught in your throat when they opened the door to go in to wait on the dinner-party, and all the laughter came upstairs suddenly in a gust.

Outside the house a car drove by up the dark road, with a broken chain around its wheel, rapping as fast and muffled as a heart-beat upon the frozen snow, louder and louder, and the lights came in the window and ran along the wall until they came to the bed. For just a minute your bed was blue-white and bright, and then the lights scraped along the other wall, bobbing up and down along the pictures and over the book-case, and ran out of the window so fast. Far up the road the broken chain beat on the snow on the road, further and further and then it was gone away. It was enormous and still outside, deep in the breathing snow, with the stars a million miles deep in the high sky.

They were laughing downstairs. It rang like bells, like the wind running in and out among little bells, fewer and fewer and then all at once another and another until the bells were all tinkling and

singing in different keys. You heard the important clatter of plates, fragile, impossible, fairy plates. What were they all laughing at? Something you knew nothing about, something beautiful and exalted. You wondered why they always laughed so much in the evenings after you had gone to bed. In the lovely evenings, in the pale candle-light shut in from the white night, they were all so beautiful downstairs in their dresses and their little colored slippers. They knew about strange things, places, and shining people, great singers and dancers from Russia, balls in Vienna and cities in China, and they knew slender little jokes that nobody but they could understand. You never knew what they were laughing at when they laughed so long in the evenings.

II

You lay very still in your bed and listened to something, perhaps a dead leaf, perhaps a twig from the top of the house, fall with the gentlest pat upon the surface of the vast, murmurous snow. Forever, all over the round smooth world it was dark and still and beautifully cold, fatefully and eternally hushed; under you only was a house full of lights and the sound of people laughing. Lying there you felt yourself rising higher and higher into the dark sky where the stars shone; where the stars burned like heavenly secrets, high and coldly radiant.

You were suspended in a dark tower above the world. Planets and great winds, chimeras and islands lost under the sea, and archangels striding among the stars. And a great bell tolling.

You heard the peal of the front-door-bell sing through the house, and someone opened a door and all the laughter came

up to you in a clear sudden burst. And then they closed the door, somewhere, and the sound clapped shut, and you could hear them laughing faintly, far away.

You thought about the little animals in the woods beyond the snow, the rabbits packed together in warm clusters in holes, and little mice among the roots of trees. You thought about the unheard fall of cold leaves at intervals, among the trees upon the drifted snow. You thought of the silent woods, where there were no lights and no sound, with perhaps the infinitely small track of an animal running momentarily under the trees in the dark. Beyond lay the meadows rolling over the hills, with the moon shining blank white and pure upon the snow, with the wind sliding like a skimmer over the crust, and the great stars in the sky above the world.

You held the pillow up to your face and fitted it to your cheek, and lay still in the room you knew so well. You alone were alive in this still, unbelievable world, in your own room with its long window.

The moonlight lay along the glass of the pictures and across the bookcase, and you thought about the books in their shelves and the three white chairs and the black table and your desk, all ranged in the darkness around you.

III

Then downstairs someone began to play the piano, and you listened to the muted music. What was it that you did not know about, what was it that you wanted? You knew there was something that the music had known and wept for, something that was over and could never be forgotten, but for you it had never

been begun. You felt so sad, so happy and so sad, because something that was all the beauty and the tears in the world was over, that something lovely was lost and could only be remembered, and still you knew that for you the thing had not yet started. Perhaps you were sad for the regret you knew you would feel some day for this sadness. The music was bitter and sweet and sorrowfully reckless, very fast and resigned and gay in a minor key. You wondered what it was that had made the music so sad, that made you so sad.

Then they stopped playing and it was all still again. The moon moved as slow

as a cloud into the frame of your window, and stood still in the sky outside, and you lay in your bed in the dark and watched the moon. Outdoors the quiet snow and the sky beat like a pulse, and then you heard a leaf scrambling across the crust of the snow, scratching minutely with fingers of wire; it slid, and ceased.

They were all laughing in the drawing-room below. You wondered what they were laughing at, that made the laughter sound so wise, so gay, so confident and foreign. You never knew what things they laughed at when they laughed so long in the evenings, and now you never will know.

SEX AND SOCIAL SERVICE

BY GRACE ADAMS

SOCIAL hygiene, or to put it crudely, sex hygiene, is distinctly, if no longer exclusively, an American phenomenon. This is true despite the fact that no American has yet described the tortures of love as harrowingly as Sigmund Freud and his masculine colleagues in Vienna, or the raptures of love as ecstatically as Wilfred Lay and his feminine followers in London. Yet, notwithstanding our congenital reticence about most erotic matters, America was the first country to found an institution for the express purpose of telling its citizens exactly how they should act and think and feel whenever the "reproductive instinct" was aroused within them.

There are, of course, two simple, logical and mutually exclusive attitudes toward the whole business of sex. You can accept the erotic impulse as one of the most divine of inspirations and allow your neighbor to enjoy it as he sees fit; or you can think of it as a peculiarly horrid invention of the devil and try to keep your neighbor from enjoying it at all. But when you begin to talk about the "grandeur of sex" and the "marvel of reproduction," when you describe sexual intercourse as a "respectful, reverent, wonderful, spiritual achievement," and then attempt to legislate against it, you have a real problem on your hands. To enforce your opinions you need an organization and a purpose. The American Social Hygiene Association is such an organization; and

"our aspiration," in the words of Dr. Edward L. Keyes, Jr., one of its most distinguished presidents, is "to turn lust into love."

The Social Hygiene Association, according to the date on its charter, was founded in 1914, but the history of this "movement for social morality," as Dr. William F. Snow, its "indefatigable General Director," has so well described it, goes back much further. The first organization in America, or for that matter in the world, to "devote its attention" exclusively to the less lovely manifestations of lust was the American Purity Alliance, founded in 1876 but converted after thirty-six years of unselfish service into the American Vigilance Association. When in 1914 this venerable society was merged with the American Federation for Sex Hygiene—which was itself the product of several previous mergers of "pioneer" sex societies—the American Social Hygiene Association was officially born.

The adoption of the adjective "social," instead of the more specific and informative "sexual," to describe the Association's many activities came about only after long and serious deliberation. And it adequately represents the sex crusaders' true feelings about the nature and importance of their mission; for, as Mrs. Woodallen Chapman, spokesman for Social Hygiene's Section on Women's Work, has explained to her large and eager audiences: "These creative organs are not

given to you for your own pleasure; they really belong to the race." Or as Dr. Snow put it squarely and axiomatically to the guests at President Hoover's historic White House Conference on Child Health and Protection: "By facts and deductions fairly drawn youth must be taught that sex normally involves at least two individuals, and since society means a group of two or more individuals, it follows that the great sex problems are social problems."

II

The American Social Hygiene Association's first and best beloved president was Dr. Charles W. Eliot, the sage of Harvard. He wrote the first article for the magazine which the society launched in 1914. In its opening paragraph are to be found these revealing words: "The remarkable progress of medicine, and especially preventive medicine, imposes on society new duties and responsibilities with regard to the toleration of vice."

In that simple, if somewhat ambiguous, sentence lies the true motive for the inception of the social hygiene movement, and for all its far-reaching and florid developments. Until preventive medicine had become so impudently dangerous, the duty of all those who dedicated themselves to the task of converting lust into love was plain and easy to fulfill. The most they had to do was to repeat and elaborate upon Dr. Wingfield Scott Hall's pious dictum: "Nature has devised a retribution for illicit intercourse in the form of venereal disease."

By the time the Federation for Sex Hygiene had joined forces with the Vigilants, however, the more general use of prophylactics had rendered this dictum, if no less terrible, decidedly less true. And

so in 1914 we find Dr. William Trufant Foster, president of the Pacific Coast Federation for Sex Hygiene and vice-president of the Simplified Spelling Board, gravely warning his colleagues that in the "relentless battle against vice . . . we must face the need of higher motives than the fear of disease, for science may at any time discover positive safeguards against contagion."

Not that the social hygienists have shunned these safeguards. Far from it; within their ranks are to be found the most enthusiastic Wassermann-testers and salvarsan-injectors in the world. And during the present economic crisis the association is unselfishly, if just a little grudgingly, cutting down the appropriations for its more pious "programs" so that free venereal clinics may not lack their necessary drugs. And yet the sex crusaders have never felt quite easy in their consciences about thus interfering so drastically with God's retributive plans, for as Dr. Snow has so well said, the American public has a right "to safeguard something it holds far more precious than health, namely the morals of the community."

The association's methods of protecting this precious commodity have been various. At first Dr. Foster advocated "a campaign of pitiless publicity" against all indulgers in extra-marital sex. But Dr. Eliot, with characteristic New England decorum, and in accord with the original policy of the Purity Alliance, looked with less favor upon the press than the law. Accordingly, he instructed his followers that one of their most urgent duties was "to devise and advocate police procedure and effective legislation in regard to vice." Whereupon the association immediately organized a Department on Law Enforcement—whose first task became one of advanced lexicography.

When the hygienists looked into the matter, they discovered to their horror that backward State legislatures still defined prostitution according to the dictionary—that is, as the “common lewdness of a woman for hire”—and the discovery shocked them into action. They wanted the legal meaning of the word extended to include “the giving or receiving of the body for indiscriminate intercourse without hire,” and the male receiver to be held as culpably vicious as the female giver.

It was not until some three years later, in 1917, when the passion for purity swept the nation along with the lust for blood, that many States were willing to translate these charitable ideals into laws. But in the meanwhile the members of the association busied themselves with making yet further extension of an old and established noun. The late Dr. T. W. Galloway, the educational director, insisted that “multiple wives, concubines and mistresses” be included among the many “forms of prostitutes.” And Dr. Paul Popenoe, who besides being the Social Hygienists’ executive secretary is also secretary of the Human Betterment Foundation, director of the Institute of Family Relations, and an international authority upon date growing, declared that “free love” must be equally condemned, because it was a heathenish idea, “separated from the patronage of prostitution by a line that is, in practice, thin and shifting.”

Not all the “programs” of the association, however, have been so militantly combative as that for law enforcement, because, as Dr. Snow is forever pointing out, “Social Hygiene is essentially a constructive movement.” And as early as 1915 Dr. Keyes was able to pay his fellow workers this glowing tribute: “They are striking the evil at its source; not by driv-

ing the prostitute into the street and then out of it again, but by preventing our young girls from becoming prostitutes, and our young men from preying upon them. This they hope to achieve by informing the mind so as to banish prurient curiosity.”

Informing the mind in this chaste fashion has proved not only a fascinating but a highly profitable occupation for the more literate among the association’s 12,000 members. During less than twenty years they have written, published and distributed (at 10 cents each, 80 cents a dozen, \$5 a hundred, \$25 a thousand) millions of educational pamphlets bearing such inspirational titles as “Sex in Life,” “Education for Marriage,” “The Sex Problems of Youth,” and “Why Let It Burn?”

The keynote of this eagerly purchased literature is to be found in these memorable words of Dr. Popenoe: “The value of sexual intercourse as an experience, in the development of one’s personality, must not be underrated. But this value does not exist when it is looked upon, by either the married or the unmarried, as a mere exciting episode . . . As a mere good time . . . it is not, psychologically, on a much higher level than masturbation.”

III

Naturally, the world was not converted overnight to these high notions of sexual morality, but in 1916 Dr. Snow was able to wind up his official report upon his association’s activities with this confident statement: “The future seems full of promise.” That such faith was not unwarranted was proved dramatically just one year later when this same gentleman announced triumphantly to his followers that the United States of America had declared war not only upon the Central

Powers but upon the very Kingdom of Evil—and had already enacted the necessary laws for keeping its stalwart military out of “bar-rooms, brothels and bawdy houses.” “In this matter,” Dr. Snow explained, “our government has taken action far in advance of any taken by other nations. Other nations have assumed that vice cannot or should not be suppressed and have confined their efforts to dealing with its consequences—with disastrous results as the facts show. Our government now assumes that vice is not necessary and seeks not merely to minimize its consequences but to eliminate vice itself.”

Dr. Snow was immoderately modest in giving credit for this unique assumption to such an impersonal agency as the government. The facts show equally conclusively that he himself was highly instrumental in making the boys of the A.E.F. the most righteous soldiers who ever set forth to kill their fellow men. The year before, 1916, when the militia had been ordered to the Mexican border, the Social Hygiene Association and the International Committee of the Y.M.C.A. “in joint cooperation” had decided to go along, too, and “direct the moral welfare of the soldiers.” In this noble undertaking the Y boys were represented by Dr. M. J. Exner, that veteran instructor in physical culture and “pioneer in sex education,” and the hygienists by Dr. Snow. As soon as they reached the border and witnessed the scandalous goings-on, they realized that the task was a little too large for even them to handle. So they hotfooted it back to Washington to “lay the matter squarely before the Secretary of War.”

The War Department had just “become thoroughly aroused as to its responsibility” in ending the “unspeakable immoral horrors,” which Drs. Exner and Snow were describing, when it found itself

mobilizing still another army and exposing not thousands but millions of fighting men to the evils of liquor and loose women. The upshot of this coincidence was that the President of the United States and all his Cabinet ministers, both houses of Congress, the Council of National Defence, the General Federation of Women’s Clubs (which “willingly sacrificed pre-arranged programs on the altar of patriotism”), the Young Women’s Christian Association, the Traveler’s Aid Society, the Intercollegiate Alumnae, the Woman’s Christian Temperance Union and the California State Board of Health, all “placed themselves on record as favoring an active campaign to protect the American troops from vice”—and Dr. Snow became, in rapid succession, a colonel in the army, the secretary of the General Medical Board of the Council of National Defence, and the chairman of the Executive Committee of the United States Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board, which was organized in 1918.

The ostensible purpose of this Interdepartmental Board was “the defending of the army and navy from military diseases and especially from the venereal disease.” To this end a goodly portion of the millions of dollars, which soon began to flow into the hands of its treasurer (who was also the treasurer of the United States) was donated to military hospitals and medical institutes. It was not long, however, before the board solemnly decided that “delinquent women and girls” formed the most serious “menace to soldiers and sailors,” and it started after the chippies with pious and patriotic wrath. It was in the pursuance of this noble and Christly work that the Social Hygiene Association’s Law Enforcement Map was created. This huge chart, with its easily removable clusters of red, yellow and

white pins, still hangs on a conspicuous and readily accessible wall in the national headquarters in New York and indicates "at a glance just where public opinion supports prostitution and where it condemns it."

But the Interdepartmental Board was not satisfied with harrying the joyous ladies whose "vice" was both acknowledged and truly commercial. It also had an elaborate espionage system for detecting those less mercenary young women who in more recent years have become known as "amateur competitors." Not only were the M. P.'s, the Traveler's Aiders, and those legions of club women, who had so bravely sacrificed their prearranged programs upon the altar of patriotism, requested to "report girls of whom they were suspicious," but a special corps of "under-cover investigators . . . were assigned to the duty of securing accurate information concerning them."

These "special agents" must have had remarkably high-powered bicycles, for though there were never as many as forty in the employ of the board at any one time, within two years, and working in 777 different cities, they verified the presence of "1,806 prostitutes in hotels, 1,149 in rooming houses, 5,964 on the streets, 1,084 in dance halls and theatres, and 1,675 in cafés, cabarets, and restaurants."

But their curiosity was not appeased by their investigations of such public places. Their diligence tormented not only "suspicious girls" living alone in sordid furnished rooms, but even those still sleeping fairly regularly within the sanctity of their parents' homes. The "women agents of the board" who did the "follow-up work" for the male investigators, demanded as detailed "case histories" from "suspicious" stenographers and nursemaids as they did from cabaret waitresses

and dance-hall hostesses. No matter how few their offences or how free from infection their bodies, some 20,000 of these unlucky girls had to submit to a "social treatment" of "rehabilitation and readjustment."

One might think that such abundant and delectable snooping would have completely sated the patriotic zeal of those energetic ladies who composed the Section of Women's Work of the Social Hygiene Division of the Commission of Training Camp Activities of the United States War Department. But it did not. No sooner had these earnest workers begun to give serious thought to the subject of "military menaces" than they came to the conclusion that the well-bred girls of America constituted a peculiarly subtle and dangerous one. The especially gifted members of the Section on Women's Work were then dispersed throughout the country to persuade débutantes and college girls to sit up straight when they talked to their soldier beaux, so as not "to stimulate the lower passions and desires," and to pull away to a safe distance when they danced with them, in order "to avoid everything that is physically suggestive." Overcome by fervent love of their nation, the belles of the Junior League in New York City were induced to scrap the lovely dance frocks their mamas had got them from Paris and to hide their budding charms beneath the dowdy if "modest party gown" especially designed for them by the Social Hygiene Association.

IV

But of all the accomplishments of the Section on Women's Work by far the most eloquent was Mrs. Woodallen Chapman's clarion oration against the "Kaiser's

game." This burning warning was distributed in pamphlet form by the War Department and was assiduously memorized by both male and female Y.W.C.A. lecturers, who bellowed and simpered and smirked it forth in most of the feminine college chapels of the land.

"You have a duty which is peculiarly your own, young women of America," it began. "You cannot escape it.

"Girls today are mightily attracted by the uniform. Many of them, unfortunately, are running after the boys in khaki. This conduct may give them a few hours of what they call fun, but it is cheapening womanhood in the eyes of our young manhood, and is creating a condition of danger for all young women—and for the young men as well.

"These boys, away from home, away from the normal joys of life . . . should not have their sex instincts stirred by those who look upon acquaintanceship with them as just an opportunity for a lively flirtation. A girl who follows that idea is, in reality, 'playing the Kaiser's game.'

"She may not intend to allow herself to do anything really wrong when she starts in 'spooning.' She feels sure that she can hold things in check so that she can have all the fun, as it seems to her, of playing at love, without crossing the border line of virtue. But suppose she is really able to play this dangerous game and come through safely—a thing that hundreds of girls have attempted to do and *failed*. Even though she has escaped the final disaster, what has she done to the young man? She has stirred his feelings to their depths, aroused his passion until he can no longer control it. She has been able to resist his advances, but he goes from her presence almost overwhelmed by the desire for physical gratification which she has aroused.

"It may not be difficult for him to find that gratification. There are women who have fallen so low that they will sell their bodies, and they are often only too easy of access. Suppose he loses his self-control and succumbs to the temptations that are strewn in his pathway. We despise the prostitute who gives him the gratification he seeks, but is the girl free from blame who aroused within him that desire?

"No! She has been playing the Kaiser's game, for she is the one who made it so overwhelmingly difficult for him to obey the orders laid upon him by the army or navy, to *avoid the risk* of venereal infection. Every man who is made unfit to fight by disease is just as thoroughly disposed of as though he had been hit by a German bullet.

"Do you know that, in the army today, they call a man a slacker who allows himself to become infected with one of these diseases? What, then, is the girl who first started him in the pathway that led to his failure to do his duty? Does she not deserve the name of *traitor*, in that her actions have resulted in giving aid to the enemy of her country? She has failed it in its hour of need."

All in all, the years from 1917 to 1920 were the happiest through which the Social Hygienists were privileged to live. Not only were they spending hundreds of thousands of patriotically contributed dollars to the delightful cause of striking equal terror into the hearts of hardened bawds and innocent school-girls, but they also had the delirious pleasure of welcoming and hastening the dawn of Prohibition. As the good and great President Eliot had assured his followers that "in the white race the connection between drinking alcohol and prostitution is intimate," they concluded jubilantly, and with admirable logic, that "when the organized

liquor traffic disappears . . . the traffic in sex demoralization will find its main outward defences and its most trusted reënforcements destroyed by a single blow."

In April, 1919, anticipating the golden age a trifle, Robert A. Woods contributed to the *Journal of Social Hygiene* a stirring prophecy called "Prohibition and Social Hygiene." Mr. Woods was not only sure that the Volstead Act would put an end to saloons and brothels, drive the floosies from the hotels and the libidinous artists from "these so-called 'bohemian' resorts where one sits amid the glow of illicit passion"; he foresaw it reducing even the snootiest set to morality.

"It is by no means amiss to refer to the purification which the absence of alcohol will bring to many distinguished occasions under the auspices of aristocratic society," he proclaimed with uncanny insight. "The freedom with which champagne flows at dances given among select circles; the open-handed encouragement by hosts to the young guests to partake liberally of this phase of hospitality; the not infrequent state of intoxication in which, as the night wears on, the young men, thus excited, after the company breaks up, have recourse to prostitution; the moral danger, even, in which the young women stand:—Prohibition will happily change all this."

V

The sex hygienists did not, in the meanwhile, fold their hands and patiently wait for this miracle to come to pass. They still had work to do—and lots of cash with which to do it. Though the Interdepartmental Social Hygiene Board had been created in 1918, it took almost a year for it to get down to serious business, and it did not reach its financial peak until late in 1920. By then, of course, there were

comparatively few untried soldiers and sailors to be protected from feminine menaces. But the board saw no reason, on that account, for turning its millions of patriotic dollars back to their eager donors. It simply decided to use them "for the protection of civilians" (and, it might be added, for their detection, too). So the undercover agents were retained, reënforced and instructed to redouble their "search" by keeping their eyes alertly cocked upon "hotels . . . dance halls, cabarets, amusement centers, public gatherings and public events," as well as "elevator boys, taxicab drivers, hotel clerks, pimps, and other procurers." So well did the agents carry out their order that in the month of January, 1921, alone, they caused the arrest and incarceration of 607 women and 1,401 men.

Even with all the legal expenses which such diligent work entailed, the social hygienists still had more money on hand than necessary. This they diverted to the project that had, from the first, been dearest to their heart: the banishing of prurient curiosity. During 1920-21 the Interdepartmental Board generously distributed \$426,626 among 39 normal schools and universities for the purpose of making undergraduates more conversant with the facts of life.

Moreover, back in July, 1919, the Social Hygiene Association had received a generous allotment to be used in acquainting the soldiers and sailors with the more intimate details of birth and conception and what not. The association had spent the money wisely, paying \$11,000 for having sex pamphlets printed in Yiddish, Spanish and Italian. It also expended \$15,000 in making a series of tasty and informative motion pictures.

Unfortunately, however, the war was over long before the final moral fade-outs

of the sexy movies had been filmed. But the association did not on that account scrap them. It offered them to the entire country, and their subsequent showing in many rural communities caused more excitement than the most violent of protracted meetings. The projecting machine was carted about on a special car and set up in any available auditorium, church or schoolhouse. In the hills of North Carolina, which boasted no such edifices of culture, the harrowing episodes of "The End of the Road" were cast upon wavering bed-sheets which had been hastily swung over the chinks in tobacco barns.

With so much erotic information being propelled at high speed, and in many languages, throughout the country, it was urgent that the social hygienists decide once and for all at just what age definite instruction in sexual knowledge should begin. During his reign Dr. Eliot had implored his followers to "proceed conservatively and gradually in this matter," and to allow children to grow to college age before revealing to them the deeper "mysteries of reproduction." But the giant Sex Education Conference, which under the auspices of the Social Hygiene Association and the Young Men's Christian Association met in Washington in 1921, decided overwhelmingly against him. Present at the conference, and teeming with ideas, were most of the more advanced "educators" in the country, psychologists, psychoanalysts, biologists, Sunday-school teachers, physical trainers, instructors in high-school English, Boy Scout Masters, and Ethical Culturists.

Their voluminous "Findings," three times revised, were eventually published at the Social Hygiene Association's expense. They revealed that these up-and-coming educators agreed almost unanimously with Dr. Galloway's dictum that "the child

is sexed through and through at conception" and "finds himself at all times and everywhere in an environment which is full of sex," and with Colonel Snow's striking corollary: "Sex education from infancy is inevitable." Accordingly they recommended strongly that sex education begin at the mature age of one year, and named, as the "proper agencies" for imparting this urgent information, the home, the kindergarten and the Sunday-school.

This much was settled, presumably for all time, but the means by which the "knowledge of the origin of life" and "the simple facts of fertilization and reproduction" were to be implanted were not made dogmatic. Different authorities have advocated different methods. Mrs. Margaret Sanger approves telling the story of "Mr. and Mrs. Buttercup, their home and their family," passing from these "insect-loving" flowers to those which are fertilized by the wind or "wind-loving," and on through Mrs. Frog and the prolific Mrs. Fish to the home life of Father and Mother Bird to, at last, the child's own body.

Dr. Galloway, however, favors foods above flowers and advises starting with the love life of the strawberry and progressing upward, through the apple and the chestnut, to corn. But Mrs. A. Haasis, that most modern of educators, believes in dispensing with fancy story telling and getting down to practical realities right away, by introducing into the home "Miss Felina, a winsome tabby kitten, and Mr. Felix, a handsome tortoise-shell cat," and letting the children see what they may see.

She warns us, however, that this "method would be dangerous for parents who are not equipped with pretty complete and accurate information, for one must be prepared to advance from the

particular to the general, from 'Do all cats—?' to 'Do all animals—?' and also to 'Do people—?' The real test comes when a child advances still further, from general to particular, and asks, as did one of ours, 'Did you and Daddy—?' "

VI

Though this emphasis upon the love-life of flowers, foods and fishes has evoked the social hygienists' highest enthusiasms as well as their most vivid powers of imagination, it has proved to be a rather unsuccessful method of implanting the ideals of monogamy into the minds of the curious young. The nature writers can speak of Mrs. Buttercup and Mrs. Frog and Mrs. Chestnut just as long as they have the breath to do so, but they cannot ever, in the interest of scientific honesty, prove that these charming folk have been legally married. And a child, bright enough to ask "Did you and Daddy—" is not at all unlikely to notice this omission.

So the social hygienists have been put to it to demonstrate in various and wondrous ways that "illegitimate intercourse" is "scientifically unhygienic" and immoral.

Dr. Galloway tries to strike terror into the hearts of all future brides and bridegrooms by proclaiming that "the necessary feelings for a mate cannot be complete and permanent and of uniform and assuring character, in the face of a life of lust before marriage and of philandering during marriage. This truth has not come about by artificial conventions imposed upon us by reformers; it rests on inevitable biological and psychological facts." Dr. R. C. Bull, famous for his intimate talks to college boys, goes still further in this "factual" argument when

he declares: "Illicit intercourse not only has a deleterious effect on the morals of the individual so indulging, but also excites the animal passions and stimulates the glands of the reproductive system to such excessive activity that it may lead to their permanent impairment."

Dr. Popenoe is inclined to be more broad-minded than his fellows when he admits fairly that the celibate "develops into a contemptible old granny, thinking only of himself; an introvert, as the psychologists say; often a woman hater and a chronic masturbator." And yet he, too, asserts with the same bland assurance that "incontinence, in the sense of illegitimate sexual intercourse, is likely to be much more harmful in every way than continence."

It is this gospel of chastity which the social hygienists are still, by means of pamphlets and posters, preaching to their fellow citizens, and which recently, but with dubious success, they have carried to the citizens of other nations. The chance for this broader missionary work came in 1923 when the League of Nations decided that a report upon the White Slave Traffic might make for more amiable discussions than those occasioned by war debts and treaties. The American Social Hygiene Association awoke immediately to its opportunity and offered the League \$75,000 for the purpose.

The committee appointed to carry out this provocative work had on it several members from countries that actually belonged to the League, but their chairman and guiding spirit was, appropriately enough, Colonel Snow himself. All "investigations on the spot" were made under his "personal supervision and direction." And his two-volume report upon his international peep-show, bristling as it does with such scientific phraseology as "sor-

did," "shocking," "repellent," "repulsive," and "vile," forms a lasting memorial to his incorruptible sexual idealism.

For some two years Dr. Snow and his crew of American "investigators" traveled back and forth between South America, the Near East and Europe, making "contact with the underworld," and studying not only the "incoming and outgoing traffic," in twenty-eight different countries, but, and especially, their "internal conditions" in regard to prostitution, alcohol and obscene publications. After visiting 112 cities and interviewing over 6,000 vicious persons, Dr. Snow finally concluded, though he could give "no exact figures," that "many hundreds of women and girls . . . are each year transported from one country to another for purposes of prostitution." But the publication of the "sordid details" concerning "the national aspects of prostitution" in every country visited did nothing to increase the amity of nations. And the wails of protest which went in to the League as a result proved conclusively that a large portion of the Western world is still so unregenerate that it can neither comprehend Dr. Snow's standards of social morality nor credit his methods of obtaining "evidence" to support them.

Aristide Briand, replying for France, was suave and self-controlled when he declared that he "must protest strongly against the publication of . . . the report which conveys a general picture which does not in the least represent the facts." But other nations became more violent. The Argentine government asserted that Dr. Snow's investigators had been wasting

their time during their three months participation in the night life of Buenos Aires, because, according to their own statistics, the foreign women encountered there had "not been chaste when they entered the country," and consequently could have had "no connection with the White Slave Traffic." And as for the statement that the prostitutes in its capital were numerous—what of it?, the Argentine government wanted to know. Could not this strange gentleman from the North understand that the ladies of joy in that fair city were "proportionate to the quality and nature of the population, which contains an enormous percentage of foreigners and of bachelors who . . . are unable to marry and settle down?"

The Hungarian government was even more incensed because the famous "Police des mœurs" of Budapest were accused of being lax in regard to "supervision." If "the expert" had taken the trouble to inquire, its chargé d'affaires indignantly assured the League, he would have discovered that during 1925, alone, 3,105 sentences of imprisonment were passed "upon prostitutes who were guilty of unseemly behavior in the streets." And then the chargé d'affaires put to Colonel Snow this poser: if it is only after "a long and discreet investigation" that the forty-one "Police des mœurs" can decide with certainty whether a woman walking about in the streets is or is not a clandestine prostitute, how could a single American gentleman during a stay of a day or two have gained sufficient experience to justify him making categorical statements about prostitutes abounding in the streets of the capital?"

LADY AUTHOR

BY EVELYN SCOTT

THE light was teasing her closed eyes. She opened them on trees. Her sleeping porch at the rest cure had so many trees around it that she seemed to live in their boughs. There was a chaste, sweet excitement in pretending that this was her place, where unconcerned birds chirruped and flitted quick tails, where chipmunks galloped lightly up vertical roads, squirrels rasped their frantic angers, and the sky, hanging above everything, was a blue lake, high in the air. Then her own name, Stella, spoke of something as far off as the stars, which, before she had gone to sleep the night before, had threaded the pines with their rays. Stella was nobody's name. And what had happened to Stella Sommers in the last year could make no difference to Stella herself.

When she had arrived here, after a victorious acceptance of her defeat, there had been nothing in her bones but weariness, nothing in her heart but the ache Bernard had put there when, after supporting her ambition with his bold extravagance of praise, he had turned on her and had despised her aloud. I can't have you, so I'll destroy you! And that was what he had intended. He was that kind of person—a poet drunk on egoism. For a long while, she had hated his beautiful young phrases, because they were lies, and lied about her. He had meant to outrage her, and he had succeeded. Aghastness and deep incredulity still filled her when she recalled his fantastic, possessive eagerness, with its ac-

companiment of an irrational contempt for her—especially for what she wrote. He had actually believed that she loved him so much she would give up being everything which was really herself in order to become a woman stamped with his approval.

But at this hour of the morning, Stella shed the self that wanted recognition, and with an ache of extravagant expectancy, prepared to write again. She mustn't become too fixed in the idea that these weeks in the sanatorium put her to a test. She mustn't regard this period as time given her, after the mess of her divorce from Philip, to prove to him, and to her father, that she was neither wife nor daughter, but something the two, in their masculine self-centredness, had never clearly recognized. She was a grass widow, technically, who had assumed her maiden title, and her anonymity seemed to hang over her with the threat of extinction. Just as, once, being Professor Sommers's daughter, the radiance shed from her father's fame had almost obliterated her personality.

Professor Sommers's daughter! Professor Porter's wife! These descriptions had, in the beginning, spelled all she had dreamed of as attainments. She had grown out of them desperately, and forced others to discard them as she now discarded them formally. If she had not discovered, through the accident of Philip Porter's infatuation with her, that she could attract men, and had not been assured, by the

spectacle Bernard had made of himself, that she could be the cause of violent passions, she might never have accumulated enough conviction about herself to persist with her ambition. Through her slow recognitions of weakness in others—especially in men—her strength had increased. To see intelligent people turning to her and behaving like fools had reassured her quailing self-esteem.

But the story of herself as Professor Sommers's daughter and as Professor Porter's wife could not be written for a long, long while; and not, perhaps, until she knew the end. And when she tried to understand what Bernard represented in her mind, she seemed to look into an ugly chasm. At the bottom, somewhere, lay the deceptions Father had practised, when he had schemed to keep her at his side forever. At last, thank God, she realized his querulous old age, and knew that her rebellion, unsuspected when she was his docile companion, grieved him only selfishly. She was glad of the savage lust for survival which had sprung, untaught, out of her grief. From her conviction that none of those who had wanted her really loved her, came the new courage to stand up for herself.

In the first weeks here, her breakfast, brought to her room, had not been eaten to appease a healthy hunger, and the gush of energy which sent her out of bed today was like a sudden, unanticipated blessing. Only as her pyjama trousers slid from her hips and fell into silk nests surrounding her bare feet, did the consciousness of dreaded self return. For whenever she glimpsed, not quite advertently, the shocking, pale reflection of her nakedness, she thought helplessly of Mr. Gates, the new patient. His wistful admiration for her, expressed in glances of a shy bravado, though it was insignificant to Stella Som-

mers, the artist, dragged on her fancies as with binding, too familiar chains. Not that she would deny that she was vain. Even at thirty, she was still a woman—not the echo of a library! But she remembered Bernard, and regretted emotions which had slipped away and left no residue to be put in words. And Mr. Gates's fondness for her company produced, somehow, while she accepted it insatiably, a faint hostility.

Still, she was grateful for the disguise of mere prettiness. The low-backed tennis frock which she was slipping on dared more for her than she had strength to do. She gazed, with fretful absorption, into her own reflected eyes, blue, limpid, yet over subtle in their isolated sorrow. Some secret they were telling her eluded her. It was as if Mr. Gates, too often present, got in the way. This cluttering of her imagination annoyed her, made her obstinate; and it was like the signal for a war when she began to spread the lipstick on. The false impression she would make as ingénue seemed revengeful. With it, somehow, she would collect a debt—from *men*! A debt long overdue!

Ripe for the morning solitude, she snatched up her notebook.

II

Her notebook resting on her crossed knees, Stella sat on a stone bench in the Ridgetop gardens. Ahead of her a fountain spent a diamond murk across a slimed basin. When she turned her head and gazed from a certain direction, the mist loomed, sternly definite: a rainbow, all its dazzling colors purely stressed. Clouds had already begun to crowd on the early sun, and the light would glare for an instant, then become thoughtful and dire. Beyond the flower beds, seedling grass, languid

under its weight of dew, breathed mauve fog in its plumed tops. The windless air raced with insects: butterflies meandering on colorless, pale wings; bees hovering but scarcely buzzing at all; wasps floating around the stunning white shoal of spirea bushes: a thousand small things moving here and there secretly, preparing for a shower. The young day felt the shadow of an approaching mild disaster. And Stella felt it, with a rapturous dread, as if she were stealing it from other patients who were still receiving treatments and would not rise before noon. Every part of her body tingled with love for the chill of the hour; and this sound wakefulness of returning health seemed something preciously salvaged, after all that had happened to her, when, only recently, she had been like a corpse. It was as if Mr. Gates, arriving on Friday, meeting her at dinner, and *seeing* her, had supplied a needed reminder that she had not altered outwardly unless for the better. And his sober eyes, above his grin, had been a testimony to something which she would not have dared to hope. She had commenced, almost upon the instant, to feel her old self.

But she was unappreciative. Because, for the third time already, footsteps were smacking the gravel path (dying away, coming closer, dying away), she could spin no more than a few cadenced sentences from the skein of her mind; and she had tried futilely to link dramatically, in her writing, her impression of the morning and whatever it was that alternately depressed her and made her ecstatic. Mr. Gates, taking his purposed promenade, interfered as usual.

Though the details of the figure in flannels were not visible, as it passed, like a glow, into the rusty dimness of pines so dark under the pure stains of sky, she recognized it afar. And her pleasure in what

she was trying to do was startled out of her. It was as if the figure spoke to her some utter truth about herself which was unwelcome. This occurred over and over. Whenever Mr. Gates drew near, he was the landscape, robbing her of the greenest trees and most odorous flowers. And she would find herself, as the hand gripping the pencil trembled a little, regarding things of beauty which died in her eyes before they could reach her heart.

She had brought her handbag with her, and she snatched it up, and fumbled shame-facedly for the small mirror it contained. Mr. Gates was, at last, approaching frankly, though dawdling as he came, while every too-casual inch of him admitted him aware that he was nearing her. And Stella powdered her nose swiftly, feeling wildly a duty to preserve Mr. Gates's illusions. For the millionth time, the indignity of being a woman and bound to please overcame her. For not even with her sisters—not even with Beth, Helen, Freda and Joan, who were of her own sex—had she ever felt free of a defensive compulsion to look as pretty as she could. Her sisters, perhaps, had been worst of all, because their bouncing exuberance, demanding so much of her as the eldest, had really shattered her confidence, which she had regained only after becoming Mrs. Porter—poor old Philip's wife.

If women only had male complacency, what a different world it would be! The one consolation was that men, in the end, destroyed their own opportunities fatuously: And even Bernard, who had been welcomed as Professor Porter's favorite pupil, and had shattered Philip's home, would go on in blind conceit making love to girls and unwittingly teaching them to despise him.

Mr. Gates halted diffidently, while the sunlight, flashing in his eyes, revealed an

expression that was almost fond. "So there you are!" he said. "Your passion for getting up early is ahead of mine. How long have you been out here?"

As if he didn't know, when his steady, painfully anxious gaze seemed to say he had been searching for the one thing on earth and had found it at last! Stella smiled up at him, her glance insistent. "Ages," she said. "As if you hadn't seen me! Fraud!"

But she was uneasy. From the very beginning, each had recognized the other too deeply and had been uncomfortable. After five days of acquaintance, she realized that he was vain as if with an apology, wearing his expensive tweeds and flannels carelessly on purpose, because he was dissatisfied with himself. He did not seem ill, and the only clue to his being here at all was the peculiar humility and deep unhappiness behind those scrutinies of her when he pretended to boldness. Maybe he had come to Ridgetop to heal his nerves. Maybe he was recovering from a sorrow.

Her premature observation of each detail forming his personality was disconcerting. It gave her, she felt, a desperate right to require yet more of him in mute compliments. And to be certain of an attitude she need not dread, she made false promises with her own eyes. Though how she was ever to tell what he really thought of her—*this* way—she didn't know. And it was important to find out. Until she knew, he could interfere with her writing. Before she tried to forget him, he must seal her confidence with a tribute.

"It's a joke—you and me in this place, isn't it?" Mr. Gates said, with his modest grin which twisted his mouth a little to one side. "When I catch you out here, and remember the nuts and hypochondriacs around, I believe we're both fools."

"Why fools?" she said, ostentatiously

cool, though the smile played on her lips intermittently and she dared not relinquish it. "Speak for yourself. I'm not here just to be doctored. I'm a writer. I'm here to write!" (Mr. Gates had never inquired about her notebook, and this was irritating. It recalled Father, and even poor Philip, who had not taken her seriously at first. I'm *me*, she challenged silently, panic gripping her. And there are things about me *you* will never understand. A business man from Boston! How could he be expected —)

"You are?" he cried obediently, with faint respectfulness, astonished honestly. "*That's* why I've felt you were so interesting, I guess. Attractive women must have wits. I don't like charming female fools."

"Their mission isn't to amuse you *men*," she said, her sharpness contradicted sulkily by the persistent smile. Though, when he talked to her, exultance crept into her heady tones, his unimaginative view of her brought her a faint despondency. Men preconceived her prettiness as something limiting her character. Unless you got them quite alone, with their defences down, to *you*, the fools, the idiots, they never seemed to guess! But she saw she ought to fight her inclination to receive his flattery, which, afterwards, when she went back to write, would seem so cheap.

"I hate to be ungracious to a lonely man," she said, "but if you want me to like you, you'd better go away."

"Gee whiz!" he said. "Of course. Of course. I've been obtuse. I'm always interrupting you. I didn't realize a girl I took to be a dryad was deep in authorship."

"A *dryad*?" she mocked, with self-protective scorn. "I'd make the dickens of a dryad. For *goodness* sake!"

"But, among all these folks who seem to be getting ready to die, that's how you look to me," he said. "You still have quite

a breath of life in you—and I have, too, I hope, Miss Sommers, in spite of the depressing, contradictory signs.”

“I’ve had almost as much of living as I want,” she said unsteadily. “Almost *too* much.” She threw this out with sudden fierceness as a hint about herself that ought to wake him up.

“You have?” he answered, with a glance of lingering, curious sympathy. “A dryad can’t have too much life.”

“I’ll have too much of you unless you clear out pretty soon,” she said.

“That gets me!” Mr. Gates acknowledged, with a bantering ruefulness. “I can’t afford to lose the favor of the only woman I have found among these ghastly invalids. I’ll skedaddle.”

Again their interchanging gazes met, and comprehensions coalesced. In what? She shivered as he turned away. She hadn’t offered anything that he could hold her to. The tale his drooping shoulders told, as he marched off, was soothing to the unnamed dread; and yet she didn’t really want his admiration—very much.

Her thoughts returned to the garden, but she had to establish herself in it all over again. As the clouds snuffed the sun finally, the trees seethed greener, and she could smell the mellow delicate perfume from the rose beds. But some lost relevance to *her* in this was past recapturing. And Mr. Gates’s dwindling figure, all at once, had symbolized a villainy to which she could give no name.

III

Since luncheon, Stella’s confusion about Mr. Gates had been resolved. She had never been more relieved by the invention of a story. It was almost as though, writing of Mr. Gates, she had set right the troubles of years.

For an hour she had been sitting at her window, above the gardens and lawns of Ridgetop, which confronted her with an arresting openness. Sound had risen to her from the tennis court, where two voices echoed intermittently above a pattering of balls on rackets, which suggested small feet walking stealthily across the stilly air. She had glimpsed Mr. Gates occasionally, for he was having a game with young Paul Simpkins: a narrow-shouldered, frail, anæmic boy whom she could not abide. And she had felt gloriously powerful and in control of the new theme.

He had lost his mother. He was here on that account, she had resolved. A doting mother, who had been a semi-invalid. The mother’s fond dependence had made Mr. Gates a bachelor! Yes, Stella saw it plainly now. How Mr. Gates, idealistic, too weakly conventional, had spoiled his opportunities with his exaggerated sense of duty. And how for years—and ever since one tragic, very early episode—he had feared love! Until—while he was still under the morbid shadow of his mother’s death—a woman, strong, forthright, rebellious, almost primitively frank, had come into his life. The woman wasn’t Stella in the least, but big-boned, simple, handsome, tall, and almost peasantlike. Her personality was like a touchstone for some elemental truth; yet Mr. Gates, though moved by her and challenged by her unpretentious strength, in every situation which demanded he respond to her wholeheartedly, as man and lover, always failed. His mother held him even after death. Could it be possible that Stella made the thing *too* neat?

Fatigue was fretting her. The theme went dead. Her spent wrist flexed, the fingers on her pencil limp. But the disciplined invention of a history for Mr. Gates had done her good. It left her feeling she had risen above anything his pres-

ence here could do to her. The holy instant of that wakening moment on the sleeping porch was almost hers again. To lavish energy on scattered words across a page refreshed her. If only at this point the strong intoxication of surmounting what was actual had not eluded her and seemed to fail!

From the sanatorium building a maid had come out and was crossing the lawn. She halted deferentially beside the tennis courts. "They're waiting for you in the sun room, Mr. Gates," she called. Stella watched her distant lips.

He was suddenly visible, shuffling his bronzed arms into a blazer, snatching up his racket. So he had visitors!

IV

Stella had gone to the lower floor, to the common room, for tea, and had met them. He was married! The thin, dark woman with rouged cheeks and quick eyes was Mrs. Gates! And the great, iron-gray man, who looked like an heroic sheep, was a friend who had driven her up from New York, where she was staying for a while.

Mr. Nichols was the name of the iron-gray man. He had been attentive to Stella and she hadn't really liked him; and if she had felt self-assured enough to snub him thoroughly, she would have left the gathering better pleased.

Callers to the sanatorium were always attentive to Stella. She was in a very nervous state yet; descending to the lounge always made her uneasy, and recalled every agitation in the past, when she had been obliged to play the grown-up hostess to her father's learned friends. Then she had been surprised and somewhat disgusted to find that, when she met their scrutinies with fearful smiles, the ponderous, collegiate dignity would nearly always

melt. They had found her childish, foolish, she was half convinced, but liked her all the better so! Preparing for the sanatorium visitors, tumbling her hair becomingly or greasily enameling her mouth with rouge, would bring it all back. She had never owned a lipstick in those early days, and, somehow, now, that tracing of a gorgeous wound on her small face invariably made her feel more free.

Even after this ritualistic preparation, when she opened the door of her room on the still hospital corridor, she shrank in dread of the impression she might make. And the green afternoon, flung in the window by the stairs—the afternoon she had wanted to preëempt for her work—was lost!

As she tripped down the broad steps, Stella Sommers tripped with her. And Stella Sommers, eager, graceful, light and sure as the bees in the garden (yet so terribly *unsure*) walking proudly, head up, shoulders erect, with the free stride of a young girl on a Greek frieze—Stella Sommers accompanied her implacably, all the way to the solarium. Stella Sommers, cruelly persistent, could not be banished. And the best that could be managed by the nameless being of the sleeping porch was the air of wistful stoicism with which Stella Sommers went through such trials.

In the glass-walled solarium, made horrible by the number of persons there, Stella Sommers had her one certain satisfaction: she knew she was the prettiest woman present. Most of the invalids were so weakened and plain that Stella Sommers could count on eyes of newcomers, knowing they would never leave her for more than a second at a time. Today the sheep-faced man was almost reverently impressed, and Mrs. Gates paid a reluctant tribute with her attentive, quick examination of the charming costume and the lovely brow.

And still Stella Sommers (and the other one, as well) remained unhappy, gripped by panic. For not once did Mr. Gates's warm, sad gaze seek the confirmation she was suddenly ready to give him.

The encounter with his unsuspected wife had, for some reason, shattered Stella completely. Almost as soon as she could extricate her hand from that of the sheep-faced gallant who was loath to relinquish it, and immediately she had gulped a little from an uncomfortably hot cup of tea, she began murmuring excuses for her impetuosity, and rushed off. Her sense of anticlimax was so strong that she was very nearly in the mood of having nothing to live for.

What on earth is the matter with me? she wondered—afraid, as she flung herself shakily on her bed, that she might find the answer too humiliating to bear.

But *that* was Mr. Gates's wife! That brittle, bright, shallow, smartly faded little woman was his choice! He adored her!

O lord, will I be able to write the story as I've begun it? Stella thought. I've lost all conviction about it. He *isn't* the kind of person I thought he was. Very likely, he looks sad only because he's lost money on the stock exchange!

All the words which had been so crystal-line, revealing Mr. Gates, even as Stella had written them down, had gone dull. Her imagination had been duped. After this experience, she might actually dislike him. She felt bitter.

From where she lay, she could see nothing of the lawn; but she heard, all at once, Mr. Gates's voice and the baaing laugh of the sheep-faced gentleman, with an accompanying feminine trill. The callers were being shown over the grounds.

Soon a chugging came from the driveway—a car starting. So the visit was over.

Stella was relieved. As the chitter of the

motor engine, after thumps and chirrs of exasperation, became smoother and smoother, until it was smooth altogether, dwindling to the mere insect whirring which meant it was slipping out of the Ridgetop estate into the highway, she began to cry. She was so glad to have the sanatorium emptied of those two obnoxious people!

These were sweet tears, and they were appropriately accompanied by a sound which told her that the rain storm, impending since morning and withheld all these hours, had, at last, burst on the country. The trees around the sleeping porch, dreaming in their leaves, were all at once battered by drops. Splatters as large as dollars drooled from them to the porch balustrade. The pines, accumulating accurately, rows of jewels, rocked carefully like shifting towers; and, now and then, spent petals fell from the locust trees. The birds gathered in subdued colonies along the stirred branches. Away in the hills, thunder padded, thudding and bumping, with gigantic, stumbling echoes, crossing, at one stride, from horizon to horizon. Sharp fragrant air swept threads of silver over Stella's face, her outflung arms, and down the low-neck of her dress. Now the pines, steadily gathering diamonds, roared like the seas; and gray angelic hosts fled in a mist from the sky to the lawn. Under the accelerating vigor of the downpour, the foliage bounced and shook. To Stella, this was the passing of an illness. It was comforting to think of Mr. Gates, protected by the same roof, sharing with her consolation not afforded those two out on the road.

But she was purged and aloof. It might even be good to die like this, forgetting she had ever wanted to write.

Suddenly, she was electric with inspiration. The intuition came with a gush. His

wife's that awful sheep-man's mistress and he has accepted it! she thought. They've talked it out. He knows he doesn't love her any more. He's generous, and he's shouldering the situation for her convenience. That's why his nerves have broken down! That's why he's come to take a cure!

She sprang up and rushed into the darkling indoors, seeking her note-book. An unexpected tender pang of comprehension clutched her heart. She seemed to realize, with every nerve, what he was *really* like. There would be something to the story now!

V

Dinner was at seven. And Stella Sommers had dressed for it in a green muslin, almost as crisp and fresh as the drenched grass outdoors. She had done three hours' work since tea, and, in that time, had become so absorbed in her writing that the world had disappeared. Then Mr. Gates, obscurely vitalized by the play of her fancy, had been the whole of life, and she, god-like, creating him, a strange, divine nonentity. She was almost afraid to meet him. She felt as if she had been asleep, and had been roused to find herself dreaming of him.

When she met him, some victory she was building would be threatened with collapse. He was no genius like Bernard. He was not elderly and distinguished like Philip. And the stern honor she had done him was due to no special merit of his.

He was only a man from whom she had compelled an acknowledgment of what she was as a woman, because she found it comfortable to have those tributes as a background for what was more important. If men ever did stop noticing her and admiring her, the way, hard enough as it

was, might seem too hard. But he was probably conventional and petty, anyhow. She steeled herself with distrusts.

As she hurried downstairs and along the hall to reach the veranda, she prayed not to be overtaken by the fleshy figure with which her imagination had made itself incongruously intimate. If the story was spoiled, it would most likely be by Mr. Gates himself!

When she stepped to the garden path, air keen as dawn struck her full and composed her. The world looked pure as a sculpture. She was urged to walk rapidly, to tire herself out. The too-compelling impulse to let thought dwell exclusively on Mr. Gates must be exhausted. Then a necessary joy in grass blades and flowers might be reborn.

Following as it did on the boisterousness of the shower, this heavy silence was strangling. She was breathless before she reached seclusion. The blackness under the pines shocked her as if she had not expected it. A painted desolation colored the sky beyond them. As she proceeded over the damp needles, soaked, twinkling fields began to surround her. She gazed on them, and was homesick. They were near, but seemed remote. Long ago, this stillness, which lay on her with alien heaviness, would not have made her an outcast—not in the days when, goaded by the formulas her sisters used to describe her, she had read them bits from her first novel. That ought to have shown them! And they had turned her confidence into a family joke!

But Philip, when she had first timidly exposed her work for his criticism, had respected it! It was what had decided her to leave off being merely clever little Miss Sommers and accept the new, commanding status as Professor Porter's wife. He had made her feel ready to give him anything. Even herself!

But suppose he hadn't been, as everybody said, infatuated with her? In the beginning, Bernard had come almost violently to her support. And think of the cruelty later when he had ridiculed her in poems! If she should suddenly be stripped of all Mr. Gates delighted in, would her writing alone sober him to deference?

"Miss Sommers!" The arrow of the voice sped to her through the drenched dusk and she stopped short, like a paralytic, frozen there by her hostility. She could hear feet spanking on the gravel after her, and when he shouted out, "Miss Sommers!" again, her drear heart, in a strange commotion, made, unwillingly, a mute reply. But he hadn't even given Stella Sommers a glance for charity at tea! Besides—his wife—

And there had been, in this vast aloneness, out here by the woods, *almost* a rap-
ture.

Stella's eyes and ears tried to close, for everything was shrinking, everything was becoming commonplace. Instead of the quiet of stones and of the bleared fields the storm had left shrouded in water, there were footsteps. Instead of a dour, radiant heaven-without-end, there was the uneventful descent of night. Instead of the wonderful different objects which could be called trees and bushes, but had been, a moment before, accents for the exhilarating enigma of being alive, there was herself calculating how long it would take Mr. Gates to reach her and wondering whether or not her flight from the house had left her dishevelled.

"Gosh!" he said, jocular to cover his panting, "I saw you leave and I've been chasing you ever since. Afraid I'd lost you."

"Would it matter if you had?" she retorted with pert brevity. She was at attention now, and stealthily dismissed her

previous thoughts. She was possessed by another necessity altogether and had to find out something very quickly. There was a reckoning to be taken. Mr. Gates, having a wife to whom he behaved devotedly, was almost an enemy. For nearly a week his eyes had pretended. He had accepted all Stella had in her to bestow with a glance, and he had been unfaithful to her bounty. She no longer owed him even graciousness.

There was a despondent pause before he could answer painfully: "What's up? Have I offended you?"

The words, feigning ignorance, falsified their common emotion: but the unsteadiness of his voice revealed what he would have hidden. Stella despised him triumphantly. So he was *this* sort of traitor! He was self-conscious because she had seen his wife! He was ashamed of the meeting!

Her awareness of him, there before her, a taut black-and-white stroke on the dusk, was so intense that an agitated perception that he was actual—not just a character in her story—seemed all over her body. And she prayed she would never forgive him. Let him move one step toward her, let the sleeve of his coat brush her arm, and, out of this charged atmosphere, would emerge all she was so fiercely determined not to recognize. He should be served as he deserved! "Why should I be offended?" she asked him sarcastically. "Is your conscience guilty about something? What could I be offended about?"

He was nonplussed, and peered at her, trying to console himself with the sight of her obscure face. "I expect you had a boring time at tea," he exclaimed lamely.

Stella's breast heaved with disgust. His lack of gallantry would be a warning to her! "I had a particularly *nice* tea! I enjoyed meeting your wife and her friend!" she said, with thin, implacable emphasis.

"Did you?" he said feebly, as though he suspected a lie. "Ethel's a brick. I think she liked you, too." This was like a protest to cover his hesitation. "But I—I—I thought maybe strangers —"

The pause was too long. Something had to be done. It was cruel to embarrass her this way, Stella thought. It was deliberate. "I was surprised you'd never told me you were married—naturally!" she rasped, deriding him, her own helpless savagery repugnant to her.

"Hadh't I ever told you?" His words only echoed the fatuousness she felt. Fatuousness his cowardice was thrusting on both of them!

"Never!" she accused, and was humiliated to realize she challenged him.

VI

The darkness had suddenly become a curtain between them, and Stella, all at once, was achingly certain that their two lives were divided forever. That Mr. Gates, who never read anything weightier than Booth Tarkington, was nothing to her; she nothing to him. She had never shown him any of her work, but if she did, it would be just the same. She would die and wither in herself, and nobody would know it. Rejection slips from magazine editors were what she had to live for.

"Would it—would it—have made any difference if I *had* told you?" In the voice of Mr. Gates hope leaped, still forbidden, but confronting both of them undeniably. Before Stella retorted she measured his indecency. How should she reply? But she cruelly remembered his eyes fixed on hers naïvely, worshipfully. Such strength as she could command was in the memory of those looks! She *would* take toll from what they represented.

But Stella's smiles had never been any

lusty offering, and the prospect of risk left her small and dejected. "I don't understand you," she evaded, trembling vaguely. Her legs were like straw. And an hour before, while she had been writing, she had felt herself so preciously in control! The hardihood for such moments as this seemed hers no more. She turned with a rush and went swiftly toward the sanatorium, from which light fell extravagantly from many windows, and ploughed the dark.

He charged after her. "Have I upset the conventions?" he pled in a whisper, catching up with her, and humble, as he always was. "There's no use trying to hold it back, is there? I mean—all I've been feeling since I met you. You've seen it! I couldn't hide it, and I haven't wanted to. But you—you mustn't think I don't care for my wife—as another human being, I mean. I respect her like *hell*!"

The *underscoring* was insulting. Stella whirled about self-defensively, and, without premeditation, they were leaning together, supporting each other. He touched her hand dreadingly, as if he were afraid. Against the natural impulse of her whole being, she drew away. "Do I want to interfere with your matrimonial affairs?" she said, as though she pointed to something disgraceful. "Have six wives! Have *ten*! I'm not interested in your affairs, Mr. Gates." She sped off again, running toward the house, feeling little, as her French heels almost upset her.

"You're crying! Miss Sommers? Stella! Please! For the love of Mike, Stella, hold on! Don't go back for a minute! I've got to talk to you! You're *crying*! When I'd cut off my right hand to keep from hurting you." But the voice of Mr. Gates was ecstatically without repentance.

Amazed at herself, she *was* crying—and for the second time that day! Hadn't he

followed her around everywhere? Hadn't he looked at her as if she were the only thing in the world alive for him? And he knew nothing on earth about art—and she had to be adamant! After the wife! The exultance now in his voice scared her. He shouldn't lord it over her without payment. If you could ever be sure—but even Bernard, with all his genius, had been stupid and a traitor! And Philip, when she had confessed that she no longer loved him, had grown cold, rational, and hideously disinterested! He was too proud to retaliate, but he was not going to help her career any more! He had put his own self-respect before her talent—and there she was. Without anybody—practically—since Father disapproved of her. Though, anyhow, she had nothing to lose. She was not as she had been at home, a frightened little virgin. If she couldn't make them recognize generously what she was worth, she could get it out of them some other way. And *they* had no scruples. Bernard didn't. Calling her, first, a genius, because he wanted to have her, then describing her as a fake! When she would have done her best to help the self-belief of *any* man who would believe in her!

VII

Mr. Gates, just before they reached a naked stretch of glossed lawn lying brilliantly below the veranda, clutched her back into the cloistral shadows. "I won't be responsible for what I do next if you rush off like this, *crying*!" he said, husky and excited. "That wasn't a frivolous outburst, Stella! You understand that, don't you? Even if you can't—can't *love* me, don't blame me, will you—please? Being thrown with you every day, this way, I can't help falling in love with you. I realize you may respect the conventions more than I do. I've had

a rotten deal from life, Stella. I mean—I haven't got a gripe about it. But I've come here in pretty bad shape. You see, Ethel and I—I mean—we're awfully fond of each other. Anyhow—this is not the time to talk about that. But I'd almost given up—almost, Stella—when I met you. Only the thing is—I've been afraid I was too old for you. And, hang it all, Ethel and I haven't got a divorce yet. She's going to marry Nichols when she does get it, and it hurts like fun! Though we haven't been lovers or anything like that for a long time. And—and—I guess all this about me is pretty precipitate. It sounds pretty stiff to you, with your inexperience, doesn't it?"

She wanted to stop him. To hush him. She could have put her hand over his mouth. She didn't want to be anybody's consolation. If he let himself feel regretful because a woman like Mrs. Gates didn't want him, she would have no use for him. He *had* to be better than that. Better than being sorry for himself because that faded, shallow little Ethel was going to marry somebody else. He hadn't any pride. She couldn't *bear* people who had no pride. And if he overrated Ethel, how could he be expected to appreciate *her*?

"Oh!" she exclaimed, in a vexed, wailing anger, "I'm not inexperienced! If you understood me—if you could really appreciate me! If you realized anything about me! Do you think *I've* never had any tragedy in my life? Oh, this is too funny! When I'm here—here—because I've just come back from Reno, and from getting a divorce. Because I'd left my husband for another man!"

Speech came to an end, as her voice cracked, and the awful, gaunt hollowness of disillusioning memory was, all at once, more than actuality. Because she knew he was going to ask her about the other man,

and that she would tell him! Then Mr. Gates could do what he liked.

Pounding hearts, hers and his, filled an interval. Why didn't he say something? "What about—the—the other man?" he stammered, at last, flatly, as the deadness of his mood entered the arm he had suddenly, petitioningly, thrown about her. "Then I suppose I'm too late—you are going to marry him!"

Without having intended it, Stella found herself pressing his slackening hand which held her waist. She was intolerably longing to keep it where it was: a proof that this something different was happening! That things like this could still happen to *her*! Even if people didn't yet believe in her writing, she had, at least, won a freedom which hadn't belonged to Professor Porter's wife *respectably*, and had been only conjectured by Professor Sommers's daughter! To that extent, anyhow, she had struck off chains!

"No," she whispered. "I won't marry him. He doesn't love me." She might have been killing herself. Maybe it was a corpse Mr. Gates fondled in gratitude, saying: "Stella! Then you're not interested in anybody else? You've got to tell me before we go back into that Sing Sing, darling girl. I can't get through another horrible evening of being uncertain. I *must* kiss you, darling. You *do* love me a little bit? You'll let me love you, anyway, won't you, darling?"

She didn't really care all this much—all she was pretending, as she offered up her mouth, which, when his lips (unexpectedly gentle) touched hers, she saw plainly, looking as it did in the mirror, a greasy red enamel of lipstick on it. But it was almost a prayer to let herself be kissed. And she closed her eyes, shutting her lids tighter, tighter, tighter, trying to shut off the persistent impression of Stella Som-

mers, head up, shoulders erect, walking, with the free stride of a young girl on a Greek frieze, into the solarium made horrible by too many people.

"You're so *sweet*—so *fascinating*," Mr. Gates said, with ecstatic reluctance, freeing her. "I feel as if I'd never be able to let you go. And, my God, I never believed I was going to be so lucky."

"You don't understand me *yet*," Stella whispered hysterically. "I'm so afraid you mistake me for a conventional woman, and when you find out what I'm really like——"

"Can't I make it my business to understand you?" he begged. "Give a poor devil a chance, Stella."

"But you've never *read* anything of mine," she murmured, fighting to make him see that this comment was related to his embrace.

"But, darling, don't I want to? I'm ready to go nuts about anything you've written, darling. I wish I was a cocky guy, but if it turns out you're a genius, I'll try to live up to you."

"I'm afraid," she whispered abruptly. "We must get in to dinner, and I'm so *afraid*."

"What of, sweetheart? I'll kiss you again in a minute. Poor little Stella! Please don't insist on my self-doubts. Please try to believe I'm enough of a fellow to take care of you."

In her suspended uncertainty, she stood there, emotion blocked by his deference. "Feel my heart!" she said, snatching at his nearly invisible hand and laying it upon the green muslin. "You *must* feel it. The way it's beating, can't you realize—I'm not—I'm *not* like your wife? I'm not like any woman you ever knew. I *know* I'm not. I'm not like *anybody*. When you read some of the things I've written, you'll understand I'm not like anybody. And I want

to be liked the way I am—not just *your* way.” She felt half mad with obscure frustration.

The heavy fingers of Mr. Gates remained obediently over her bosom, but he seemed unable to move or to answer. Then, abruptly, he sank to his knees, amidst the bushes sprinkled with drops that were like tears on the faces of children. He hugged her knees and buried his face in her clothes, and her straying, unfriendly touch discovered the helpless roundness of his head. “Be lenient with me, Stella,” came his suffocated mutter, at last. He amazed her. He was sobbing!

VIII

And now she would do anything for him. Anything! With blessed outrage to propriety, she threw herself down beside him in the long chill of the grass, under the wet stars already beginning to shine over them. “Poor darling!” she whispered. “Poor Sydney! Poor dear!” She was stroking his rough cheek hungrily, appeasing an appetite which, an hour earlier, had threatened to devour her whole. When, as she crouched beside him, she drew him close, he became calmly desperate. As he hugged her dumbly, she began to believe in him. And, before she could consider, she was kissing him to comfort him, without waiting for his invitation.

“Stella!” The pained ejaculation showed humble astonishment and awe.

“What, my dear? What is it, poor boy?” inquired an overflowing voice.

“I didn’t guess you *could* be—like this! As wonderful as this!” The almost polite words were half stifled by the feeling that went with them.

“Don’t!” she begged quickly, in a sharp, awakened tone, as jealousy for her other self treacherously stabbed her, destroying

abandon. “You don’t *know* whether I’m wonderful or not. You don’t know me yet, I tell you! You don’t! You don’t!” Her pride, suddenly separating them, *dared* him to know her.

He was graciously offended. “From tonight,” he declaimed, “I’ll say I’ve known you ever since you were born.”

But she began picking her crushed skirts from the dripping vegetation. His attitude, so meant to be all she wanted, remained an indignity. She didn’t explain this to herself, but he was, suddenly, not quite the same person; and she thought how embarrassing it would be if, as she rushed to her room to primp before dinner, one of the patients met her while she looked so frowsy. She wasn’t going to *offer* Sydney anything of her own to read, but, if he asked for something, and she gave it to him, it was *he*, not *she*, who would be on trial!

In the glitteringly sprayed light from the sanatorium windows, they returned, carefully decorous, across the glistening lawn; and Sydney, striding beside her with vain diffidence, was a man whose modest ambition is gratified. “Couldn’t I nip another kiss before we go in the door?” he chuckled wistfully in her ear. “After the biggest experience of my life, I may be on short rations for a long time, Stella!”

She glanced backward at him, oppressed by a view of herself and him, in the glowing commonplace of the hall, as distinct personalities. Something cruelly steadying in the spectacle caused her chin to lift tauntingly, as, eluding his outstretched hand, she sent him a flashing, Stella Sommers smile—her best. “Maybe—when you’ve earned it!” she whispered, with the soft, fearful cajolery so familiar to her habit of self-contradiction. Though still triumphant, she was, all at once, obsessed by the desire to escape him. And she rushed,

pell-mell, along the sleek, waxed dimness of the corridor, to reach her room.

But when she entered, her haste halted, and she stood stricken by a privacy which had dispossessed her.

There was the sleeping porch, empty, yet too filled by the dark life of pine boughs and by the poignant stars wavering tentatively beyond. Against the hinted mist of screened walls, the black existence of the country seemed to beat steadily, dully, with a lethargic insistence on being recognized. She remembered the morning. She could feel, in recollection, that instant of opening her eyes on trees, and she recalled the galloping chipmunks and soundlessly cavorting birds, and the memorable wonder of her own glad feeling of not-being.

And her exultance about Sydney was, somehow, abruptly, inferior to something she had hoped for. As if she were being unjust to herself, she found a meanness in

her pleasure. And, when she began brushing her hair, she oddly preferred to do it in the gloom, though she had to fumble for the unilluminated toilet table.

As she stared forth into the blown, still sky and the quiet marked by leaves, and heard a brief, distant plucking of bass harp strings where there were frogs in some pond, she had a sense of loss. The night, so stunningly vast, so beautifully ambiguous, so rich in mystery, and so sternly to be known, by the coarse odors the rain had stirred, as of *her* earth—the night, like the room and the porch, in some strange way, seemed to reject her as unfit for initiation. And she was outside everything, and miserable. Because there seemed to be two people present: charming Stella Sommers, and a nobody of utter knowledge—who was bound, somehow, because she was too ethereal to last, to disappear. Without the usual mournfulness of funerals, and without tragedy, she felt a death imminent.

PRELUDE

BY CONRAD AIKEN

BUT how it came from earth this little white
this waxen edge this that is sharp and white
this that is mortal and bright the petals bent
and all so curved as if for lovers meant
and why the earth unfolded in this shape
as coldly as words from the warm mouth escape

Or what it is that made the blood so speak
or what it was it wanted that made this
breath of curled air this hyacinth this word
this that is deeply seen profoundly heard
miracle of quick device
from fire and ice

Or why the snail puts out a horn to see
or the brave heart puts up a hand to take
or why the mind, as if to agonize,
will close, a century ahead, its eyes—
a hundred years put on the clock
its own mortality to mock—

Christ come, Confucius come, and tell us why
the mind delights before its death to die
embracing nothing as a lover might
in a terrific ecstasy of night—
and tell us why the hyacinth is sprung
from the world's dull tongue.

Did death so dream of life, is this its dream?
Does the rock think of flowers in its sleep?
Then words and flowers are only thoughts of stone
unconscious of the joy it thinks upon;
and we ourselves are only the rock's words
stammered in a dark dream of men and birds.

EVENING DIALOGUE

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

“**T**HEN do you think,” the gentle pastor said
As quietly we talked before the fire,
“That stone can serve the spirit as its bread
And lonely courage feed the heart’s desire?
The natural life of man looks past the grave
For light that will illumine his dim terrors.
His faith cries out to Mercy that shall save
His blinded soul from its own doom of errors.
Let him believe for him the Saviour died;
Else is his heart down into darkness thrust.
Even were it shown that all the prophets lied,
Could man strive on without sustaining trust?”
The listener, in regretful voice, replied:
“I am not sure he can: I know he must.”

THE LIBRARY

An Extraordinary Novel

THE POSTMAN ALWAYS RINGS
TWICE, by James M. Cain. \$2. 5 x 7½;
188 pp. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

THIS simple and powerful tale of a strange and disastrous love affair between the Iowa wife of the Greek proprietor of a filling-station, in Southern California, and a man of the road, will be remembered. The indiscriminating, so long accustomed to the Van Dine shoddy, will perhaps put it down as another murder story, but if they do they will be mistaken, for Mr. Cain has written one of the truly impressive American stories of the last decade. There are no dazzling epigrams in it, and no chaotic yearnings for the balm of the East wind, but there are real people in it, bedraggled and bespattered, heavy laden and sore beset, like all God's children.

The story proper is such as one might read almost any day in the tabloids. Frank Chambers, a bum, gets a job as a mechanic for Nick Papadakis, proprietor of Twin Oaks Tavern, a combination of filling-station and sandwich shop. He meets Mrs. Papadakis, née Cora Smith, formerly of Iowa. Emotionally, they leap for each other at once. Within a few minutes they meet in the kitchen. Frank, who tells the story in the first person, says:

She was so close I could smell her. I shot it right up close to her ear, almost in a whisper. "How come you married this Greek, anyway?"

She jumped like I had cut her with a whip. "Is that any of your business?"

"Yeah. Plenty. . . ."

I went out. I had what I wanted. I had

socked one in under her guard, and socked it in deep, so it hurt. From now on, it would be business between her and me. She might not say yes, but she wouldn't stall me. She knew what I meant, and she knew I had her number.

He wants Cora so terribly that later he can't keep down the lunch she has prepared for him and Nick. Another day, and he kisses her so fiercely that he leaves tooth marks on her lips. On one occasion shortly thereafter Nick is away, and Cora and Frank go to bed.

We didn't do anything. We just lay on the bed. She kept rumpling my hair, and looking up at the ceiling, like she was thinking.

"You like blueberry pie?"

"I don't know. Yeah. I guess so."

"I'll make you some."

Soon, and inevitably, they make plans to get rid of Nick. Cora slugs him with a blackjack, made "out of a sugar bag with ball bearings wadded down in the end," while he is taking a bath, but she manages merely to knock him unconscious. He suffers a fractured skull, is later convinced by her that he slipped in the bath, and soon recovers.

"I guess I'm not really a hell cat, Frank."

"I'm telling you."

"If I was, I wouldn't have got scared so easy. I was *so* scared, Frank."

"I was scared plenty myself."

Things return to normal, and to the old longing. Cora and Frank arrange to go out to the beach together every now and then. In her yellow bathing suit and red cap

She looked like a little girl. It was the first time I ever really saw how young she was. We played in the sand, and then we went out and let the swells rock us. I like my head to the waves, she liked her feet. We lay there, face to face, and held hands under water. I looked up at the sky. It was all you could see. I thought about God.

They decide to run away, but they turn back after a little way, because Cora feels ashamed of the business. Then they cook up another complicated scheme to dispose of Nick. They get him drunk, take him on an automobile ride, hit him over the head with a monkey wrench, kill him, and dump the car over a steep ravine. When questioned by the police, they claim that it was all an accident, and that fortunately he and Cora escaped with minor injuries. A lawyer, one Katz, takes the case, and by playing one insurance company involved against another, wins an acquittal, but only after extracting admissions from both of them. They go back to Twin Oaks Tavern, and their old love returns.

I pushed her over to the bed. . . . I began slipping off her blouse. . . . I ripped all her clothes off. She twisted and turned, slow, so they would slip out from under her. Then she closed her eyes and lay back on the pillow. . . . She looked like the great grandmother of every whore in the world. The devil got his money's worth that night.

Cora goes away to visit her dying mother, and Frank takes up for the time being with a puma hunter, Madge Allen, née Kramer. Frank confesses all to Cora:

I knew I had to come back. We're chained to each other, Cora. We thought we were on top of a mountain. That wasn't it. It's on top of us.

She gets pregnant, they get married, and on the way to the hospital after she has a sick spell at the beach, their machine runs

into a culvert wall, and she is killed. Frank is tried for murder, and his old life comes back to help convict him. In the death-house he meditates:

I want to see her. . . . What did she have that makes me feel that way about her? I don't know. She wanted something, and she tried to get it. She tried all the wrong ways, but she tried. I don't know what made her feel that way about me, because she knew me. She called it on me plenty of times, that I wasn't any good. I never really wanted anything, but her. But that's a lot. I guess it's not often a woman even has that.

I hope this outline of the story and the few extracts from it give a fair idea of its quality. It is hard-boiled in the best sense of the word, in that it tells precisely and without bogus psychologizing the anguish of love as experienced by those caught in it. The two chief characters belong to what sociologists call the lowly, but sensible people know that in the elemental agonies of life there are no plebeians and aristocrats, but only men and women. In the things that count in the lonely watches of the night, God has cursed us all alike.

Mr. Cain's narrative skill leaves almost nothing to be desired. His sense for the vernacular is nearly perfect, and his feel for telling conversation is superb. In more ways than one he makes the art of Hemingway look like the befuddled and spluttering thing it is to a large extent. Above all, there is no fake bravura in him, and no hopeless groping for "meaning." The ending of the book, especially the last two paragraphs, is very poor and comes as an anti-climax, and there are several remarks elsewhere which are out of character, but these aside, "The Postman Always Rings Twice" is an extraordinary achievement, and will not soon be forgotten.

CHARLES ANGOFF

The Indian in American Literature

THE INDIAN IN AMERICAN LITERATURE, by Albert Keiser. \$3. 5¼ x 8¾; 312 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press*.

DR. KEISER has here written an important book. It is the first full-length, documented, and connected study of the part the American Indian has played in our literature from the beginning down to date. It is far from exhaustive, for it deals only "with the Indian portraits painted by the major figures in American literature . . . , not with the forgotten works of minor writers," but it has the uses of all pioneering works. Dr. Keiser opens with Captain John Smith's picturesque but false narratives of his relations with the aborigines, and ends with Hamlin Garland's celebrated "The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop." In between he takes up the work of some twenty other authors, including Philip Freneau, Mary Rowlandson, Charles Brockden Brown, James Eastburn and Robert Sands, James Kirke Paulding, James Fenimore Cooper, Montgomery Bird, William Gilmore Simms, Alfred B. Street, Longfellow, Whittier, Thoreau, Joaquin Miller, Helen Hunt Jackson, Adolf F. Brandelier, Mary Austin, and John Gneisenau Neihardt.

Dr. Keiser has plainly read deeply in the works of these authors, and his analyses are accurate and useful. Especially useful are his digests of Thoreau's notebooks, which are full of shrewd and scientific remarks about the Indians of his day; of Eastburn and Sands's "Yamoyden," of Street's "Frontenac," and of Brandelier's "The Delight Makers." Thoreau's notebooks are stored, almost as he left them, in the Morgan Library, and thus are difficult of access, and so are the other three books, and for similar reasons.

American literature dealing with the Indian has very little to boast of. The Puritans, with the exception of John Eliot, Roger Williams, and one or two others, looked upon the Indian as a fiend of hell, worthy of no human consideration. Cotton Mather, for example, in his "History of King Philip's War," thus rejoiced at the fate that was meted out to the Indian chief: "And in that very place where he first contrived and began his mischief, he was taken and destroyed, and there was he (like as Agog was hewed in pieces before the Lord) cut into four quarters, and is now hanged up as a monument of revenging justice, his head being cut off and carried away to Plymouth, his hands were brought to Boston. So let thine Enemies perish, O Lord."

In time, as the Puritan barbaric theology lost ground and the metropolitan spirit of worldliness and decency became more prevalent over the land, the literati learned to look upon the Indians as beings very much like themselves. Philip Freneau was perhaps the first American writer of standing to accord the aborigines a fair deal. He wrote about them kindly and with some understanding, especially in "The Deathsong of a Dying Indian" and "The Indian Burying Ground." A bit later came Washington Irving, who looked upon King Philip as "a true born prince, gallantly fighting at the head of his subjects to avenge the wrongs of his family; to retrieve the tottering power of his line; and to deliver his native land from the oppression of usurping strangers." After Irving came William Gilmore Simms, Cooper, Longfellow, Joaquin Miller, Helen Hunt Jackson, Mary Austin, and the others.

They are a far cry from Cotton Mather, but the fact remains that few of them produced literature of real value. Cooper's

tales make fair reading, but they have little else to recommend them. As his daughter Susan later admitted, he met very few Indians in his lifetime, and what he wrote about them was mostly of the stuff dreams are made of. The same was mainly true of Helen Hunt Jackson's "Ramona," a lush tear-squeezer. Longfellow's "Hiawatha" is certainly not the negligible thing that some people think it is, but equally certainly it is not the world-shaking masterpiece that the schoolma'ams still claim it is. Of the Indian writings of Joaquin Miller, nearly all critics now agree that they smell too much of lavender. There remains Mrs. Austin's "The Arrowmaker," one of the most sustained works, in the theatre and out, about the American Indian that have yet been put into type. The books of the Neiharhds, Brandeliers, and Birds are mainly taffy.

That American writers have done so badly by the Indian is somewhat strange, and I for one am at a loss for a plausible reason. The ignorant and cruel attitude of the Puritans can perhaps be explained by the ignorance and cruelty of their theology, but what of those who followed them? They had no such excuse. Indians were all about them, making friends and doing business with them, and they were certainly willing to expose their mode of life to the white men. But all the white men did was to weave sweet and impossible tales about them, tales which delighted children and the contemporary critics, but which look very sad today. Another thing to wonder at—and one which Dr. Keiser overlooks—is that the white literati were so little affected by the superb poetry of the Indians. Some of the Micmac tales of enchantment and Chippeway love songs, so ably brought together by D. G. Brinton, Charles G.

Leland, and Henry R. Schoolcraft, read almost like the Song of Songs. No American writer has yet surpassed them in their lyrical flights.

Dr. Keiser's book, as I have said, has its uses, but it leaves much to be desired. It is written somewhat heavily, it is lacking in broad generalizations, and it is deficient as criticism. Surely no well informed critic will agree that "taken all in all, Cooper has given the world a remarkably complete and faithful picture of the character and life of the aborigines of primitive America," or that "Hiawatha" "is America's most notable poem," or that Freneau's "The Indian Burying Ground" "has seldom been equalled . . . for delicacy of touch, sympathetic portrayal, and pious sentiment."

But with all its faults, Dr. Keiser's book is a worthy pioneering effort in a field that has been sadly neglected by American literary historians. That he does not seem to be equal to prosecuting it further should only be an incentive to abler hands.

C. A.

The Oxford Supplement

A NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY ON HISTORICAL PRINCIPLES, FOUNDED MAINLY ON MATERIALS COLLECTED BY THE PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY. *Introduction, Supplement, and Bibliography.* \$40. 9¾ x 12½; 969 pp. New York: *The Oxford University Press.*

OF ESPECIAL interest to votaries of lexicography is the Introduction to the monumental English Historical Dictionary, now first published with the Supplement. It tells of the inception of the dictionary, of the adoption for it of the historical principle, how its material was planned, the stages of its growth, and its forward progress. Changes in the personnel of the editors are chronicled, the many sub-editors

and contributors are listed, and credit awarded where credit is due. In all, 5,000 persons contributed to the undertaking, which needed almost exactly seventy years for completion.

It was in 1848 that the English Philological Society, which launched the dictionary, was founded. At first its lexicographical interest centered in words unregistered in the dictionaries then existing. It began to collect materials in 1857, and in 1858 resolved to make a wholly new dictionary. It was not till 1878, however, that plans were finally matured, and the Clarendon Press agreed to bear the expense of printing and publishing. The first instalment appeared in 1884 and the last in 1928. Now, five years later, comes the Supplement. It records the accessions of new words and the new meanings of old ones that have come up since the various sections were published. It seeks to correct and amplify older entries and brings earlier evidence from American sources. The richer material from America may be the result of the activities of Sir William Craigie, who came to this country in 1925 to supervise the making of the new American Historical Dictionary.

An American reader glancing at this supplementary volume of nearly 1,000 pages is struck by the part played in it by the United States. Here, with dated quotations, appear many of the words launched by our own generation. And they are not merely technical and learned words, entering with aviation or moving pictures or scientific discoveries. There are a surprising number of slang and colloquial words and dialect terms. Not only does one find *abnormalism*, *eurhythmic*, *nomenclatorial*, *impulsivity*, but one finds *studentess*, *slammer*, with a citation from Work's book on Contract Bridge, *whoopie*, *pussyfoot*, *slapstick*, *gazabo*, *jimdandy*. The editors do

not overlook *talkie*, *third degree*, *vamp*, *zippers*, *cafeteria*, *pep*, *agin*. There are entered *put on the spot*, *take for a ride*, *joy-ride*. *Dogie*, a Texas word applied to anemic or stray calves, is given, but no etymology suggested, though it is pretty certainly from *adobe*, a mud brick or mud hut. Shortened to *dobie*, *dogie*, this became an epithet for something inferior. English neologisms are not, however, neglected for American. One looks for and finds *tank* and *strafer* and the anemic British *balmy* or *barmy* for our more colorful *off one's nut* or *cuckoo* or *milky in the filbert*. *Plus fours*, *roadability*, *flapper*, *cheerio*, have due attention.

Selection is difficult for makers of such a work, and many of its inclusions and omissions will inevitably be questioned. For instance, if *portmanteauologism*, from Lewis Carroll's "portmanteau words" is entered, surely the more dignified name for word-conflations, *blends* or *blend-words*, long in use by linguists, should be given also.

The great dictionary, now given its first supplement, goes by various names. Since as early as 1895 it has been referred to by the Clarendon Press as the Oxford English Dictionary, although from the beginning the instalments have borne on their title pages the name, *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*. The subtitle, "Founded Mainly on the Materials Collected by the Philological Society," appears, as it should, on all the title pages. Nevertheless, nearly all present-day descriptions of the work and nearly all current reviewers of the Supplement speak of it as the Oxford Dictionary. This name is convenient and probably it will soon displace the historic one. Yet it is a misnomer.

The dictionary is by no means the product of Oxford University. Herbert Coleridge, the grand-nephew of S. T. Coleridge,

who was appointed the first general editor, and F. J. Furnivall, the second general editor, were from Cambridge University, and though they had no actual part in the making of the early sections, they were of very real help in planning and forwarding the work. Furnivall founded the Early English Text Society in 1864 and the Chaucer Society in 1868, and he is said to have spent very large sums in printing old manuscripts and re-printing rare books that they might be available for readers for the new dictionary. It owes much to these two Cambridge men, more to Furnivall than to the short-lived Coleridge, and it owes still more to two Scotchmen. One was James A. H. Murray, the first full-time editor, who took the post in 1879. Rumor had it that his appointment was unwelcome at the time to the representatives of the Oxford Press, because he was not from Oxford.

Murray gave the rest of his life to the dictionary, and he lived to see its completion assured and to be knighted for his services in 1908. The dictionary will always be associated with his name. The other Scotchman is William A. Craigie, an M. A. from the University of St. Andrews, who became a coeditor in 1901 and who also was knighted, in 1928.

Partial justification for associating the dictionary with Oxford may be found in the circumstance that Murray moved there after some years to work more conveniently at the Press, and that W. A. Craigie served as a professor at Oxford from 1916 to 1925. Further, the Clarendon Press ultimately changed its name to the Oxford University Press. But it seems not to have financed all the volumes. The sixth has the dedication, "A Memorial of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths Who Have Generously Contributed Five Thousand Pounds Toward its Production." The dic-

tionary is not the product of Oxford University as the new American Historical Dictionary now under way will be of Chicago University, which founded it and from which it will emerge. Nor is there likelihood that its publishers will call the latter the Chicago Dictionary. My personal preference for the name of the monumental English work would be the English Historical Dictionary. If Oxford must be played up in the title, a better name than the Oxford English Dictionary would be the Oxford Dictionary of the English Language.

Although Americanisms of vocabulary are so well represented in the new Supplement there are no entries of American pronunciation. Wisely, no doubt, the dictionary remains conservative here. Since the first instalment came out fifty-four years ago, many of the entries are now archaic on the oral side. *Squirrel*, for instance, is left with its first vowel that of *mirror*, without supplementary recognition that the American vowel is that of *stir*. *Artisan* is left with final accent only, and *schedule* with only initial *sh*, not American *sk*. For final *r* after a vowel or *r* before a consonant the phonetic symbol used (an inverted *r*) is to be pronounced "as in her or farther." This tacitly permits those who sound such *r*'s to continue to do so and those who do not to drop them—which is satisfactory and contrasts with editor H. C. Wyld's position in the new Universal Dictionary. The latter demands that all speak with the Oxford loss of *r*. As we have seen, American word-usages have ample attention, and our spellings, as *gasoline* not *gasolene*, or *curb* not *kerb*, are included, though not as especially American. But pronunciation is too shifting a thing to be entered with finality in a dictionary that took seventy years in the making.

LOUISE POUND

Mr. MacLeish's Predicament

POEMS, 1924-1933, by Archibald MacLeish.
\$3. 6 x 8 $\frac{7}{8}$; 304 pp. Boston: *The Houghton Mifflin Company*.

IN THIS volume Mr. MacLeish collects his two most ambitious poems—"The Hamlet of A. MacLeish" and "Conquistador"—all of "The Pot of Earth," a good deal of "Streets in the Moon," and all but one poem from "New Found Land." To these he has added a series of new poems, including "Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City . . ." and "1933." The reader who possesses "Happy Marriage"—here omitted—will thus, with the new volume, have the great bulk of Mr. MacLeish's work. It is unnecessary either to salute the appearance of this selection or to describe its general content. To add to the salutations it has already received would make but the echo of a salvo; and, as poetry goes, his work is rather better than worse known than it should be. It has reached the point where it is read by people who do not habitually read poetry—people who read as a rule only Mr. Jefferson, Mr. Robinson, and Miss Millay.

But there are certain persistent features about Mr. MacLeish's poetry—as I think them, defective features—which ought to be emphasized if his poetry is to be understood and its virtues kept to the right magnitude; an emphasis all the more necessary because his poetry is worth understanding and his virtues are a pleasure to distinguish. The true enjoyment of a thing may sometimes come about from knowing to what degree it is what it says it is, and from discovering out of what elements it is made. The fact that Mr. MacLeish objects to the imposition of what he calls in his Foreword "the pomposities of the critical canon," is perhaps significant of one of his elements.

Mr. MacLeish is a serious poet in two quite different senses, which sometimes

coincide in single poems—such as "Einstein" or "You, Andrew Marvell"—in such a way that the more important sense triumphs. He is serious in his themes, and he is serious about himself personally. If I may make the comparison, Dante was serious about his poem, but was serious about himself only incidentally. For Mr. MacLeish the accent is the other way round, and it is because of his excessive seriousness about himself that his major poems are substantially defective. It lays him open to mistakes and confusion and inadequate writing; particularly it allows him to confuse what has been significant to himself with what is objectively significant in his poems. His three major poems are written on that serious theme which is the search for a soul, or a salvation, in poetry; and he has confused the soul as it may be expressed in poetry with the need of self-expression, which may perhaps be rather better found in the poetry of others than in one's own.

That is why, for all the keenness of occasional perception, the brilliance, beauty, and precision of his imagery, and his dexterity in managing verbal-emotional overtones, his two most ambitious poems—"The Hamlet" and "Conquistador"—seem unintegrated, fragmentary, disjunctive, and, as wholes, failing of the purpose they manifest so well in detail. He is apparently, for all his talent, unable to judge when his writing is adequate to the poem he has conceived and when it is adequate only to his private understanding.

How Mr. MacLeish comes to such a confusion may, I think, be explained with comparative brevity. It is partly owing to the psychological and philosophical predicament of any sensitive man, not committed to an authoritative way of life, who yet pursues the theme of such a life. Mr. MacLeish has pursued the soul at two extremes,

in the "Hamlet" by soliloquizing about it egocentrically in terms of literature and quasi-religious anthropology, in "Conquistador" by engrossing himself, no less egocentrically, in the hot terms of historical action. It seems typical of the protestant mind that an engrossing theme is enough. In search of a personal salvation he finds something essentially not individual, not distinct, at all; he finds something, rather, of the lowest common denominator in which to immerse himself—in the pure rhetorical emotion of the "Hamlet" or in the oblivion of enthusiastic action of "Conquistador." Thus he finds refuge rather than salvation by securing attitudes without reference to contemporary life.

This—the notion above—is equivalent to saying that his long poems, and the mind that composed them, lack plot. And the theme which he gives us instead of a plot, he embeds, to make up for a plot, in forms—I mean here specific ways of writing poetry—which while they satisfy *him* of his purpose, cannot, because he has not made them enough his own, satisfy his readers. The "Hamlet" owes what *seems* a preponderant part of its effect to Eliot and Pound, and "Conquistador" in the same way owes much to the "Cantos," and particularly the "Malatesta Cantos" of Pound.

It is not that Mr. MacLeish is to be condemned for plagiarism; he is much too serious and much too fine a poet to be accused of theft; and he may, in fact, be praised for taking advantage of the work of

others. It is legitimate and to his credit if in the phrase "Wearing the cotton sleeves we were drunk and the wind caught in them," he has profited by Pound's "The wind out of Rhodéz caught in the full of her sleeve." This sort of remodelling is just as good and just as original as a wholly new-minted line: "The broom-water smelled in the streets of the heat to come," which is an example of that rare thing, a true trope, and which probably, in fact, owes as much to Pound as the remodelled line above.

The trouble is far deeper, in the substantial aspect of the poetry. We may say that Mr. MacLeish has mastered the apparatus of his models, but—and the distinction is fundamental—he has merely surrendered himself at many points (the points where he was weak) to their materials, to such substantial elements as rhythm and habits of thought. You cannot write a poem in the way of the "Cantos," unless you have something like Pound's enormous and inconsequential ragbag of a mind. And you cannot write a poem in the way of the "Wasteland," and have it successful, without the driving, connecting force of Eliot's Christianity, which alone holds it together and gives it rhythm. The predicament of those who search for their souls in a faith or a form of which they have not the substance, is not uncommon, but it is usually not well known because it is seldom accompanied by both so great a talent and so persistent a need of self-expression as those of Mr. MacLeish.

R. P. BLACKMUR

CORRESPONDENCE

"MOTHERHOOD—THIRD CLASS"— A REPLY

As a registered nurse and as one deeply interested in social welfare work I was greatly surprised and disturbed by "Motherhood—Third Class," by Ann Rivington, in the February issue of the *MERCURY*. In the first place, I cannot help feeling that it was in poor taste, to say the least, for I know the conditions described are not general. If such a place as the hospital she mentions actually does exist, it should be exposed specifically, not in an article that would strike terror to the heart of any young mother-to-be with the thought that it might be the hospital where she is registered.

May I, in the hope that some of these women will see this letter, give a brief description of some of the clinic and free maternity work with which I have been familiar? All of my professional experience was in New York City, but my training brought me in contact with conditions and staffs of hospitals all over the country.

One hospital, way down on the city's lower East Side, did one of the finest jobs in caring for these little mothers among the poor that I have ever seen. Our largest ward there was for ten beds, and there were never any more crowded in. The floors were a dark green, noise-absorbing composition that blended well with the pale green of the walls and the flowered cretonne drapes at the windows. Curtains of the same shade as the walls could be drawn noiselessly across metal

rods to give absolute privacy to each patient when so desired. Each metal bed was in excellent condition and of the type that permits head or knees to be comfortably adjusted without disturbing the occupant. The labor and delivery rooms on the floor below were perfectly equipped and spotless, with every thought given to the comfort of our patients.

The supervisor of this entire department was one of the kindest women and most efficient nurses I have ever known. I think her large and sometimes pathetic collection of gifts sent by these mothers after their return home testifies eloquently to their regard for her.

With reference to Ann Rivington's assertion that she was left in the emergency room in active labor for more than half an hour without attention or examination, it is interesting to note that one of our interne staff was instantly suspended for three months for failing to answer an emergency call in much less time than that. Although the internes who care for these clinic patients are usually young and without very wide experience, they are constantly under strict and expert supervision in any hospital I have ever been familiar with.

Of course, in a ward of patients paying little or nothing for the care received, the food was necessarily simple, but it was properly balanced and well prepared. Not only was it the duty of the hospital dietitian to make occasional rounds through the wards and make inquiries as to whether or not the trays were being enjoyed, but the patients' food was a par-

ticular matter of interest to the superintendent of the hospital, and he, too, often spoke to the patients about it.

We frequently asked convalescent mothers if they would like to help us make supplies, such as gauze flats and cotton applicators, but they were never required to do so, and indeed were not allowed to unless they were strong enough to sit up. This is really a part of occupational therapy.

The thing I found most difficult to believe in the entire article was the attitude of the nurses towards the infants. Women would not be nurses if they felt that way toward babies. Nursing is the hardest profession that a woman can follow, and there's only one thing on earth that could possibly make it worth while. That is a real love of service. Of course, I know there are exceptions, but I thank God they are rare. I have seen hundreds of nurses pick up thousands of infants, but never have I seen one "tiny head dangle."

To be sure, in the larger hospitals, wards are larger and not so attractive. Care there cannot be as individual. But though I have worked in the largest and oldest of them, I saw no shadow of the "third-class motherhood" described by Ann Rivington. I wonder how many prospective mothers know that many of the smaller hospitals are now offering complete care from beginning of pregnancy to the babies' sixth week for a very small sum, and that even this small sum can be adjusted by the social service departments?

I feel that Ann Rivington owes it to every prospective mother in the country

to tell someone the name of the hospital where she was a patient in order that it may be investigated.

LEOTHA B. SOUTHMAYD, R.N.
East Orange, N. J.

PERSONNEL DEPARTMENTS

MAY I call your attention to a quite obvious error in the article by Edith M. Stern, entitled "The Fifth Wheel," which appeared in the January issue of the *MERCURY*? The writer stated that "Only about a dozen department stores in this country do a business of more than \$20,000,000 a year; the majority range from \$3,000,000 upward. Yet so strong is the passion for aping Big Business that almost all of them have personnel departments."

If Miss Stern had been careful to do a little checking on store statistics, she would have learned that there are approximately 4500 department stores in the United States, and that of this number only a few more than 300 do a business of \$3,000,000 annually and up. This is hardly a majority. Furthermore, while it is true that practically all of the stores doing \$3,000,000 and upward net sales have personnel departments, it is by no means true that "almost all" department stores have them. In fact, it is doubtful if more than 20% of the total number of department stores have organized personnel departments.

CHARLES K. MACDERMUT, JR.
Managing Editor
Dry Goods Economist
New York City

THE AMERICAN MERCURY AUTHORS

GRACE ADAMS, PH.D. (Cornell), is the author of *"Psychology: Science or Superstition?"*

CONRAD AIKEN is the well-known poet. His books include *"Costumes by Eros," "Preludes for Memnon," "The Coming Forth by Day of Osiris Jones,"* and *"Blue Voyage."*

NELSON ALGREN was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1909, and was graduated from the University of Illinois in 1931. His first novel, *"Native Son,"* will be published shortly.

ERNEST SUTHERLAND BATES has been professor of English at the Universities of Arizona and Oregon. He was literary editor of the *Dictionary of American Biography* in 1926-1929. At present he is in the staff of the *Modern Monthly*.

R. P. BLACKMUR contributes verse and criticism to various periodicals.

IVAN BUNIN won the Nobel Prize for literature in 1933.

LOUIS CHESLOCK is instructor in the Peabody Conservatory in Baltimore. He is the author of *"Violin Vibrato,"* published in 1931, and plays first violin in the Baltimore Symphony Orchestra.

CHARLES H. COMPTON is the assistant librarian of the St. Louis Public Library.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE is the author of a number of books of poetry, including *"Sonnets of a Portrait Painter," "Out of Silence,"* and *"Mountain Against Mountain."*

ROBERT FROST won the Pulitzer Prize for poetry in 1924 and 1930. His books include *"North of Boston," "New Hampshire"* and *"West-Running Brook."*

NANCY HALE (MRS. TAYLOR HARDIN), was born in Boston. She has contributed to Scribner's, *Vanity Fair* and the *New Yorker*. Her novel, *"The Young Die Good,"* was published two years ago.

LUDWIG LORE is a writer on political and economic subjects for American and European publications and author of the forthcoming book, *"Drums Over Europe."* Before coming to this country he was active in the German labor movement. On this continent he was for twenty-five years editorial writer and editor of a German-American labor daily, in which capacity he laid the foundation for his knowledge of European and American social, economic and labor problems.

EDWARD PODOLSKY, M.D. (Boston University), was born in New York City, and is now practising medicine in Brooklyn, N. Y. He has contributed medical and scientific articles to magazines in the United States, England, India, Africa and other places where English is spoken.

LOUISE POUND, PH.D. (University of Heidelberg), is professor of English at the University of Nebraska. She is the author of numerous contributions to the magazines.

EVELYN SCOTT's books include *"Narcissus," "Escapade,"* and *"The Wave."*

LAWRENCE SULLIVAN was born in Oakland, California, in 1898. He studied at Northwestern University, where he specialized in economics and history. Since 1919 he has been continuously engaged in newspaper work, the last eight years in Washington, D. C. The White House has been his special assignment since 1927. His *"All About Washington"* was published in 1932.

JOHN R. TUNIS writes on sports and public questions for various periodicals.

INDEX TO VOLUME XXXI

Adams, Grace: A Few Carefully Selected Children	74	Hale, Nancy: The Earliest Dreams	472
Sex and Social Service	475	Hartt, Rollin Lynde: Looking into Luther	357
Aiken, Conrad: Prelude	499	Hazlitt, Henry: These Economic Experi- ments	138
Algren, Nelson: If You Must Use Profanity	430	The Library	119, 372
Americana	30, 181, 306, 437	Herbst, Josephine: A Man of Steel	32
Angoff, Charles: The Library	122, 249, 374, 501	Le Sueur, Meridel: Women Are Hungry	316
Arts and Sciences, The:		Lore, Ludwig: German Labor Goes Under- ground	410
Literature	219	McBain, Howard Lee: Amending the Fed- eral Constitution	204
Medicine	327	McMahon, John R.: Living Blood from the Dead	327
Metallurgy	217	Masters, Edgar Lee: Introduction to Chi- cago	49
Military Science	69	Meyer, Ernest L.: Glenn Frank: Journalist on Parole	149
Music	65, 459	Mulhern, Alice: Black Briars	365
Political Science	332	Nemo, Charles V.: I Sell Blood	194
Surgery	461	Parry, Albert: This Believe-It-Or-Not-Age	60
Authors, The American Mercury	128, 256, 384, 511	Peffer, Nathaniel: The Library	125
Bakshy, Alexander: Ivan Bunin	219	Podolsky, Edward: The Radio Knife	461
Bates, Ernest Sutherland: Lewisohn into Crump	441	Pollard, Joseph Percival: Mr. Justice Car- dozo	183
Bauer, Catherine: Slums Aren't Necessary	296	Pound, Louise: The Library	504
Beer, Thomas: Mrs. Stephen Crane	289	Pratt, Julius W.: Collapse of American Im- perialism	269
Blackmur, R. P.: The Library	244, 507	Reckless, Walter C.: Why Women Become Hoboes	175
Boyle, Kay: Natives Don't Cry	309	Rivington, Ann: Motherhood-Third Class	160
Brown, Bob: Greenwich Village Gallops	103	Robinson, Edward: Vincent D'Indy	65
Brown, Carlton: Band-Concert Night	83	Rosenblatt, Benjamin: Mrs. Siegel	236
Bunin, Ivan: The Case of Lieutenant Elaghin	385	Schuman, Frederick L.: The Library	378
Cash, W. J.: Holy Men Muff a Chance	112	Scott, Evelyn: Lady Author	485
Check List of New Books	No. 121, viii; No. 122, iv; No. 123, iv; No. 124, iv	Shaler, Helen: A Connecticut Socialist	332
Cheslock, Louis: Some Notes on Perfect Pitch	459	Spengler, Oswald: The Return of the Caesars	129
Colby, Elbridge: Radical Changes in In- fantry Tactics	69	Speyer, Leonora: Sonnets for the Beloved	224
Compton, Charles H.: Who Reads Mark Twain?	465	Stern, Edith M.: The Fifth Wheel	96
Correspondence	127, 253, 381, 509	Strachey, John: Against an American Third Party	41
Crane, Helen R.: My Uncle Stephen Crane	24	Sullivan, Lawrence: Saving the Farmer	451
Davidson, Donald: Dilemma of the South- ern Liberals	227	Tingley, Richard Hoadley: What Can We Do with Muscle Shoals?	217
Dawson, Mitchell: Censorship on the Air	257	Trotsky, Leon: How Long Can Hitler Stay?	1
Dos Passos, John: Spain Gets Her New Deal	343	Tunis, John R.: Sport in Miniature	211
Dreiser, Theodore: The Myth of Individu- ality	337	Why the Ford Man Fails	420
Engel, Carl: The Library	250	Wembridge, Eleanor R.: The Passing of a Gigolo	279
English, Jack: Can A Catholic Write A Novel?	90	Willis, H. Parker: The Folly of Deposit Guaranty	16
Faulkner, William: Pennsylvania Station	166		
Fergusson, Erna: The Sad Feast of Oaxaca	8		
Ficke, Arthur Davison: Evening Dialogue	500		
Frost, Robert: Desert Places	464		



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xvii

CHECK LIST OF NEW BOOKS

*Continued from front advertising section,
page x*

FICTION

YESTERDAY'S BURDENS.

By Robert M. Coates. The Macaulay Company
\$2 5¼ x 7¾; 256 pp. New York

Mr. Coates' technical innovations, which include typographical manipulations to keep pace with the changed moods of his characters, the free use of parenthesis and the introduction of candidly irrelevant material to suggest the confusion of modern New York life, remind one less of Joyce than of Laurence Stern; and if "Yesterday's Burdens" were only a little less diffuse and its humor a little more pointed the novel could be called a sentimental journey through the metropolis. The story, insofar as one can be unearthed, seems to deal with a book reviewer who lives in the country and whose memories of a man named Henderson (or a number of men named Henderson, for few novels have had such a changeling for a hero) are inserted between random speculations on country life, yesterday's news, automobile driving, the change of the seasons and similar matters. The writing in detail is always fresh and frequently excellent; some of the isolated episodes, notably Henderson's airplane flight, a mysterious and moving automobile ride, and many of the scenes from Henderson's love affairs or casual sexual encounters, are no less than beautiful. "Yesterday's Burdens" is a New York novel, and it seems doubtful that anyone unfamiliar with the city would fully appreciate the complex emotions which Mr. Coates finds arising from subway travel, New York crowds, or Union Square at night.

GENTLEMEN, I ADDRESS YOU PRIVATELY.

By Kay Boyle. Harrison Smith & Robert Haas
\$2.50 5¼ x 7¾; 341 pp. New York

Kay Boyle's third novel deals with a subject that has tripped up a good many writers, and that only Proust and Mann seem to have mastered: homosexuality, or rather the drawing of a normal man into a homosexual relationship. Munday, an American ex-priest living in exile in Brittany, is set upon by Ayton, a perverse sailor, and as the two grow more and more entangled Munday finds himself in trouble with the police because of his lover's dishonesty, while at the same time he is more and more surrounded by his lover's perverse companions. Evidences of Ayton's malicious intrigues pile up

xviii

while the two go into hiding, until at last, after he has disappeared, Munday is able to recognize him as cruel, unscrupulous, charming—a congenital troublemaker. Here, obviously, are the ingredients for a "Death in Venice," but Kay Boyle has not written it. Nothing seems to be at stake in this novel; the characters are too genial in the face of distress, and too completely cut off from any society which might react to their doings. It would be difficult to point to a recent novel in which power and emotion are so clearly sacrificed because the author has devoted herself to building up odd and unusual situations and strikingly picturesque people.

THE DISINHERITED.

By Jack Conroy. Covici-Friede
\$2 5¼ x 7¾; 310 pp. New York

Mr. Conroy has worked as a railway car repairer, in a steel mill, rubber-heel plant, automobile factory and on a pipe line—to mention some of the jobs that figure in his first novel. His varied means of livelihood are of importance, for he has succeeded in making the mechanical details of these tasks both picturesque and interesting, and in places he has captured something of the liveliness, the unique sights and sounds and smells, the unrelaxing business, of a large modern factory. Otherwise his story is of boyhood in a mining town, where strikes were regular occurrences, of the drift of his hero from place to place in search of work, of casual friendships, awkward and unreal relationships with women, and a final long journey home, after the depression has settled like some terrible unknown plague on society, in a battered old automobile that breaks down every few miles. The factual details of work and the hardships of life among the workers in the Monkey Nest Mine are simply and vividly communicated, and though Mr. Conroy is less successful when he comes to deal with the more complicated relationships and the more complex individuals, his first novel deserves to be called important.

KARL AND THE TWENTIETH CENTURY.

By Rudolf Brunngraber. William Morrow & Company
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 312 pp. New York

The artlessness of this importation is its chief claim to attention; it is the sort of novel that almost anyone might think of writing and never does. Between paragraphs which deal with the vicissitudes of Karl Lakner, a member of the Viennese

Continued on page xx



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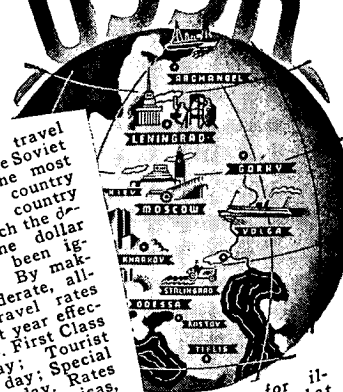
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Continued from page xviii

petty-bourgeoisie, there are paragraphs dealing with the great happenings—or what Herr Brunngraber considers the great happenings—of the world: political disturbances, diplomatic negotiations, scientific discoveries, the War, of course, and the depression. After a paragraph of statistics on armaments you read that Karl began his military training; after a summary dealing with overproduction you read of Karl's gnawing hunger. The author is much more fluent and imaginative in dealing with world events than with the minor crises in Karl's life; and in an unyielding monotone, almost entirely without rhetoric, by the simple accumulation of horrible fact after horrible fact, he succeeds in presenting a world utterly ruined and mad, the nightmare of actuality out-doing any vision of Hell that man has seen. Powerful though this is, Karl's bloodlessness and helplessness, and the consequent lack of any dramatic conflict, prevent the book rising above the stature of a document, and some of the statistics dealing with America arouse suspicions regarding those of other countries. The translation is by Eden and Cedar Paul.

THE YOUNG MANHOOD OF STUDS LONIGAN.

By James T. Farrell.

The Vanguard Press

\$2.50

5¼ x 7¾; 422 pp.

New York

James Farrell's three novels have dealt with only one environment, the world of Chicago's lower-middle-class Irish. It is a brutal, narrow society, dominated by the Church, sending out its recruits to both the police and gangsters, its youth racked with conscience, disease, frustrations. The careers that were dimly outlined in "Young Lonigan" are stated more explicitly here; some of the members of the neighborhood gang are already deep in crime, some have been killed in the War, some in the Chicago race riots, some, still boys, perish of what can be called acute dissipation. Mostly they live, like Studs Lonigan himself, in boredom and nervous loafing, sponging off their parents, the periods of dullness broken with cruel pranks, with parties that end in violence, with fits of animal ferocity. The violence seems harped on too steadily; many of the incidents are repetitions of those in "Studs Lonigan" and "Gas-House McGinty." But the language is fresh and authentic, and, if only for a scene like that of the Armistice Day celebration, the book is memorable.

PASSIONS SPIN THE PLOT.

By Vardis Fisher.

Doubleday, Doran & Company

\$2.50

5¼ x 7¾; 428 pp.

New York

The second volume of Vardis Fisher's trilogy takes Vidar Hunter a little farther on his way into life, covering the college years, his tormented relationship with girls, the painful relaxation of a few of his in-



Check List of NEW BOOKS

hibitions, and his marriage. Less powerful than "In Tragic Life," in which the miseries of Idaho farm life are given a kind of desperate finality, this second volume is often intense, and the writing is more even and controlled than in the earlier book. The most valuable portions picture the darker fringes of Western college life, outside fraternity and academic circles; the half-grotesque, half-vicious pranks of Vridar and his roommates, their suspension between worlds, their irresponsibility and loneliness, are conveyed with real understanding. The two volumes should be read together. Without a knowledge of Vridar's intolerable childhood, such scenes as his merciless tormenting of his sweetheart for her few pathetic love affairs seem faintly incredible.

THE MOTHER.

By Pearl S. Buck. *The John Day Company*
\$2.50 5½ x 8¼; 302 pp. New York

In all her works Mrs. Buck has succeeded in performing one task for which she has not been credited—she has made the life of the Chinese peasants seem very much like the Scandinavian society that emerges from the pages of Selma Lagerlöf. In "The Mother" her method of stripping away unique characteristics and concentrating on "universals," such as mating, birth, desertion, death, is carried closer to the logical extreme; the characters are not even named, the happenings have as few special characteristics as possible, everything is broad, generalized, abstract. The Mother merely suffers and toils; The Man simply runs away; The Son is executed as a Communist. Mrs. Buck, it seems, has fine sentiments rather than a powerful imagination. When she neglects her method and describes some little feature of village life, the physical appearance of her characters, or a picturesque native custom or belief, the observation is keen enough to make the reader wish for more.

PASSION'S PILGRIMS.

By Jules Romains. *Alfred A. Knopf*
\$2.50 5½ x 8; 503 pp. New York

The third and fourth volumes of the work which began with "Men of Good Will" clarify the relationships of the many characters to the social life of Paris early in the century. Quinette, the bookbinder whose crime dominated the previous volumes, is shown in the process of becoming a police spy; Garau, the radical deputy, is more deeply involved with the oil interests he has been fighting; Jerphanion, the student who barely entered the first book, now becomes an important center of interest, though the nature of his importance is not quite clear. The scope of the book grows more and more impressive, as it becomes apparent that no single

Continued on page xxii

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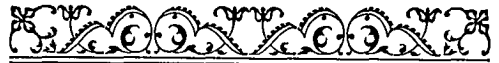
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Continued from page xxi

character is to be introduced without his cluster of associations, friends, family and background, entering the story at the same time. It has also become apparent that the author is more adept at generalizing about the experiences of his people than at relating their experiences dramatically, that the characters, despite the intention to present a whole society, are drawn almost entirely from the upper and lower middle class, that the social insights are more vivid and unusual than the personal insights. A kind of conscious artificiality hovers over the book, particularly apparent in the long discussions of politics and literature. The translation from the French is by Warre B. Wells.

DURBAR.

By Dennis Kincaid. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 7½ x 4¾; 280 pp. *New York*

The scene here is India. Mr. Kincaid, who writes exceedingly well, presents many curious types, from Prince Shahu, an Oxford graduate and titular ruler who is an opium addict and a neurotic, to an English chaplain, a Parsi merchant, and a Brahman turned Roman Catholic. The British men and women, mainly attached to the government, are very adroitly drawn, but in spite of Mr. Kincaid's emphasis upon character his book is essentially a drama with a lively plot interest, which would be spoiled for the reader in the retelling.

PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN.

By John Hyde Preston. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$2 7½ x 5; 301 pp. *New York*

A beautiful young divorcée "with a tall, silvery greyhound (and numerous admirers) on a short leash" falls desperately in love with Robert Nordhoff, "who comes from a fine old family", and is the first man she has met who doesn't fall head over heels in love with her. However, after a merry chase along the Connecticut shore, even the immovable Mr. Nordhoff tumbles, and in the end they are off to Boston to be married. Trivial stuff.

STORM BEACH.

By Virginia Hersch. The Houghton Mifflin Company
\$2 7½ x 5½; 275 pp. *Boston*

Here we have to do with an aristocratic family of Jews, the Carvalhos, who move from Haiti to Charleston in the early Nineteenth Century. The story, which is sympathetically but rather melodramatically told, concerns the youngest daughter, Judith, who refuses to marry Roger Lavenden, a Gentile, because of her race and creed.



Check List of NEW BOOKS

THE HAUNTED MIRROR.

By Elizabeth Madox Roberts. The Viking Press
\$2.50 5 x 7½; 228 pp. New York

Here are seven stories of simple people and simple adventures, all laid in Kentucky. They deal *inter alia* with the first consciousness of death in a child, a boy's leaving home, the memories of an old woman in an old house, the induction of young girls into a convent, and the escape of a frightened young girl from her newly-married husband. All are told with Miss Roberts's characteristic lyricism and insight. The stories originally appeared in *Harper's*, *THE AMERICAN MERCURY*, the *American Caravan*, and *Letters* (University of Kentucky).

MISCELLANEOUS

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY.

By Helen Washburn. Harcourt, Brace & Company
\$1.50 4¾ x 7¾; 195 pp. New York

The chief merit of this little book lies in the fact that it is happily unpedantic. Instead of trying to impress the prospective mother with a show of scientific and pseudo-scientific jargon, the author discusses the coming adventure in a frank, simple and reassuring way, and so tries to rid it of some of its legendary horrors. She shows that, given a reasonable degree of normalcy in the adventuress, it is not horrible at all, but a natural experience like any other, and not without its touches of humor. Mrs. Washburn's post-partum advice is of the same consoling calibre. She argues that bringing up a child, though surely not an idle recreation, may still be kept within the bounds of the endurable. She addresses chiefly the city woman, and includes the woman who is employed.

MY FARM IN LION COUNTRY.

By Joyce Boyd. The Frederick A. Stokes Company
\$3 5¼ x 8½; 273 pp. New York

Mrs. Boyd is the wife of a dairy farmer in Tanganyika Territory (formerly German East Africa), and the farm where she lives is 200 miles from Nairobi, the capital of Kenya, and within sight of the great peak of Kilimanjaro. The nearest town is twenty miles away, and the nearest neighbor six miles. The adventures she recounts are those of any pioneer in like case. Elephants tramp down her market-garden, lions kill her husband's cattle, and leopards visit her veranda. She describes some close encounters within sight of her house, and has some good stories to tell of hunts afield. Once, far in the bush, she was bitten by a venomous snake, and was a long while recovering.

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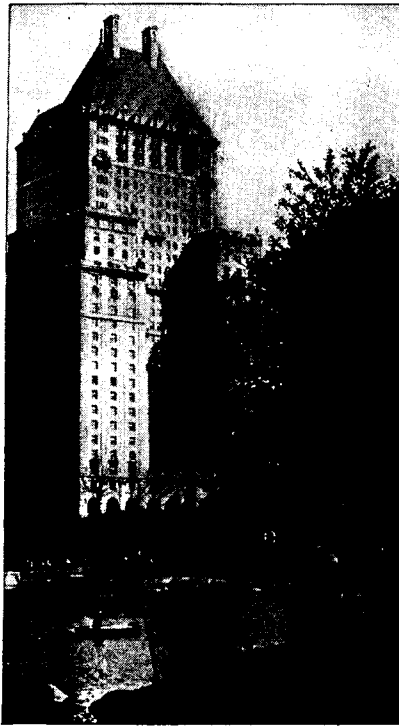


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EMIL LUDWIG
JASCHA HEIFETZ
FRANK SHAY
BENJAMIN DE CASSERES
FRANK SCULLY
GEORGES SURDEZ
CAPT. G. H. GRANT
ROBERT S. ALLEN
CHARLES LAYNG
FRED C. KELLY
PAUL W. KEARNEY

FICTION

SHOLOM ASCH
WILLIAM McFEE
KONRAD BERCOVICI
LANGSTON HUGHES
BILL ADAMS
MAURICE RENARD
GEORGES D'ESPARGES
H. E. BATES
MICHAEL FESSIER

SPORTS

VINCENT RICHARDS
AL ULBRICKSON
LOUIS GOLDING
EDW. M. BARROWS

HUMOR

JIMMY DURANTE
RAYMOND KNIGHT
ROBERT SUCKNER
JOSEPH SCHRANK

DEPARTMENTS

GILBERT SELDES
BUTON RASCOE
JOHN V. A. WEAVER
A. & SAKHNOFFSKY
MEYER LEVIN

CARTOONS

JOHN GROTH
E. SIMMS CAMPBELL
GEORGE PETTY
HOFF
D. MCKAY
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INDEX ON PAGE 11

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Don Marquis says:

“גייט צום טייזועל
אויף א פיינעם אופן”

about

The Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

A severe catechism, no doubt, but read
Mr. Marquis's letter:

To the Editor of The Saturday Review:

Sir: I have a serious complaint to make of *The Saturday Review of Literature*. It is not pedantic enough. It is not academic enough. What I want in a literary review is more the point of view of the learned pundit. As far as humanity is concerned, I can supply that myself. When I formulate for myself a literary opinion, I need a review which will contain words and phrases from which I can select a verbal costume, which will cover my ideas with the dress of authority. *The Saturday Review of Literature* seems to think that literature has some connection with life, and that almost anyone may have his opinion of it. I want a review with more weighty traditions, and more classical quotations in it. I consider *The Saturday Review* a dangerous precedent in reviews. People are able to understand what its writers publish; even people who do not use Ph.D., LL.D., and S.O.S. after their names. When I can comprehend everything in a review, I know that it has deserted the ancient cultural standards. I should like to know where you think the ancient landmarks are, and point out to you that the rapids are before you; and ask you, Whither Are You Drifting? Can't you get a little Greek type, or some of these Hebrew letters which look like false teeth, and sprinkle them through your pages? If I were to write a book, and it were disapproved of by a reviewer who did not use some classical quotations here and there, I would not feel rebuked at all. In fact, I once did write a book, and a fellow made a wise-crack in Sanskrit about it; and I never wrote another book, so you see learning does do some good in a review. I should think you would have in your offices one of those big dictionaries which have a lot of classical quotations in the back of them, and that you could dig out enough to look classical, even if you don't feel that way. You may think I am an isolated case, but there are thousands of other readers of yours, who are just practically going to hell, in a cultural way, on account of your lax policies.

Don Marquis

Do you agree with what Mr. Marquis says, or with what he means? If you want a literary review which is pedantic and not too easy to understand, then be warned. *The Saturday Review of Literature* is not for you. But, if you “think that literature has some connection with life,” if

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If you had been a reader of *The Saturday Review* during the past six months, you would have enjoyed the contributions from:

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PEARL S. BUCK
ELMER DAVIS
JOHN DEWEY
FORD MADOX FORD
LIDDELL HART
SINCLAIR LEWIS
ANDRÉ MAUROIS
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WILLIAM LYON PHELPS
EDITH WHARTON
WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE



you want to keep posted on all the latest news of books and publishing, if the idea of an illustrated, literary weekly, with an editorial staff including Henry Seidel Canby, Amy Loveman, George Stevens, William Rose Benet, and Christopher Morley appeals to you, then, perhaps you should join us in perpetuating what Mr. Marquis considers such an egregious editorial error. Then, you will subscribe to *The Saturday Review*.

For \$3.50, *The Saturday Review* will come postpaid every week for one year in the U. S. and Pan-American Postal Union. Canada—\$5.00. Great Britain—18 shillings. Elsewhere—\$4.50.

Mr. Knopf's New Books

The event of the season—and not only for readers of *The American Mercury*—is the publication of Henry Mencken's new book, *TREATISE ON RIGHT AND WRONG*. This is the first new book by Mr. Mencken—that is, the first of which no part had previously appeared in newspapers or magazines—since 1930, when I published his *TREATISE ON THE GODS*. This is, in fact, a companion volume to that book.

TREATISE ON RIGHT AND WRONG is a review of the moral and ethical ideas that mankind has principally entertained since the dawn of history, and a critical discussion of their validity, especially in the light of present needs. The sanctions that lie behind all moral systems are considered at length and there is much unfamiliar material about the origins of the Jewish and Greek systems. A relatively large part is given to the moral ideas of primitive peoples, usually neglected in works on ethics. One whole section of the book is devoted to the Christian system, with particular reference to its development in our own time.



At the end there is a chapter on the moral innovations that have been proposed by the Russian Bolsheviki and by such western thinkers as Bertrand Russell, Sigmund Freud, and Havelock Ellis.

I need hardly say that *TREATISE ON RIGHT AND WRONG* is not a formal text book on morals. It is, rather, a commentary on man's traditional morals by a civilized modern. Mr. Mencken's scholarship and his fresh and original treatment of this always interesting subject, combined with that forthright, vigorous and lucid style of his have produced a thoroughly satisfying book. It will be published early in April at \$3.00.



At the time I write New York's dramatic critics are applauding *THEY SHALL NOT DIE* by John Wexley, a drama of the Scottsboro Case produced by the Theatre Guild. It has immediately taken its place among the most significant theatrical events of recent years and it is a likely candidate for the Pulitzer Prize. John Wexley will be remembered by readers of *The American Mercury* as the author of *THE LAST MILE*, that play of prison life, based upon a story which first appeared in this magazine, which provoked so much discussion several seasons ago. In *THEY SHALL NOT DIE* Mr. Wexley has accurately and faithfully dramatized the stirring affair in Alabama which has aroused the interest of men and women all over the world. It is the most shocking case since that of Sacco and Vanzetti, and I think that Mr. Wexley has captured the spirit and the truth of it in his

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

play. I have just sent the manuscript to the printer: the book should be on sale at all bookstores (at \$2.00) by the time you read this. S. N. Behrman telegraphed to Mr. Wexley, a day or two after the opening, "I found your play tremendously exciting and deeply moving. It is a long time since I have been so affected in the theatre. Congratulations."



The newspapers and magazines are full these days of acrimonious discussions of Marxism, but to most of us the whole business is distressingly esoteric. Even the language, let alone the ideas, involved, seems to have meanings quite different from those of the economic and sociological terms we usually employ. No one seems to have thought it worth while to explain to those with no special training what it is all about—no one, that is, till now when G. D. H. Cole, author of such well known books on politics and economics as *A GUIDE THROUGH WORLD CHAOS* and *THE INTELLIGENT MAN'S REVIEW OF EUROPE TODAY*, a distinguished mem-

ber of the faculty of Oxford University and the Economic Advisory Council of the British Government, is publishing *WHAT MARX REALLY MEANT*. In this book he has not only presented a simple explanation of what Marxism is, but has at the same time restated and reapplied its fundamentals in terms of the twentieth century. This is really a book for the layman, and it is a thoroughly interesting one. I am publishing it on April 9 at \$2.00.



Dr. Norman Haire, the famous English sexologist, has written the introduction to *THE ETHICS OF SEXUAL ACTS* by Rene Guyon, which I have just published (at \$4.00). Dr. Haire says, in part, "It impressed me as one of the most important contributions to sexological literature that I had ever read . . . Now after I have read it carefully through several times I find my original impression deepened. The author is a Frenchman who has travelled in many countries and spent a great deal of his life in the East. This circumstance has enabled him to observe and consider sexual phenomena in relation to the varying codes of sexual morality which obtain in different parts of the world . . . The book begins with a careful study of sexuality in infancy and childhood, and continues the study among primitive races, and then among more civilized races . . . Mr. Guyon comes to some startling conclusions concerning sexual responsibility, modesty, and the justifiability of the general taboos affecting the sexual organs and sexual acts. He makes a penetrating study of the phenomena of modesty, traces the origin of sexual taboos, discusses chastity and condemns its exaltation as a virtue, and proceeds to attribute to our present sexual ethic the prevalence of unhappiness and neurosis."



The Victorian novel is again in favor. The success of ANTHONY ADVERSE is just one straw in the wind. So TRUMPETER, SOUND! by D. L. Murray, will appeal to many. It is perfect of its kind, a long, full-blooded story of the London of gas-lit theatres, the Crystal Palace, and the Crimean War. It has the romance of a vanished era plus adventure, war, and a touching love story. The book is beautifully made and contains three black-and-white drawings and end papers by John Alan Maxwell, who has also done for it one of the most beautiful jackets of many seasons. I recommend TRUMPETER, SOUND! (which I am publishing on

April 2, at \$2.50) to all who are not afraid of a good story that has a generous flavoring of old-fashioned sentiment in it.



One of the most astonishing fads of the day is tropical fish. Pet stores and department stores that handle fish are doing a thriving business. I meet people everywhere who tell me eagerly about their aquaria and the joys of breeding "guppies." For those who are indulging in this most intricate of hobbies I am publishing on April 16 (at \$2.50) a book called TROPICAL FISH: AND THEIR CARE, written by a man who is considered the foremost American amateur in the field, Dr. Norbert Lederer. The book deals with all fish currently available in the market and gives their prices. It tells how to set up a tank, how to breed fish, how to cure them if they get sick, etc. It is intended for the beginner as well as the advanced aquarist. It contains fifty-two half-tone and twenty line-cut illustrations. It's *the* book for any collector except perhaps the most advanced.



Ethel Mannin's new novel, MEN ARE UNWISE, which I am publishing on April 9 (at \$2.50), is the story of the relationship between a man and a woman of diverse tastes and temperaments. On this ageless theme, Miss Mannin has something fresh and vital to say. Carrying her hero and heroine from financial struggle and Bohemian living "in sin" through years of prosperity and wedlock, she has presented the case of an adventurous dreamer married to a possessive, home-loving wife. In the young man's lusty desire to climb mountains she has simultaneously given the book its color and outdoor strength (there are excellent descriptions of the Austrian and Swiss Alps) and its symbolic significance.



Alfred A. Knopf

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COME INTO THE LABORATORY

In their swan-song when their paper was merged with the New Statesman and Nation a short time ago, the editors of the (London) Week End Review made some interesting observations on the subject of weekly journalism.

After noting that "the function of a weekly paper is to act as the research laboratory of intelligent lay thought, for trying out ideas and policies ahead of mass opinion," the editors remark:

"There is a tendency sometimes to assume that the Press is either so subtle or so sacred a subject that its functions and organization are beyond analysis. The result of this taboo has been to earn for the Press something of the mixed reputation of a church which has fallen into the hands of a racket. It may combine the utmost holiness with the utmost degradation.

"Very broadly speaking, the prime function of a daily newspaper is to state the news and the prime function of a weekly is to interpret it. There is, of course, a day-to-day running commentary which it is the business of the daily newspaper to supply. . . . But the weekly alone can take the news as read, and can base upon it a regular long-term interpretation in the light of some point of view which is shared, at least to some extent, with its readers. . . .

"There are certain special jobs which the weekly can do best. One of these, probably, is the formulation and criticism of certain types of minority opinion, which may prove valuable, but which are likely to be denied a hearing until they have been publicly discussed in some carefully chosen forum."

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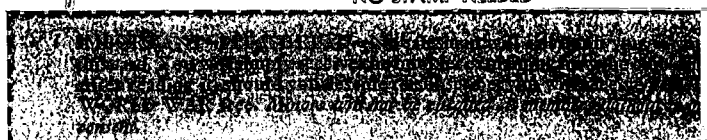
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